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THE NEW YORKER

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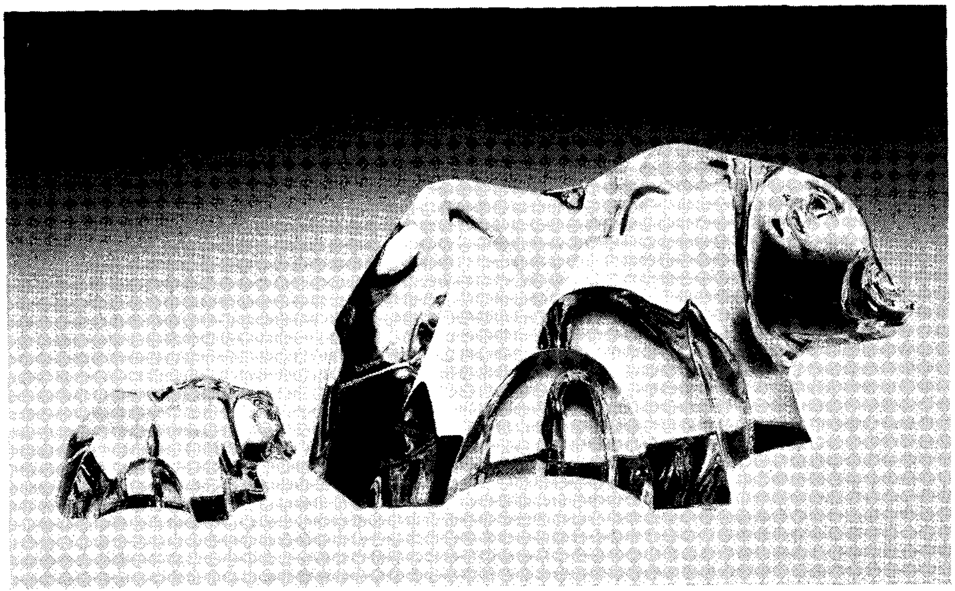

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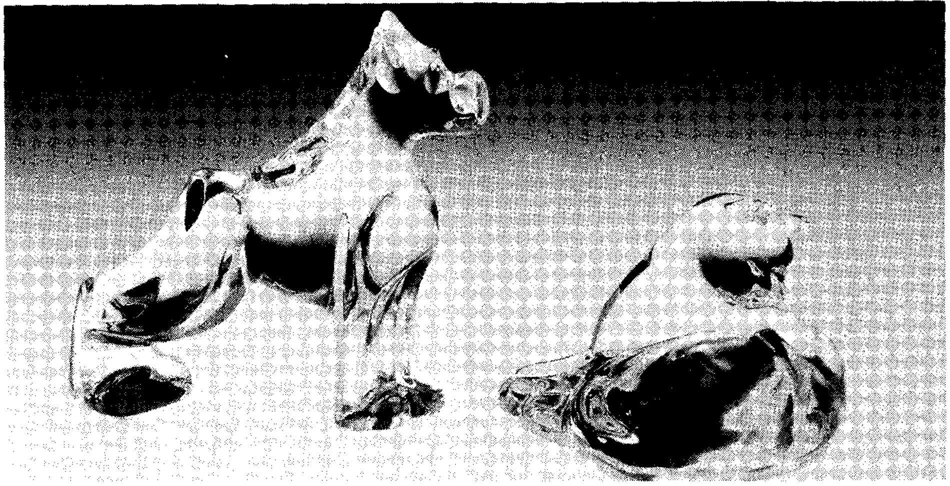

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
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Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys Next Door—A play by Tom Griffin. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi gives an accomplished performance as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb is directed by Harold Prince and has three things going for it: a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played and then some; a gloriously muted and subtle Joel Grey recreating his role as the Emcee; and a slightly rewritten book by Joe Masteroff, the original librettist, which, while not entirely successful, suggests that what's caught so many imaginations in the story of Sally Bowles has something to do with relations between heterosexual women and bisexual men. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A comedy by Timothy Mason, **only you,** is the second play in this season's series. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 10. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Get God Started—A gospel musical that is all but done in by amplification. The music and lyrics were by Marvin Winans, and Ron Milner wrote the brief, parable-like playlets between the songs. Mr. Milner directed. (11/9/87) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The third of this season's series of eight productions is a revival of **the gingerbread lady,** Neil Simon's 1970 play. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Flora, the Red Menace—John Kander and Fred Ebb have written additional songs for this revised version of their 1965 musical; the completely new book, based on Lester Atwell's "Love Is Just Around the Corner," is by David Thompson. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh give remarkable performances, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—The fourth annual presentation of **the gifts of the magi,** a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and lyrics, and Mark St. Germain provided the book and additional lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mademoiselle Colombe—Tammy Grimes in a musical with a score by Michael Valenti, lyr-

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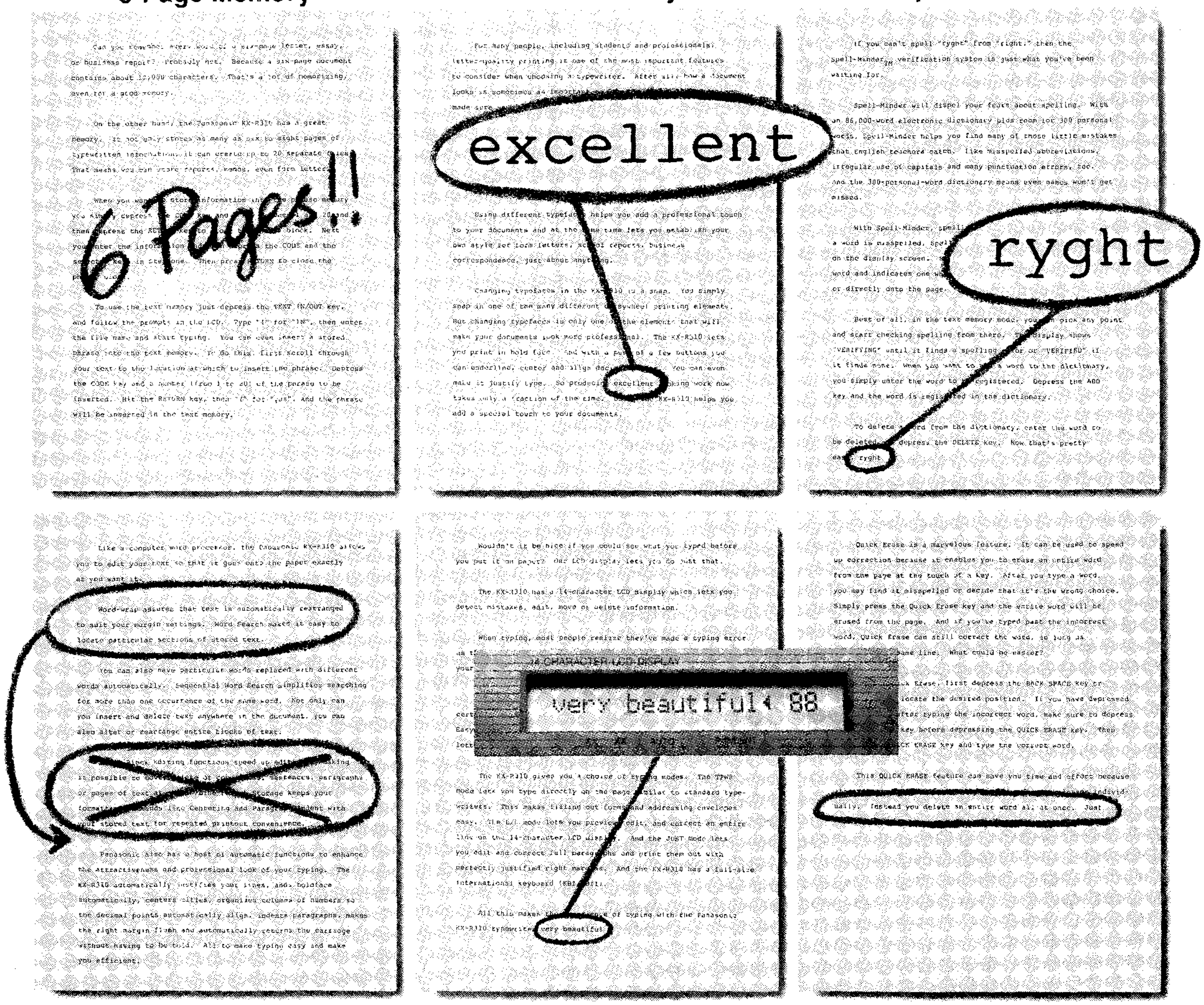

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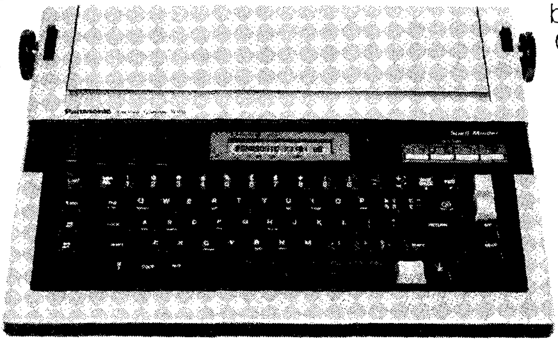

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ics by Edwin Dulchin, and a book by Mr. Valenti, Mr. Dulchin, and Albert Harris, who also directs. Based on Jean Anouilh's 1954 play "Colombe." Opens Wednesday, Dec. 9, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 20. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mahabharata—A nine-hour adaptation (part of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival) of the ancient Hindu epic which uses pageantry and pseudo-Brechtian stage devices to tell the story of two warring factions of heroes and is utterly unrewarding. Peter Brook and his collaborator, Jean-Claude Carrière, have reduced the poem to a moral tale about two rival superpowers struggling for supremacy and have come up with a bland bid for peace and brotherly love. (11/2/87) (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The schedule is complicated; our best advice is to call the box office. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Medea—The late Charles Ludlam's parody adaptation of Euripides runs only about fifty minutes and is basically a curtain-raiser. Presented here on its own, in a spirited production directed by Lawrence Kornfeld, with Everett Quinton and Black-Eyed Susan alternating in the roles of Medea and the Nurse, and a three-woman chorus led by Katy Dierlam, it keeps the Ludlam tradition gloriously alive but leaves you wondering what to do with the rest of your evening. The show with Susan in the title role is funnier—possibly because it gives Mr. Quinton a chance to deliver the death-of-Creusa speech in true Ridiculous Theatre style. (12/7/87) (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesday through Friday and Sunday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Sunday, Dec. 13.)

The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore—This Tennessee Williams play dates from the early sixties, and it is essentially a reworking of "Sweet Bird of Youth," with the spectre of Death substituted for Age as its central theme. This revival—in which elaborate hamming from Elizabeth Ashley, Marian Seldes, Amanda Plummer, and Stephen McHattie makes the play particularly unpalatable—is strictly for those who feel either that Williams could do no wrong or that no wrong could be done him. (12/7/87) (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27.)

Moms—A celebration of the comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 13.)

Moonchildren—A revival of Michael Weller's 1972 play, directed by Mary B. Robinson. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—The comedic duo in a return engagement. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. The production, starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem, is directed by Kenneth Elliott, and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Puta Vida Trilogy—These three one-act plays by Reinaldo Povod, who wrote last year's fine "Cuba and His Teddy Bear," have strong dialogue and a funny performance by John Turturro, but little else to recommend them. (12/7/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Real Estate—A woman in her late thirties, unmarried and pregnant, returns, after a twenty-year absence, to her mother's house in a suburb near London. Louise Page's play, an English import, about the strong, matching feelings of daughter and mother doesn't amount to much, but it does give us the opportunity to see some excellent acting by Roberta Maxwell and Sada Thompson, as the protagonists, and by Charles Cioffi and Lewis Arlt, as their men. Brian Murray was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 758-8770. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GIFT WRAPPING

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Romance/Romance—Two one-act musicals by Keith Herrmann and Barry Harman. (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. 645-0783. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

Sarafina!—This musical, an explosion of talent, is an import from South Africa. It was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in the black township of Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing, and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Serious Money—Caryl Churchill's play attempts to send up the world of high finance by having characters talk in rhyme. In fact, both the satire and the verse are rather limp. The fine cast, led by Allan Corduner, Scott Cherry, Linda Bassett, and Joanne Pearce, is directed by Max Stafford-Clark. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

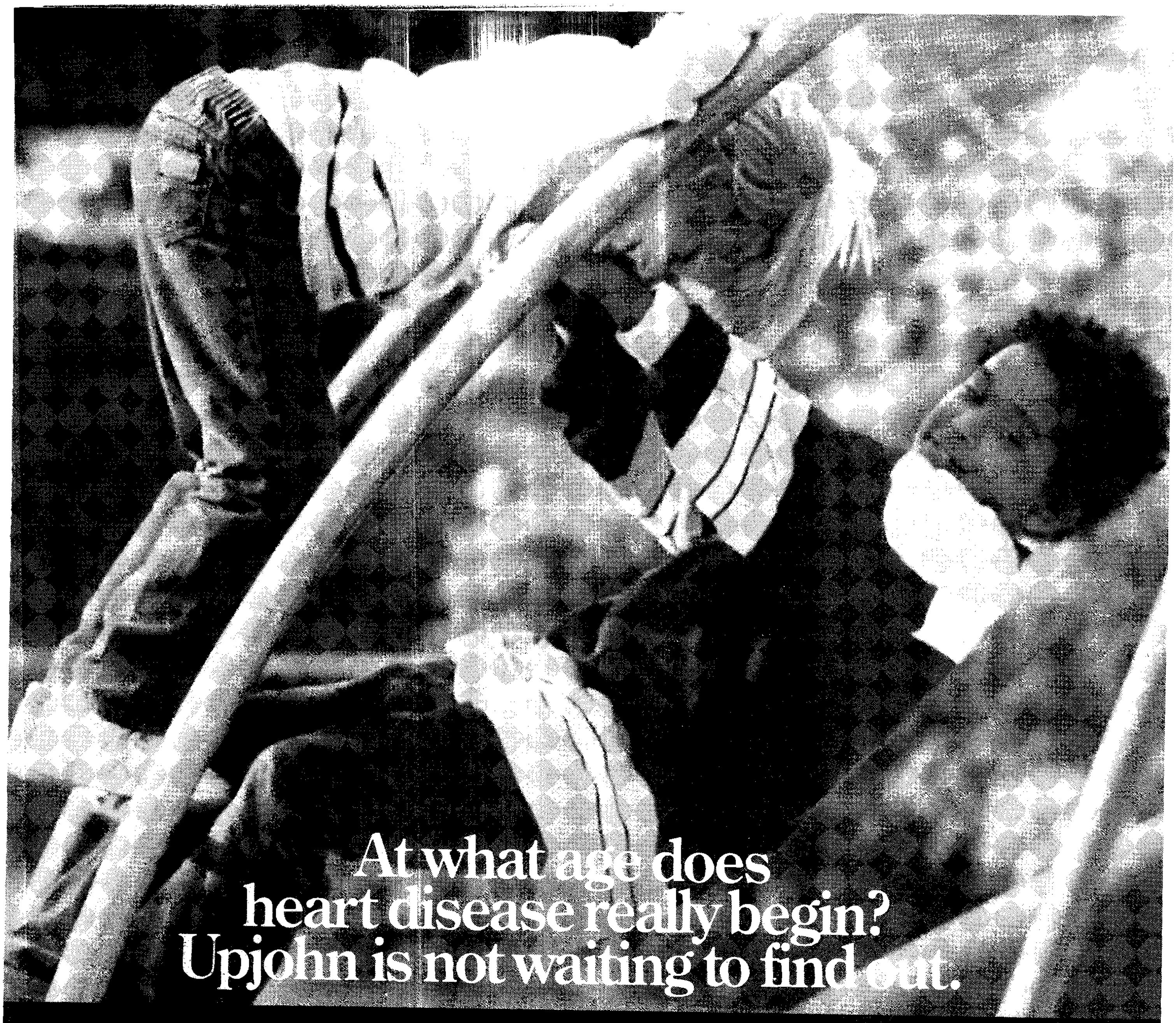
A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa (wear your sneakers). Pre-happening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price ($85 to $135). (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Teddy & Alice—Len Cariou gives a powerful, subtle, and joyous performance in the title role of this musical about Theodore Roosevelt and his daughter, and the glorious score by John Philip Sousa, as adapted by Richard Kapp (who wrote some additional songs), is surprisingly varied and charming. The costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting by Tharon Musser, the settings by Robin Wagner, and the choreography by Donald Saddler are all admirable, as is the direction by John Driver. Nancy Opel, Ron Raines, and Beth Fowler do especially well in supporting parts. (11/23/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Trinity—Three one-act plays by Edgar White. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,496 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** August Wilson's powerful play is given a triumphant performance by James Earl Jones, Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, and Charles Brown. Directed by Lloyd Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the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sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Nightly, except Sundays and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except Dec. 19, at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical, starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE NERD:** This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—Presenting John Adams' opera **"NIXON IN CHINA"**—With a libretto by Alice Goodman, choreography by Mark Morris, and direction by Peter Sellars. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 9-10, Saturday, Dec. 12, Tuesday, Dec. 15, and Thursday, Dec. 17, all at 8. . . . **HENRY THREADGILL**—With an ensemble of instrumentalists and singers. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.) . . . **NOTE:** A listing for "The Mahabharata" is under "Plays and Musicals," above.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 11, and Monday, Dec. 14, at 1:30, 5, and 8; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 12-13, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 15-16, and Friday, Dec. 18, all at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8; Thursday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 9, 12, 4, and 7:30. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—The seventh season at Lincoln Center for this one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park. Wednesdays, Dec. 9 and 16, and Friday, Dec. 18, at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays, Dec. 10 and 17, and Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 11 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 11, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 12, at 12:30, 4, and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 13, and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 12:30 and 4. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. For information about tickets, call 391-0767.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

OIL CITY SYMPHONY—A musical revue conceived and performed by Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 3. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5. The season continues through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday and Thursday *evenings, Dec.* 9-10: An all-Katherine Dunham program. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 11: "Night Creature," "Witness," "For Bird with Love," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 12: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," "Bad Blood," and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 12: "Divining," "Treading," "Night Shade," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 13: "Memoria," "Survivors," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 15: "Speeds," "Vespers" (company première), and "Caverna Magica." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 16: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 17: "Divining," "Treading," "Night Shade," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 18: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," "Survivors," and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 19: "Speeds," "Night Shade," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 19: "Caverna Magica," "Vespers," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 27.)

MARÍA BENÍTEZ SPANISH DANCE COMPANY—With Eduardo Montero. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 9-12, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 7:30.)

NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE AND MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a joint five-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 17. Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 7: "Pond," "A Stravinsky Montage," "Persons and Structures," "Eruptions and Entanglements" (première), and "Gallery." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, at 8: "Glyphics," "Odyssey," "Kaleidoscope," and "Bach Suite." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 18, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 8: "Pond," "A Stravinsky Montage," "Persons and Structures," "Eruptions and Entanglements," and "Gallery." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

SUSAN MARSHALL & COMPANY—Presenting three new works—"Kiss," "Companion Pieces," and "Aerialist"—and two works from the repertory. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Mondays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3. Through Monday, Dec. 21.)

MARLEEN PENNISON AND DANCERS—In "Nightlight," a new evening-length work. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 10-11, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 12-13, at 2 and 8. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute changes; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a singer who's always in motion and whose emotions are always visible, is in the Oak Room doing a program of Sondheim songs. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. At six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings funny songs by Dave Frishberg and John Wallowitch and delicately pitched love songs she wrote herself, and just about every word, from "puce" to "debenture," is delivered clearly. The comedy troupe Artificial Intelligence performs Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. The impassioned **PHIL WOODS** and the reserved **ART FARMER** and their bands trade sets through Sunday, Dec. 13; tenor saxophonist Ralph Moore brings in a combo on Monday, Dec. 14; and **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** who has cooled down only a little while steaming past seventy, arrives with his followers on Tuesday, Dec. 15. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, folk, jazz, comedy, and combinations thereof in a blue pillared room that seats four hundred. Thursday, Dec. 10, Kate Clinton; Friday, Dec. 11, a variety show, featuring **ERIC BOGOSIAN,** Ethyl Eichelberger, Jim Turner, and others; Saturday, Dec. 12, blues guitarist **ROY BUCHANAN;** Monday, Dec. 14, folk-rocker **RICHARD BARONE** and **HUGO LARGO;** Tuesday, Dec. 15, the Rainmakers; Friday, Dec. 18, folksinger **TOM PAXTON;** and Saturday, Dec. 19, a Christmas show with **SUZZY ROCHE** and the Carolling Carollers. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **RONNIE MATHEWS,** a bop-oriented pianist who has worked with Art Blakey, Dexter Gordon, and Frank Morgan, teams up with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Dec. 12; tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** leads a trio starting Monday, Dec. 14. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage: The **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET**—the decade-old all-reed ensemble that sounds at various moments like a finicky modern chamber group, a honking subway R. & B. band, and a reed section escaped from a swing orchestra—will be in action every night but Monday. Music from nine. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT** Tuesdays through Saturdays. He and his two sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT,** do their stuff at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled jazz lair, mostly for mainstream cats. Two vibists, **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** and **JAY HOGGARD,** share a quintet through Sunday, Dec. 13; **ELLIS MARSALIS,** the New Orleans pianist and teacher who is probably best known for his work with Mrs. Marsalis, moves in with his trio on Tuesday, Dec. 15. Music after eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianists practice their art in a *little* grove of palms a half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. **HAL SCHAEFER** performs on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 9-10, and on Saturday, Dec. 12; the very energetic **HILTON RUIZ,** a jack-of-many-piano-styles, holds forth Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 15-16. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 11.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark corner bar that has the cobbled-together look—and safe-from-the-ruckus-of-the-world feeling—of a kids' clubhouse. It's romantic during a rainstorm, more romantic when it's raining and the jukebox is playing Bunny Berigan's "I Can't Get Started," and romantic in an offbeat way when **BOB DOROUGH,** an Arkansas-born bopper, is at the upright singing his own version of that song ("I played the Village Vanguard opposite Miles, I wear all those latest SoHo downtown West Side styles"). Mr. Dorough, whose career included a stint as Sugar Ray Robinson's accompanist (in the early fifties, when Robinson quit boxing and took up tap dancing) and whose singing is peppered with shouts and hisses and knockabout scatting, is here Wednesdays through Saturdays with bassist **BILL TAKAS.** First set at ten. **BROOKS KERR,** a stride enthusiast, works from five-forty-five to nine-forty-five Mondays through Fridays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). Guitarist-singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI** is here on Thursdays, taking his trio through Django Reinhardt's "Nuages" (on which he does some pretty Stanley Jordan-style tapping), "Isn't It Romantic?" (which he plays at high speed), and "Racing with the Moon" (he has a crooner's soft voice, and lets "moon" and its rhymes hang in the air for an age). Saturday, Dec. 12, belongs to clarinettist Ken Peplowski's trio, and Monday, Dec. 14, to pianist **DICK HYMAN.** Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—**BARBARA LEA** sings in this tiny room (cap. 48) on Sundays, with support from pianist **WES MC AFEE.** Singer-pianist **DARYL SHERMAN** performs on Friday, Dec. 11; pianist **DAVID LAHM** is here on Saturdays, with singer Judy Kreston, and on Monday, Dec. 14, with Dolly Dawn. Shows at nine and eleven every night but Sunday, when they start at six and eight. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **JOHN BUNCH** and **JAY LEONHART** swing it through Saturday, Dec. 12; **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—one smooth half of the Monk-inspired quartet Sphere—take over on Tuesday, Dec. 15. Sundays and Mondays are reserved for **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a young pianist from New Orleans who studied with Ellis Marsalis and whose first record was produced by the seventeen-year-old trombonist Delfeayo Marsalis. First set at nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the case of Jello Biafra. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin; they serve wholesome food and don't take too much of your money. Thursday, Dec. 10, at eleven, guitarist **BILL FRISELL** and others; Friday, Dec. 11, a quartet led by **RASHIED ALI,** who was John Coltrane's drummer during the Master's Late Period; Sunday, Dec. 13, **BASSDRUMBONE,** a new-jazz trio composed of **MARK HELIAS** (bass), **GERRY HEMINGWAY** (drums), and **RAY ANDERSON** (trombone); and Thursday, Dec. 17, the **STRING TRIO OF NEW YORK.** Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof; Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. **ELLIOTT MURPHY** is a Long Islander. When he arrived on the rock scene in the early seventies, a suburbanite who wore self-mocking white Gatsby suits and wrote literate, ironic songs, critics entered him in the Bob Dylan Replacement Sweepstakes. He lost, of course, but he has continued to make records and to tour. His latest effort, "Milwaukee," has an "I-grow-old" Prufrockian air; most of it is logy with romantic disillusionment, but there are moments when his sharp, satirical self emerges. Murphy performs on Wednesday, Dec. 9. Ex-Stones guitarist Mick Taylor and Kristi Rose & the Midnight Walkers are here

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The Great American Swing Band, a solid rear guard led by clarinettist Walt Levinsky, is applying itself to the works of Ellington, Basie, Shaw, et al. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Woody Allen comes and goes on Mondays after nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Siberia, 804 Washington St., near Horatio St. (463-7845)—A rock place, just a stone's heave from the Hudson. The foresighted arrive late (elevenish on school nights, midnight on weekends) and in a condition to understand what it is that the band Hamster Face or the performance group Phred is trying to *say to them.* Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Thursday, Dec. 10, calypsonians Denise Plummer, Lady Complainer, and Singing Sandra; Saturday, Dec. 12, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, Dec. 15, **HERBIE MANN;** Wednesday, Dec. 16, Eddie Santiago's salsa band; and Thursday, Dec. 17, reggae singer **SISTER CAROL.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—A central Village lounge for folkies and others who practice low-decibel (but not necessarily low-voltage) music. Friday, Dec. 11, **DAVID MASSENGILL;** Saturday, Dec. 12, **GEORGE GERDES;** and Saturday, Dec. 19, **DAVE VAN RONK** and **TOM INTONDI.** Shows from eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled night club, crowded with serious jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** the expatriate South African pianist known before his conversion to Islam as Dollar Brand, will be here with his fine seven-man band, **EKAYA;** every night but Monday, Dec. 14, when **DAKOTA STATON** sings the blues. Music from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. **VALERIE WELLINGTON,** a young roly-poly blues belter from Chicago, will be here with her band on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12. Veteran Chicago guitarist **OTIS RUSH** has the floor Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the vibraharp-piano team of **TEDDY CHARLES** and **HAROLD DANKO** through Sunday, Dec. 13, and to the tandem of **HERMAN FOSTER** (piano) and **JAY LEONHART** (bass) starting Tuesday, Dec. 15. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from about ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Pianist **HANK JONES** leads a trio through Sunday, Dec. 13, and on Tuesday, Dec. 15, **CHARLES MC PHERSON,** a bop-rooted alto saxophonist, descends the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines and jukebox is a room full of jazz. **IRENE REID,** who sang with the Basie band in the early sixties, sings here through Sunday, Dec. 13. Shows from nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** shoot the breeze through Saturday, Dec. 12, and on Monday, Dec. 14, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** go to work. Sundays are reserved for guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music from eight weeknights, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jim Hall Trio—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Ladysmith Black Mambazo—With Queen Ida & the Bon Temps Zydeco Band. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Josephine Livoti—With the Bross Townsend trio. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8 and 9:30.)

Paul Winter Consort—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 8.

Music of East and West Africa—With Djimo Kouyate, James Makubuya, and Seleshe Damessae. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Benefit Concerts—Paul Simon, with Laurie Anderson, Grand Master Flash, Chaka Khan, Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Lou Reed, and others. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 8.) . . . ¶ Laurie Anderson, William Burroughs, John Giorno, Philip Glass, Debbie Harry, Chris Stein, and Hüsker Dü. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Tadashi Asoma—Figure and landscape paintings with impossibly bright colors. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Julian Barrow—Small cityscapes of New York, London, and Venice. Through Dec. 31. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

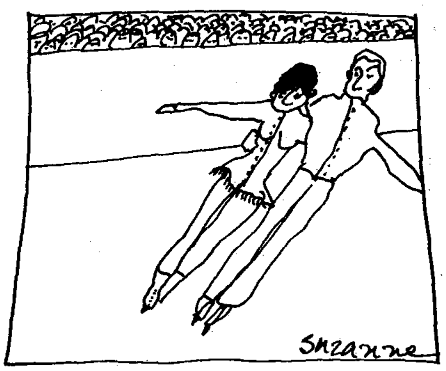
Varujan Boghosian—New constructions using found objects. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Stuart Davis (1892-1964) **and Arnold Friedman** (1874-1946)—Paintings by two American modernists. Through Dec. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Lafayette Parke, 58 E. 79th St.)

Herbert Ferber—New paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Marion Kenyon Jones—Abstract works on paper mounted on canvas. Through Jan. 2. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)



Irving Kriesberg—Recent figurative paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—A benefit loan exhibition of fifty oils. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Will Maclean / Italo Scanga—Sculptures using such materials as driftwood and bone. / Works on paper. Through Dec. 24. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

Armando Morales—Nude figures on docks, near railroad tracks, and in other unlikely settings, by a Nicaragua-born painter. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Raphael Soyer (1899-1987)—Paintings, in what has become a memorial show for the artist, who died last month. Through Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Bernar Venet—Collaged pastel drawings by a theoretical artist. Through Dec. 22. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **HAMILTON,** 19 E. 71st St.: Works on wood by ten artists, including Sol LeWitt, Betty Parsons, and James Surls. Through Jan. 5. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER MODERN,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper in which lead is used in some way—a pencil (a.k.a. black lead) drawing by Jennifer Bartlett and a cast-lead sculpture by Roni Horn, for instance. Through Jan. 16.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Sergi Aguilar—Abstract steel sculptures and preparatory drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Bailey—Figure drawings and still-life prints. Through Jan. 6. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer / Helen Frankenthaler—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. / Paintings on canvas and on paper. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Cadmus—Recent figure paintings, plus drawings and prints. Through Jan. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ralston Crawford (1906-78)—Abstract paintings, drawings, and photographs from throughout his career. Through Jan. 2. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Ellenshaw—Landscapes. Through Jan. 4. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Goodnough—A two-gallery show of abstract paintings and sculptures. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ 112 Greene Street Gallery. Through Jan. 2.)

P. S. Gordon / Anne Dunn—Watercolor still-lifes. / Paintings of the artist's studio. Through Dec. 30. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Hubbard—A two-gallery exhibit of abstract paintings and drawings based on floral subjects. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St. Through Jan. 16.)

Jon Kessler—New illuminated kinetic sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Prints and drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Oil paintings and monotypes, plus jewelry designed in collaboration with Bessie Jamieson. Through Jan. 9. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983) **and Mark Rothko** (1903-70)—Mural-size paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Works on paper by Miró are at the Silberberg Gallery, 16 E. 79th St. (Open Mondays.)

Costantino Nivola—White Carrara-marble sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Cubist-period paintings, drawings, sketchbooks, and prints. Through Dec. 23. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

Martin Puryear—Large freestanding abstract wood sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

José María Sicilia / Edda Renouf—Small-scale abstract paintings. / Layered, incised oil pas-

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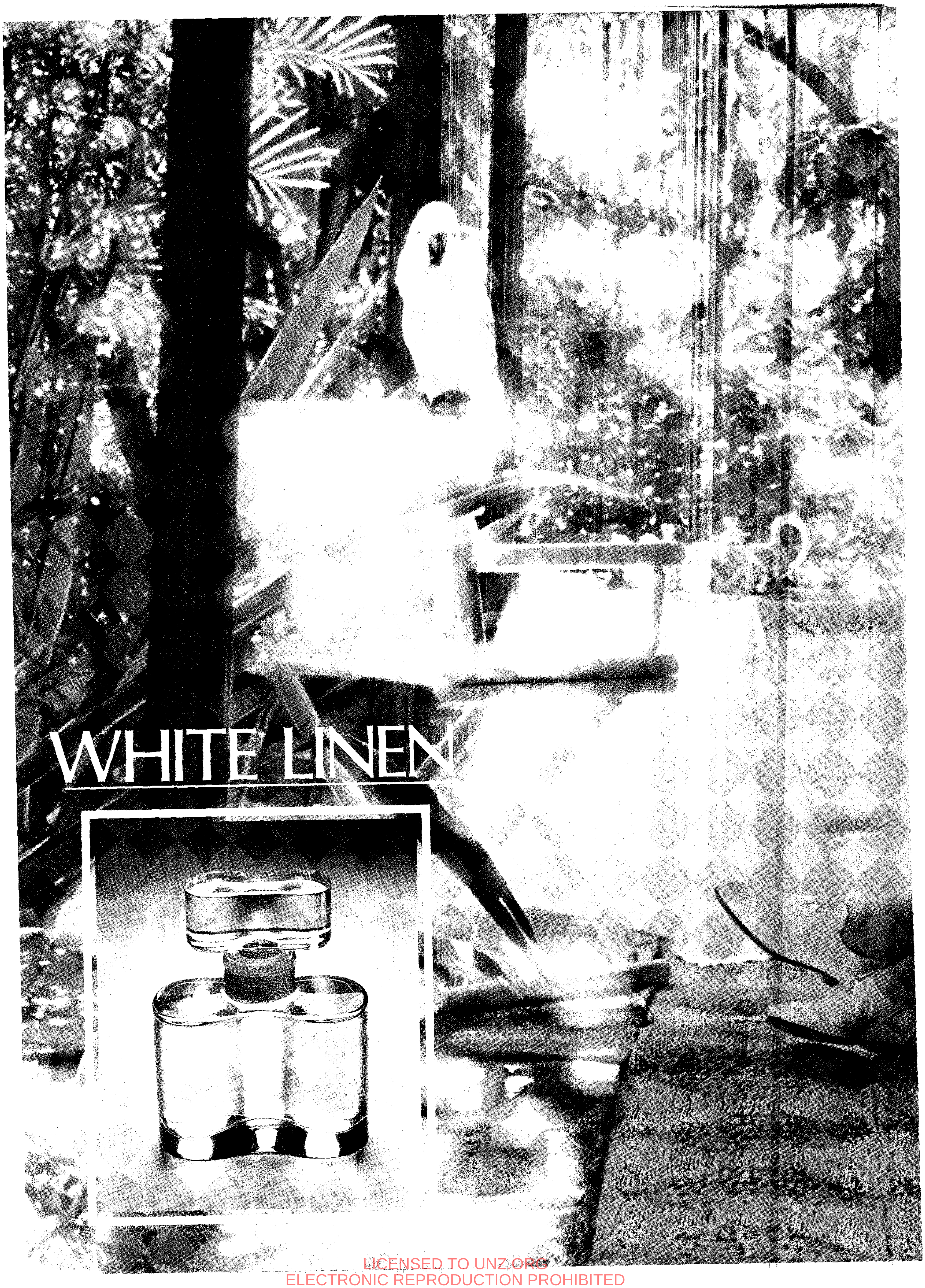
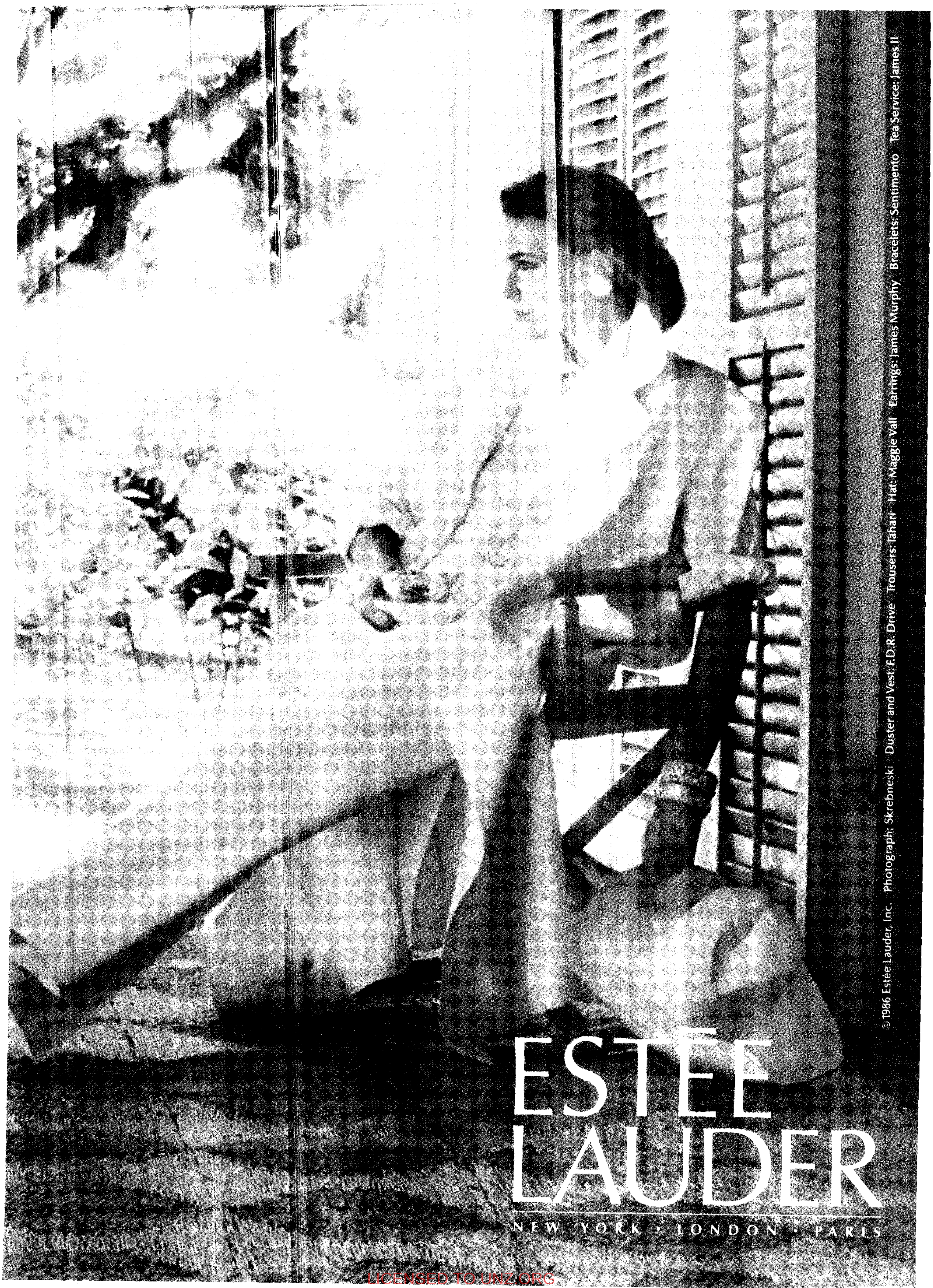

WHITE LINEN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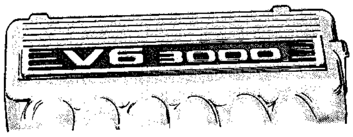

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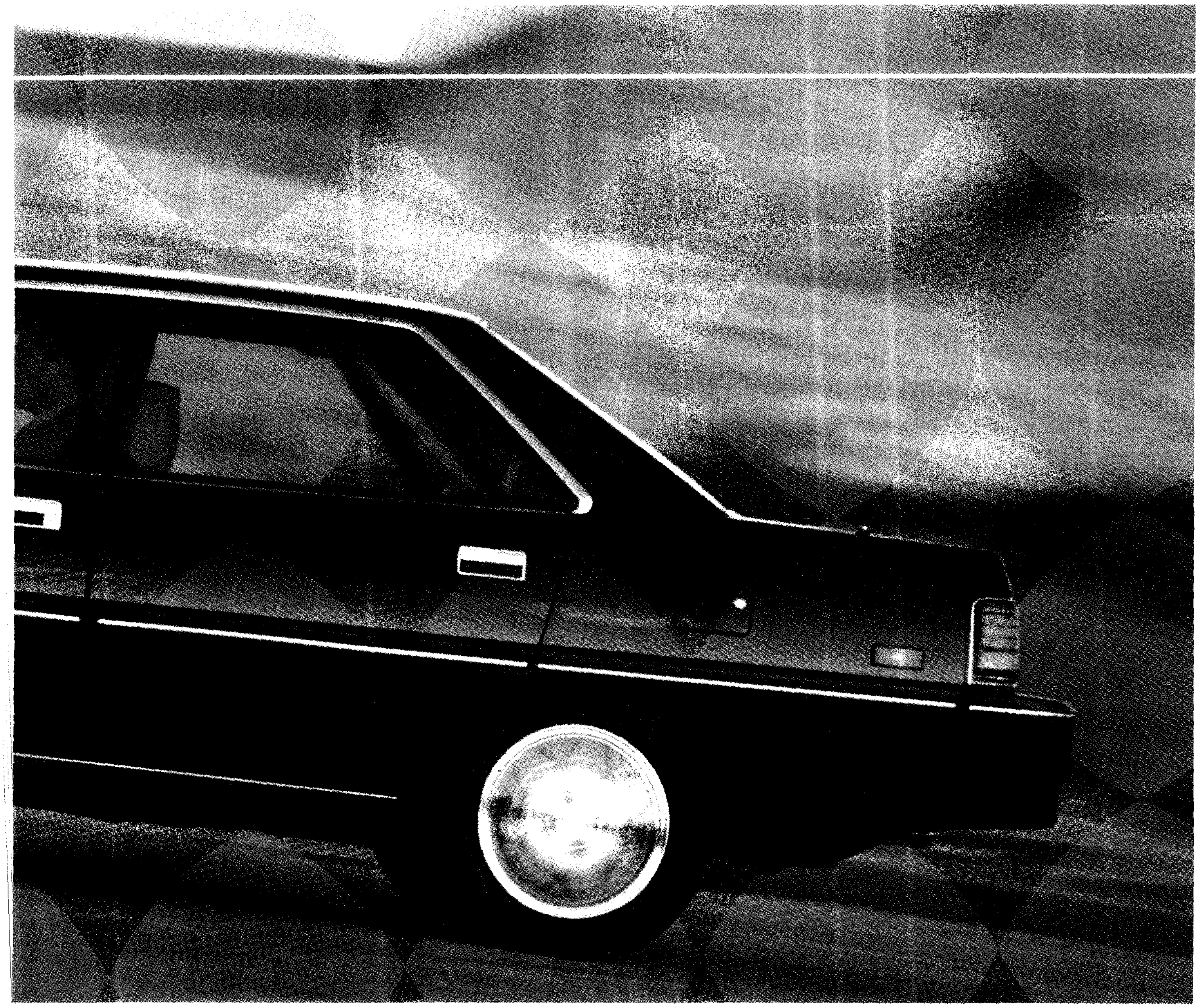

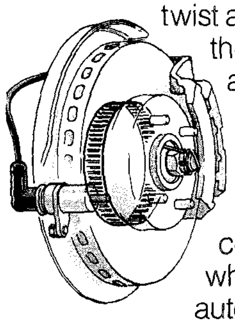

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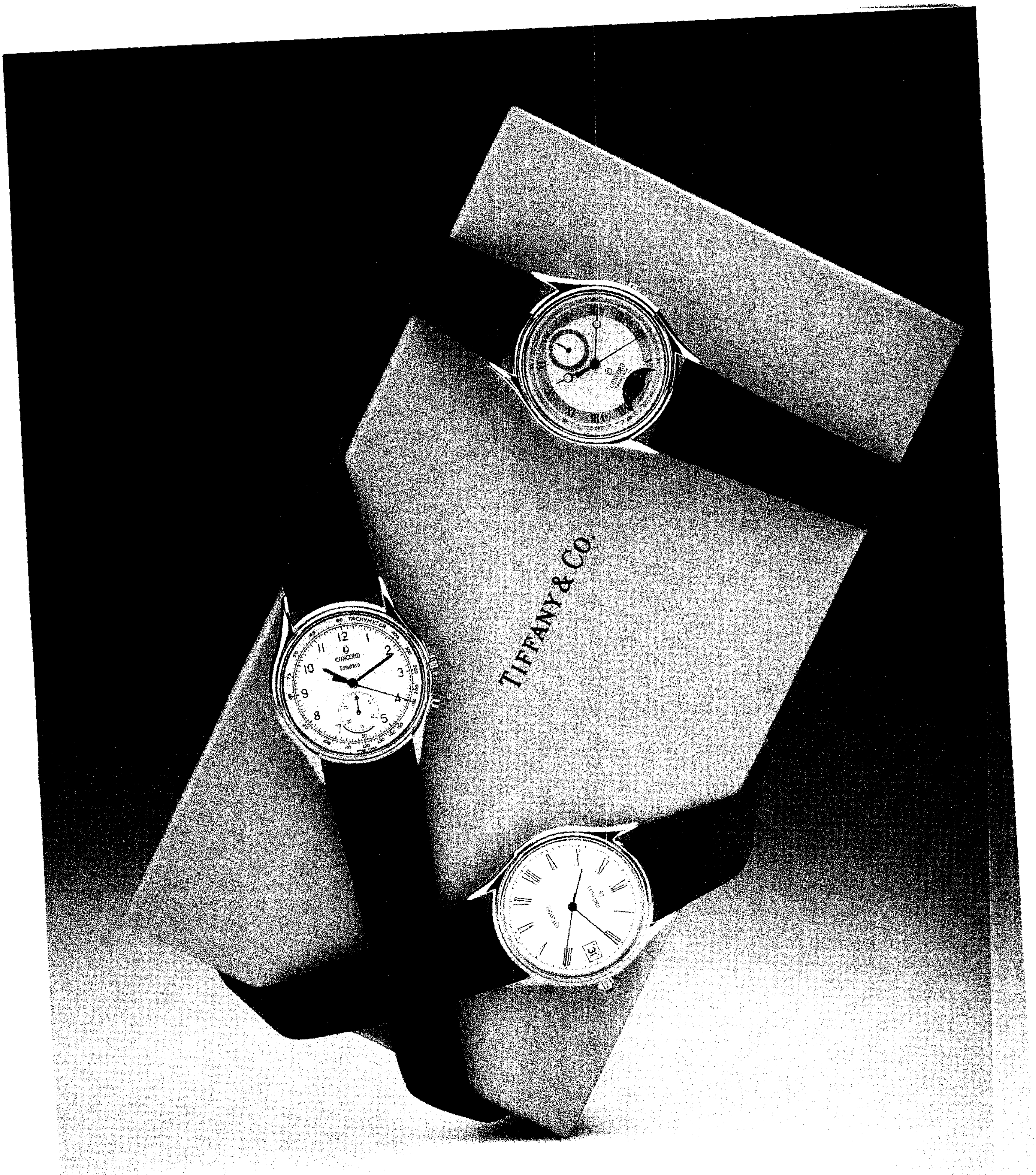

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tel drawings. Through Jan. 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—Sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Through Jan. 16. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays. Drawings by the sculptor David Smith are in the back gallery.)

Jonathan Talbot / Robert Natkin—Small collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bill Traylor (1854-1947) **and Justin McCarthy** (1891-1977)—Watercolors and drawings by two naïfs. Through Jan. 16. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **borgenicht,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings by six abstractionists, including Stuart Davis and John Opper. Through Jan. 7. . . . **french,** 41 W. 57th St.: Contemporary paintings connected, by virtue of shared symbols, to the moralizing attitude of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Dutch vanitas paintings. Janet Fish, Jerome Witkin, Robert Birmelin, and Alice Neel are among those represented. Through Dec. 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **janis,** 110 W. 57th St.: "Recent Tendencies in Black and White," paintings, drawings, and photographs by, among others, Sarah Charlesworth, Richard Prince, Peter Nagy, and Annette Lemieux. Through Dec. 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **kent,** 41 E. 57th St., and **marcus,** 578 Broadway: A two-gallery exhibit of paintings, drawings, and photographs that vary in theme and subject but over all reflect the singular point of view of the curator, Douglas Blau. Among the eighteenth-to-twentieth-century works are oils by Joseph Wright of Derby and by Winslow Homer, a black-and-white film still by Cindy Sherman, and an ink drawing by David Deutsch. Through Dec. 31. . . . **marlborough,** 40 W. 57th St.: Recent works by Red Grooms, Raymond Mason, Fernando Botero, Neil Welliver, and others. Through Jan. 2. (Open Mondays.) . . . **matisse,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the early sixties by four Spanish artists: Rafael Canogar, Manolo Millares, Manuel Rivera, and Antonio Saura. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . **schmidt bingham,** 41 W. 57th St.: Animals are depicted in the paintings, drawings, and sculptures of seven artists, including Melissa Miller and Philip McCracken. Through Dec. 23. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carol Anthony—Atmospheric landscapes painted with enamels and Cray-pas, and box assemblages. Through Dec. 24. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Georg Baselitz—Oil paintings dating from 1964 to 1978. Through Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Bill Beckley—Large wall constructions mixing such materials as Formica and stuffed toy animals. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Ariane R. Berman—Stylized figure paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Alighiero e Boetti / Victor Burgin—Works on paper by a member of the Arte Povera movement. / Photographic works with texts. Through Jan. 2. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Bordo—Paintings of imaginary geographical features. Through Jan. 6. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Max Coyer—New paintings. Through Dec. 26. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Adam Cvijanovic—The artist paints landscapes and figures on canvas and on Plexiglas, and combines the two parts (one in front of the other) in single works. Through Dec. 23. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Gianni Dessì—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

George D. Green—Trompe-l'œil paintings of abstract constructions. Through Jan. 16. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Bertrand Lavier—New conceptual pieces: for instance, a black filing cabinet with a white portable radiator placed on top and a white filing cabinet with an anvil on top. Through Jan. 2. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

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Lisa Lawley—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Mike Metz / Anne Barnard—The artist applies acrylic paint to color photographs of abstract images that have been created on a computer. / Photographs of women and of landscapes viewed through perforated screens. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Keith Milow / Loïc le Groumellec—Gouaches with architectural motifs. / Four black-and-white landscape paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Wood, 127 Spring St.)

Paul Mogensen—Abstract paintings by an artist who was once allied with the minimalist movement. Through Dec. 23. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Guido Molinari—Abstract paintings, including his most recent canvases in various hues of red. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Henry Pearson—Abstract geometric paintings from the past thirty years. Through Jan. 9. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Ed Ruscha—Thirty-five lunette paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Edwin Schlossberg—Poems by Mr. Schlossberg, silk-screened on large folding screens, scrolls, and canvases framed with bamboo. Through Dec. 24. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Leon Polk Smith—A fifty-year retrospective of his abstract geometric paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Robert Stanley—Portraits, from the waist up, of a friend of the artist's named Claudia. Through Dec. 24. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

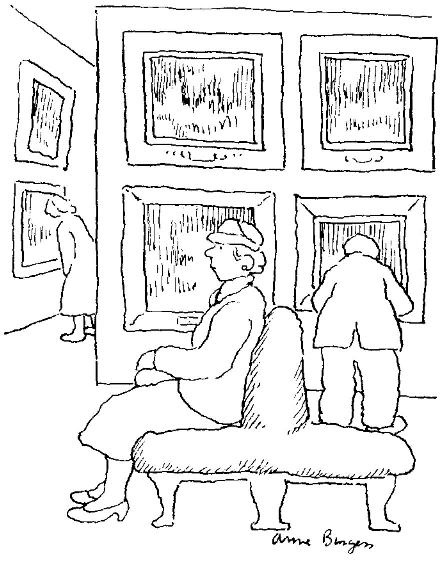
Otto Wagner (1841–1918)—Architectural drawings for some of his structures in Vienna. Through Jan. 16. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Bill Woodrow—Constructions made with found objects and metal modelled into, for instance, roasting chickens. Through Dec. 23. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Group Show—Sculptures by Nancy Bowen, Jannis Kounellis, and Nunzio, and panel paintings by Günter Förg. Through Jan. 12. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Dike Blair—Glass wall constructions that take a cue from the fortune-telling toy Magic 8 Ball, and include such texts as "Reply hazy try again" and "Cannot predict now." Through Jan. 3. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)



Chris Burden—Six hundred and twenty-five miniature cardboard submarines hang from the Burgin Gallery's ceiling. Through Dec. 23. (270 Lafayette St.)

Heidi Glück—Paintings from her "Ramp Series" (1971-85). Through Jan. 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Grey Organisation—Paintings; the Neale Gallery's press release describes the artists as "a group of sad young men from Europe." Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (320 Lafayette St.)

Eva Hesse (1936-70)—Wall sculptures, including two sections (from two private collections) of "Sans II," a group of shallow, irregular boxes made of fibre glass. Through Dec. 24. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Christopher Lucas—Molded laminated-wood constructions that have been painted with Constructivist-influenced designs. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

Edgar Negret—Painted metal sculptures. Through Jan. 3. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. and 37 E. 7th St. Both open at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jody Pinto—Photographs, videos, drawings, and models document the recent installation of the artist's steel bridge in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park. Through Dec. 20. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Jean-Paul Riopelle—Recent painted etchings, plus a group of older works. Through Dec. 20. (Briet, 377 Broome St., between Mott and Mulberry Sts. Open Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **artists space,** 223 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, ceramics, installations, and videos by artists whose heritage is American Indian. Through Dec. 23. . . . **p.p.o.w,** 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C: Janet Fish, Ida Applebroog, Barbara Zucker, and Louise Bourgeois are among the hundred or so women artists showing works to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the feminist magazine *Heresies*. Through Dec. 20. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mark Berghash, Rimma Gerlovina, and Valeriy Gerlovin—A photographer, a poet, and a sculptor have combined their talents to produce a series of what they call "Photems," which are photographs, primarily of Miss Gerlovina, of their painted and marked bodies. All three of them appear in a work called "Ego." Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Clegg & Guttmann—A nine-by-twelve-foot color portrait of an Israeli men's choir, plus smaller landscape photographs. Through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Mitch Epstein—Photographs of the Caribbean. Through Dec. 24. (Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St.) . . . ¶ And of India. Through Jan. 23. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

Evelyn Hofer—Photographs of Emerson's Italy. Through Jan. 9. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Frank Majore—Large Cibachrome prints. Through Jan. 2. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Norman Parkinson—A retrospective of works by this fashion photographer and portraitist. Through Jan. 31. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

William Wegman / Ralph Eugene Meatyard (1925-72)—Color Polaroids of his dog, Fay. / Vintage prints. Through Jan. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alternative museum,** 17 White St.: Surrealist-inspired photographs by more than forty contemporary artists, including Lucas Samaras, Barbara Ess, and Frank Majore. Through Dec. 23. . . . **international**

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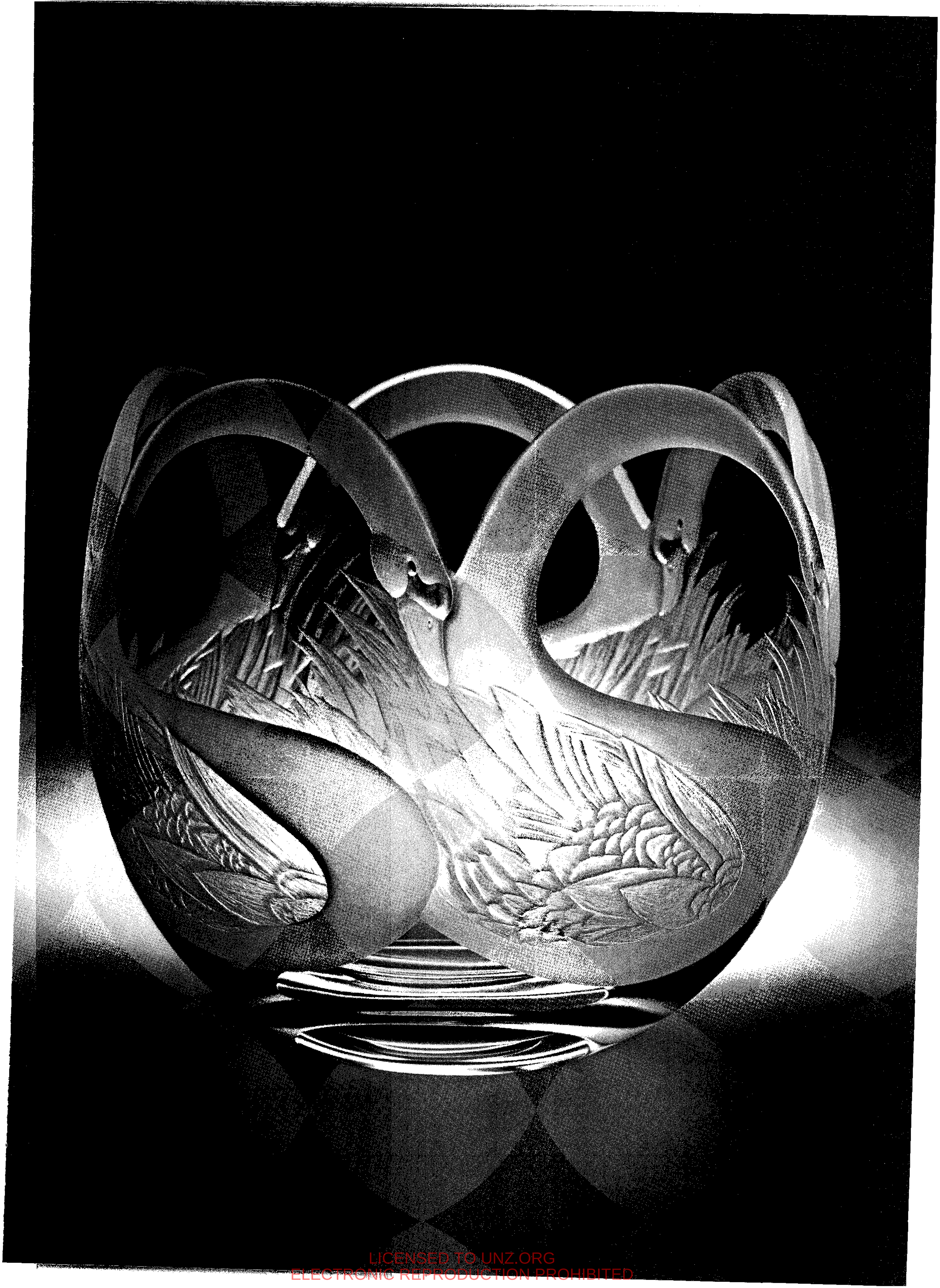

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CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Polaroid prints spanning more than thirty years by about sixty artists. Through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Eighty or so paintings by members of the Hudson River School, among them Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and John F. Kensett. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Works by the seventeenth-century Spanish painter Francisco de Zurbarán, including "The Virgin of Las Cuevas" and "St. Hugo of Grenoble Visiting the Refectory." Through Sunday, Dec. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A full complement of Frank Stella's painted metal wall reliefs. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ The career of the sound-and-video artist Bill Viola is surveyed in a show that includes three installations. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. One section of the exhibit will present postwar paintings in three installments; the first (through Dec. 20) concentrates on European artists. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of thirty-seven paintings and four sculptures by Julian Schnabel. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Charles Demuth (1883-1935). Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Starts Friday, Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Mosaics from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics, and other artifacts of ancient Tunisia. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Fifty-eight contemporary American artists have paintings, drawings, and prints in the thirty-ninth annual purchase-fund exhibition. Through Sunday, Dec. 13. (Open daily except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of quilts, with works by winners of a 1987 national competition and historic quilts on loan from the Museum of American Folk Art. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of a display of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and such artifacts as a salesman's sample card showing thirty-six different block- and roller-printed fabrics. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—In a display of bequests and loans, a predella panel of the Crucifixion by the quattrocento painter Piero della Francesca has been reunited with three other paintings, all originally part of an altarpiece in Borgo San Sepolcro, the artist's home town. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A display of contemporary book bindings by French artisans. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St.—Breakthrough paintings by Paris-influenced Japanese artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, who were among the first to test modern international styles. Starts Friday, Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An extraordinary visual re-creation of the Dreyfus Affair, seen as a public event (courtroom sketches, newspapers, commercial products) and as a private one (Alfred Dreyfus's eyeglasses and the notebooks he kept at Devil's Island, personal letters of support written to Émile Zola by Claude Monet). Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings by Raphael and his circle. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—Photographs, sculptures, drawings, and videotapes tracing the career of Ana Mendieta, who died in 1985, at the age of thirty-six. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit, in Gottesman Hall, that surveys the age of English Romanticism with paintings, drawings, manuscripts, books, and memorabilia. An autograph copy of Wordsworth's poem "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," Turner's painting "Interior of Tintern Abbey," Mary Shelley's annotated manuscript for "Frankenstein," and Wordsworth's inkstand are included. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Papers left by Truman Capote to the library have been put on display in the Edna Barnes Salomon Room. Through March 19. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

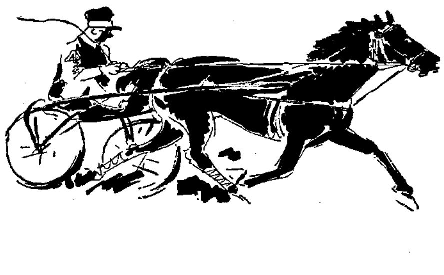
ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Quimetta Perle and an ensemble of nine in performances of "Conversations with the Dead," Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 8:30.

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Mary Overlie and Sarah Skaggs (solo dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 10-13, at 8:30.

NOTE—"Get Out of the House," a one-man show by Frank Maya. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Dec. 9-12 and 16-19, at 10.) . . . ¶ Stephanie Skura will perform a solo dance and a work with her company. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Fridays and Saturdays, Dec. 11-12 and 18-19, at 11.)



MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall *is* 362-1911; *for* Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; *for* Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, *at* Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; *for* Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; *and for the* 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. *Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)*

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Dino Anagnost directing Berlioz' oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," with a chorus and vocal soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

"THE CHRISTMAS REVELS"—Carol Duveneck directing the tenth season of a music, dance, and theatre program, this year emphasizing Eastern European traditions. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 10-11, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 12, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 7.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE CHORUSES—Catharine Melhorn and others directing. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

"CHRISTMAS RAPPINGS"—Al Carmines' theatrical version of the Christmas story, which uses rock, funk, folk music, and hymns in the telling. (Trinity Presbyterian Church, 422 W. 57th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, Thursday, Dec. 17, and Saturday, Dec. 19, all at 8; and Sundays, Dec. 13 and 20, at 5. For information about tickets, call 245-8128.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directing, with Walter Hilse, piano and organ; Susan Jolles, harp; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

CANBY SINGERS—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (St. John's in the Village, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

NEW AMSTERDAM SINGERS—Clara Longstreth directing an a-cappella choir. (St. Ignatius' Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

"A JAZZ NATIVITY"—The second annual performance of a work by Anne Phillips. With (in costume) Roy Eldridge as a scat-singing angel, the jazz singer Gail Wynters as the Virgin Mary, and others. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door at performance times.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program of processions, dramatic scenes, antiphons, and other Christmas ceremonies and festivities of the Middle Ages. (Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. 923-3700, Ext. 16. Sundays, Dec. 13 and 20, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

BOYS CHOIR OF HARLEM—Walter Turnbull directing spirituals and gospel music. (Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Ave. at 29th St. Monday, Dec. 14, at 7:45. No tickets necessary.)

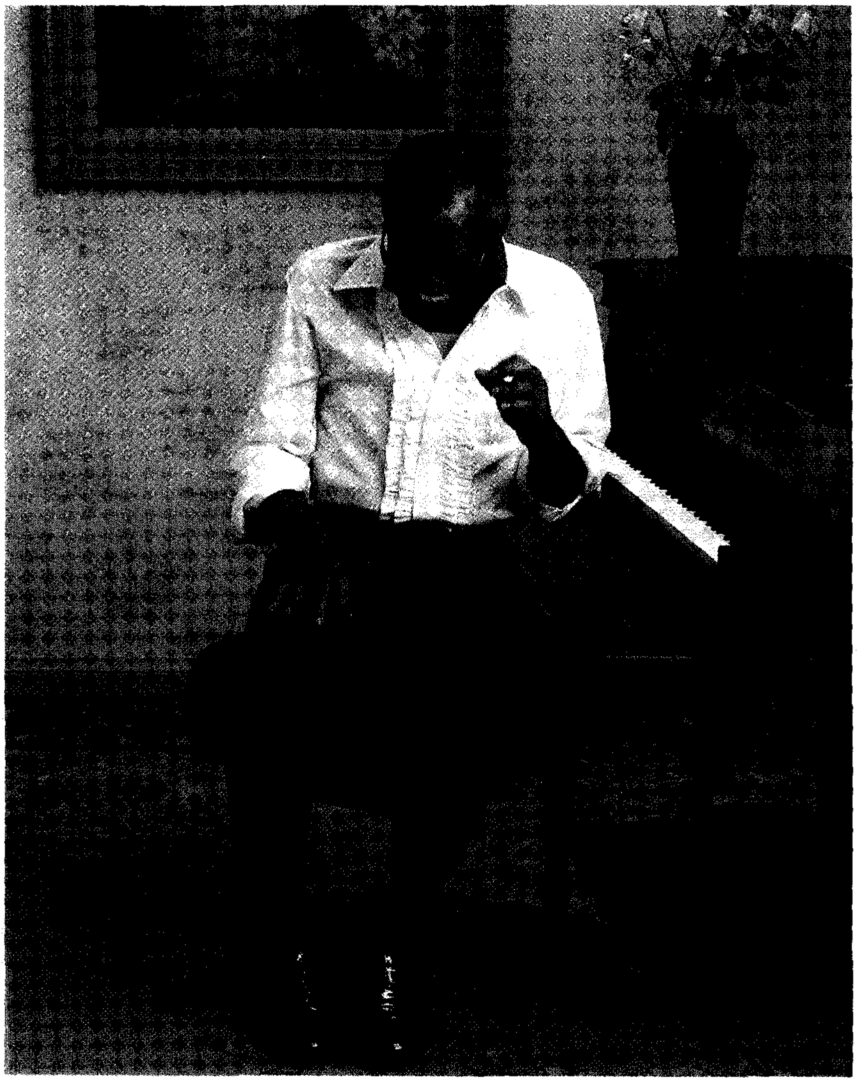
I CANTORI—Bart Folse directing a program that features the première of James D. Wagoner's "Song of Solomon." With Dawn Upshaw, soprano, and Kurt Ollmann, baritone. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

VINEYARDMUSIK—Presenting a program of Baroque vocal and chamber music. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

NEW CALLIOPE SINGERS—With Trio Chanteclaire, performing Christmas music from England. Peter Schubert directing. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

GRANDE BANDE—Frederick Renz conducting cantatas, *symphonies des Noëls,* and other holiday-inspired tunes from the seventeenth century. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—MUSIC BEFORE 1800: Johannes Somary directing the Amor Artis Chamber Choir and Baroque Ensemble. With soloists Julianne Baird, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley,



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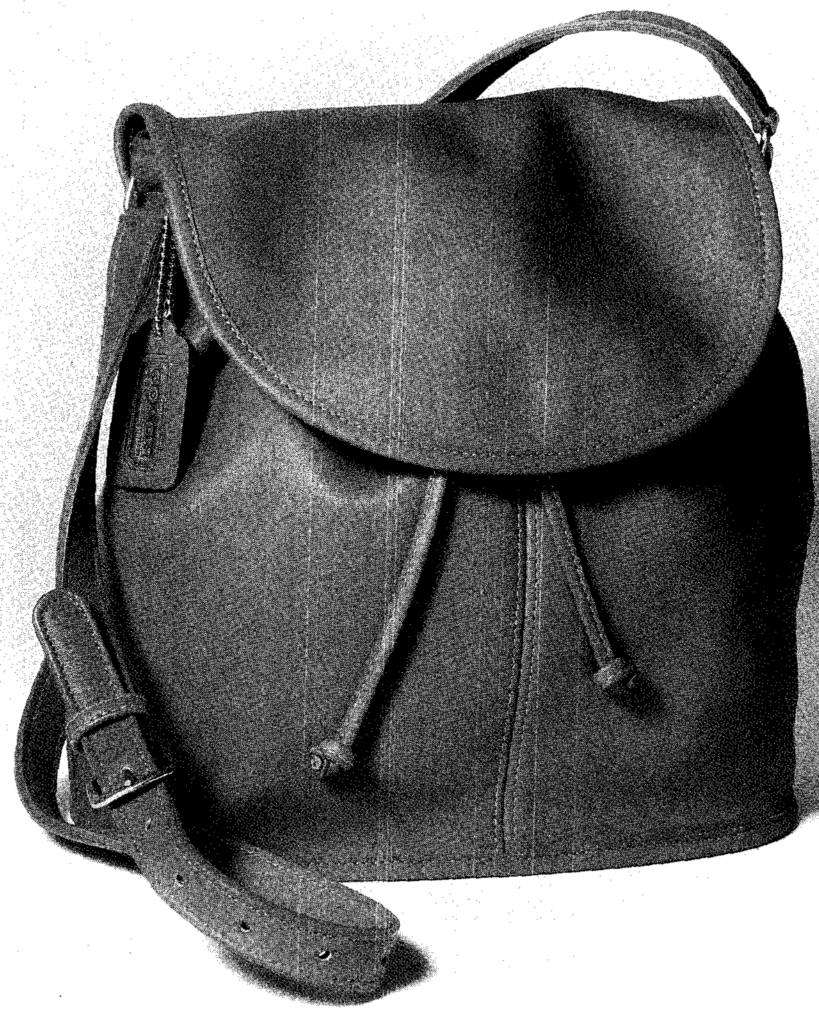

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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countertenor; Patrick Romano, tenor; and Glenn Billingsley, bass. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.) . . . **MUSICA SACRA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** Richard Westenburg directing, with Nancy Argenta, soprano; Michael Chance, countertenor; Neil Rosenshein, tenor; and David Evitts, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 14, and Friday, Dec. 18, at 7:30.) . . . **ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Brenda Harris, soprano; Steven Rickards, countertenor; Carl Halvorson, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8.) . . . **SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL:** Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by eighteen choral conductors. With Crail Conner, soprano; Michael Dash, alto; Stephen Oosting, tenor; Stephen West, bass; Kenneth Bowen, organ; and the audience itself as the chorus. (Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30.) . . . **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** David Randolph directing, with Judith Nicosia, soprano; Antoinette Hardin, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Jeffrey Horvath, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 8, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2:30 and 6:30.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 9: "La Traviata" (a nonsubscription performance), with Diana Soviero, Dano Raffanti, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 10: "Il Trovatore," with Joan Sutherland, Elena Obraztsova, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 11: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Kilduff, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, Claudio Nicolai, and Sid Caesar in the speaking role of Frosch; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 12: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Zdzislawa Donat, Erie Mills, Gösta Winbergh, and Heinz Zednik; Marek Janowski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 12: "La Traviata," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Dano Raffanti, and Brian Schexnayder; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Monday through Saturday, Dec. 14-19: To be announced. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 7:30.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Presenting, in German, the New York première of Wolfgang Rihm's 1978 work, "Jakob Lenz." Staged by Ian Strasfogel, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Klauspeter Seibel. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3; and Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 10-11, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 7:30: A Fine-Ginastera-Rachmaninoff program, with Barbara Nissman, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8; Friday, Dec. 18, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8: A program of music by Vaughan Williams, Erb, and Brahms, with the Brass Players of the New York Philharmonic.

Boston Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Seiji Ozawa conducting. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, at 8: A Brahms-Stravinsky program. With Peter Serkin, piano, and John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 18, at 8: Strauss's "Elektra," with Hildegard Behrens, soprano, and Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano.

American Symphony Orchestra—Catherine Comet conducting an Adams, Elgar, and Prokofiev program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin, and David Shifrin, clarinet. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing Arthur Honegger's oratorio, "King David." (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

Empire Brass—With the Atlantic Brass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—Friday, Dec. 11, at 8: Presenting a concert called "New Music for New Digital Performance Instruments." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 18, at 8: A program of music by Afro-American composers Jalalu Kalvert Nelson and Alvin Singleton. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 580-0210. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 8: A Beethoven-Rochberg-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8: A Haydn-Rochberg-Schubert program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Jeffrey Kahane—Piano. With Arleen Augér, soprano, and Gary Hoffman, cello. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Continuum—A program of contemporary music, honoring the composer Nicolas Slonimsky, who will be present to reminisce about his life (he's ninety-three) and to play the piano. Other soloists will be Ellen Lang, mezzo-soprano; Beverly Lauridsen, cello; and Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, piano. A small chamber orchestra will be conducted by Mr. Sachs. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Francisco Aybar—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Presenting an Ives-Mozart-Chausson program, with Joshua Bell, violin; Jean-Yves Thibaudet, piano; and the Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 5, and Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 7:30.)

André Watts—Piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 7.)

Giora Feidman—Clarinet, in a program of klezmer music, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 7.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 7:30.)

Harold Stover—Organ. (Second Presbyterian Church, 6 W. 96th St. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Chamber Music at the Y—With Anthony Newman, harpsichord; Randall Ellis and Mark Hill, oboe; and Ben Holt, baritone. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 15-16, at 8.)

New World String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Spoleto Festival Chamber Music at BAM—A program of works by Bach, Webern, Shostakovich, and Tchaikovsky. With the Meliora Quartet; Joseph Swenson, violin; Colin Carr, cello; Yefim Bronfman, piano; John Gibbons, harpsichord; and Sara Thompson, double bass. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

"Haddocks' Eyes"—David Warren directing a staged performance of a new work by David Del Tredici, scored for chamber orchestra and soprano (Noëmi Nadelmann). (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 15-17, at 8; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 7 and 9. For information about tickets, call 924-3108.)

Note—The Ensemble for Early Music, conducted by Frederick Renz, will give a concert of medieval and Renaissance music under the starry skies of the Hayden Planetarium. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16-17, at 7 and 9. For information about tickets, call 769-5600.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Denver Nuggets, Thursday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee Bucks, Tuesday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Thursday, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Dec. 19. (Games begin at 7:30.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nets vs. Indiana Pacers, Thursday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington Bullets, Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio Spurs, Tuesday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Dallas Mavericks, Wednesday, Dec. 16. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Football—Giants vs. Green Bay Packers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 12:30.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Monday, Dec. 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Calgary Flames, Friday, Dec. 11, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Dec. 17, at 7:45. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Dec. 12, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 19, at 7:05. . . . **NOTE:** The U.S. Hockey team that will be going to the Olympics next year will play members of the Soviet team, at the Nassau Coliseum, Sunday, Dec. 13, at 7:05.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

Lecture—Shirley Hazzard's topic is the history of Australian art. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Monday, Dec. 14, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

Discussions—"Baseball and the American Dream," with panelists Frank Cashen, Reuven J. Katz, and Clem Labine, and moderator Roger Kahn. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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13	14	15	16	17	18	19

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Dec. 9: At 6, "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975; directed by Chantal Akerman; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and, at 9:30, "Jane Austen in Manhattan" (1981; James Ivory), with Anne Baxter and Robert Powell.

Dec. 10: At 5:45, "Bitter Rice" (1950; Giuseppe de Santis; in Italian), with Silvana Mangano, Raf Vallone, Doris Dowling, and Vittorio Gassman; at 7:30, "Night and Fog in Japan" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and, at 9:30, "Reed: Insurgent Mexico" (1971; Paul Leduc; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Dec. 11: At 5:30, "São Bernardo" (1972; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); at 7:30, "My Dinner with André" (1981; Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and André Gregory; and, at 9:30, "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Dec. 12-13: At 3:45, "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958; Mario Monicelli; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, Totò, and Claudia Cardinale; at 5:30, "São Bernardo;" at 7:30, "My Dinner with André;" and, at 9:30, "My Life to Live."

Dec. 15-16: At 5:45, "Love in the City" (1953; in Italian), five episodes by five directors; at 7:30, "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Bette Faria and Jose Wilker; and, at 9:30, "Portrait of Jason" (1967; Shirley Clarke).

Dec. 17: At 5:45, "Jom" (1982; Ababacar Samb; a Senegalese film, in Wolof); at 7:30, "Black Moon" (1975; Louis Malle), with Cathryn Harrison; and, at 9:15, "Innocence Unprotected" (1968; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslav film).

From Dec. 18: At 5:30, "Senso" (1955; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Farley Granger and Alida Valli; at 7:40, "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and, at 9:30, "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, and Giulietta Masina.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: "Suspect" (†). From Dec. 11: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

Theatre 2: "Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

Theatre 3: "Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Princess Bride" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Fatal Attraction" (†). From Dec. 16: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 10: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso. From Dec. 11: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Dec. 10: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands.

From Dec. 11: (Matinées only) "Cinderella;" and (evenings only) "Dirty Dancing" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Walker" (Alex Cox), with Ed Harris and Marlee Matlin.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Dec. 9: "Less than Zero" (†).

Dec. 10: Theatre closed.

From Dec. 11: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Manon of the Spring" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Three Men and a Baby." From Dec. 16: "Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "Hope and Glory" (†). From Dec. 16: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Nuts." From Dec. 16: "Broadcast News" (James L. Brooks), with William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Dec. 10: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

From Dec. 11: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 16: "The Last Emperor" (†). From Dec. 17: "The Dead" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Whales of August" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "Suspect" (†). From Dec. 16: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Cry Freedom" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Anna" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Dec. 10: "The Trouble with Spies" (Burt Kennedy), with Donald Sutherland.

From Dec. 11: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Dec. 11: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 15: "Blind" (†). From Dec. 16: "The Spirit Moves: A History of Black Social Dance on Film, Parts 1 and 2" (1986; directed by Mura Dehn) and "In a Jazz Way: A Portrait of Mura Dehn" (1986; Louise Ghertler and Pamela Katz), both documentaries.

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: "I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema). From Dec. 11: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: (Separate admissions) "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "The Funeral" (Juzo Itami; in Japanese). From Dec. 11: To be announced.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 2: "Walker" (Alex Cox), with Ed Harris and Marlee Matlin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 10: "A Hero's Journey: The World of Joseph Campbell" (William Free and Janelle Balnicke), a documentary.

From Dec. 11: "Suspect" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Barfly" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Sign o' the Times" (†). From Dec. 11: "Full Metal Jacket" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.

Theatre 2: "Dark Eyes" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 10: "Matewan" (John Sayles), with Chris Cooper and James Earl Jones. From Dec. 11: "Housekeeping" (†).

Theatre 4: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0600)

Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Theatre 2: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 10: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film; and (evenings only) "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant. From Dec. 11: (Matinées only) "Cinderella;" and (evenings only) "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through the afternoon of Dec. 10: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

From Dec. 11: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cry Freedom" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Dec. 10: "The Wannsee Conference" (Heinz Schirk; in German).

From Dec. 11: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 16: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 17: "The Last Emperor" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Dec. 15: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
From Dec. 16: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Housekeeping" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through Dec. 10: "A Boy from Calabria" (Luigi Comencini; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volontè.
From Dec. 11: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Glass Menagerie" (Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 10: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
From Dec. 11: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.
Theatre 3: "Dark Eyes" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Repentance" (Tengiz Abuladze; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Princess Bride" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Suspect" (†). From Dec. 11: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 15: "Baby Boom" (†). From Dec. 16: "Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 4: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 5: "Cry Freedom" (†).
Theatre 6: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: (Matinées only) "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film and (evenings only) "Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands. From Dec. 11: (Matinées only) "Cinderella:" and (evenings only) "Suspect" (†).
Theatre 2: "Walker" (Alex Cox), with Ed Harris and Marlee Matlin.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "Hope and Glory" (†). From Dec. 11: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Beauty" (directed by Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 10: "The Trouble with Spies" (Burt Kennedy), with Donald Sutherland. From Dec. 11: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.
Theatre 3: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 10: "Date with an Angel" (Tom McLoughlin), with Michael Knight, Phoebe Cates, and Emmanuelle Béart. From Dec. 11: "Wild Pair."
Theatre 5: "Suspect" (†).
Theatre 6: "Less than Zero" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 3: "The Hidden" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 10: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Dec. 11: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 10. "Siesta" (Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands.
From Dec. 11. "Dirty Dancing" (†).

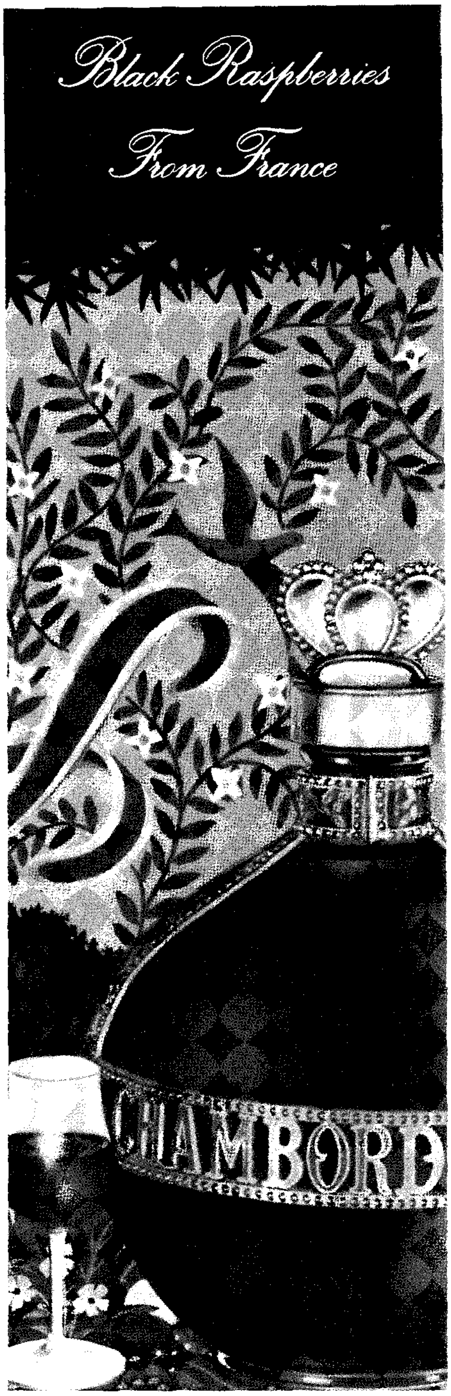
National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant.
Theatre 2: "Empire of the Sun" (Steven Spielberg), with John Malkovich and Miranda Richardson.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Sign o' the Times" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 10: "Das Boot" (1982; directed by Wolfgang Petersen; in German); and "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.
Dec. 11-12: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn; and "Drive, He Said" (1971; Jack Nicholson), with William Tepper and Karen Black.
Dec. 13: "Macbeth" (1971; Roman Polanski), with Jon Finch; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
Dec. 14-15: "The Last Woman" (1976; Marco Ferreri; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti; and "Fruits of Passion" (1982; in Japanese).
Dec. 16-17: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.
Dec. 18-19: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Dec. 9: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964; John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.
Dec. 10-11: "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.
Dec. 12-13: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
Dec. 14: "Wings" (1927; William A. Wellman; a silent film), with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers; and "It" (1927; Clarence Badger; a silent film), with Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno.
Dec. 15-16: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger,



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Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman; and "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle.

Dec. 17-18: "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "The Big Knife" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino, and Rod Steiger.

From Dec. 19: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Dec. 9: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "World Première" (1941; Ted Tetzlaff), with John Barrymore and Frances Farmer.

Dec. 10: "How I Won the War" (1967; Richard Lester), with Michael Crawford and John Lennon; and "Privates on Parade" (1982; Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Dec. 11-12: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Dec. 13: "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal; "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; a short film, in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal; and "Land Without Bread" (1932; Luis Buñuel; a short film, in Spanish).

Dec. 14: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov.

Dec. 15: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Murderer Lives at '21'" (1942; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Pierre Fresnay and Suzy Delair.

Dec. 16: "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

Dec. 17: "The Chosen" (1982; Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell, Rod Steiger, Robby Benson, and Barry Miller; and "Yiddle with His Fiddle" (1937; Joseph Green; in Yiddish), with Molly Picon.

Dec. 18-19: "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm; and "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 9: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.

Dec. 10: "King Lear" (1971; Peter Brook), with Paul Scofield; and "Hamlet" (1970; Peter Wood), with Richard Chamberlain.

Dec. 11-12: "Midnight" (1939; Mitchell Leisen), with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and John Barrymore; and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton.

Dec. 13: "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "Brief Encounter" (1946; David Lean), with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard.

Dec. 14: "Secrets of Women" (1952; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Anita Björk, Eva Dahlbeck, and Maj-Britt Nilsson; and "A Lesson in Love" (1953; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand.

Dec. 15: "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon; and "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935; John Ford), with Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson.

Dec. 16: "Lust for Life" (1956; Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn; and "The Agony and the Ecstasy" (1965; Carol Reed), with Charlton Heston and Rex Harrison.

Dec. 17: "Somewhere in the Night" (1946; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with John Hodiak; and "House of Strangers" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Edward G. Robinson and Susan Hayward.

Dec. 18-19: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, and Dan Duryea.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus *Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those* applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Dec. 10 at 12:30: "The Journey" (1985; directed by Markus Imhoof; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 3:15: "Silence of the Poet" (1986; Peter Lilienthal; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 5:30: "The Chinese Are Coming: The Bavarian-Chinese Heimatfilm" (1986; Manfred Stelzer; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 7:30: "Joe Polowsky—An American Dreamer" (1986; Wolfgang Pfeiffer), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2:30: "Location—Berlin" (1987; Helga Reidemeister; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6: "Days to Remember" (1986; Jeanine Meerapfel; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at noon: "Joe Polowsky—An American Dreamer." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2: "The Chinese Are Coming: The Bavarian-Chinese Heimatfilm." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 5: "Silence of the Poet." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at noon: "Days to Remember." . . . *¶ Dec. 13 at 2: "Zischke"* (1986; Martin Theo Krieger; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 5: "The Journey." . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 2:30: "Zischke." . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 6: "Location—Berlin." . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2:30: "Francesca" (1986; Verena Rudolph; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 6 and Dec. 17 at 2:30: "The Little Attorney" (1986; Hark Bohm; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 6: "Francesca." . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 8: "Time of Silence" (1986; Thorsten Näter; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The Family" (1987; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Fanny Ardant, and Stefania Sandrelli. Mr. Scola will be present at the 5:30 showing. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2: "Mississippi Blues" (1984; Bertrand Tavernier and Robert Parrish), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 5: "Round Midnight" (1986; Bertrand Tavernier; in French and English, with English subtitles), with Dexter Gordon.

Theatre 2: Dec. 10 at 3 and 6:30: A program of films by Richard Leacock, who will be present at the 6:30 showing. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 3: "The Docks of New York" (1928; Josef von Sternberg; a silent film), with George Bancroft, Betty Compson, and Olga Baclanova. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 6:30: "The Canadian" (1926; William Beaudine; a silent film), with Thomas Meighan. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2:30: "Are Parents People?" (1925; Malcolm St. Clair; a silent film), with Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Betty Bronson. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 5:30: "The Wedding March" (1928; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with von Stroheim, Fay Wray, and ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2:30: "Hands Up!" (1926; Clarence Badger; a silent film), with Raymond Griffith and Mack Swain. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 5:30: "Are Parents People?" . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 3: "The Wedding March." . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 3 and 6:30: "Roads Home: The Life and Times of A. B. 'Happy' Chandler" (1987; Robert Henson) and "Las Vegas Odds" (1985; Richard Boehm), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 3: "Hands Up!" . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 3: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, and Jack Nicholson.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A retrospective of films and videotapes by Shirley Clarke. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules. Miss Clarke will be present on Dec. 10 at noon. Closed Mondays.

Native American Film and Video Festival—Free programs of more than twenty-five works by North, Central, and South American Indians, shown over three days, at three locations. Dec. 11 from 11 to 6:30: A symposium and videotapes. (American Indian Community House, 842 B'way, at 13th St.) . . . ¶ Dec. 12 from 10:30 to 6: Eight films. (Kaufmann Theatre, American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 77th St.) . . . ¶ Dec. 13 from 11 to 6: Video documentaries. (Millennium Film Workshop, 66 E. 4th St.) For information, call 283-2420.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Anna—Sally Kirkland plays a Czech actress named Anna Radkova—once her country's leading film star, during the brief period of cultural freedom that ended in 1968, and now, in her forties, just another struggling actress in New York, desperate enough to take a job understudying all seven roles in an Off Broadway show. The conceit of the movie is that Anna has a kind of understudy in her own life, a lovely Czech country girl (played by the model Paulina Porizkova), who moves in with her and effortlessly achieves all the American-style success that has eluded the older woman. The script (by Agnieszka Holland, from a story by Holland and the director, Yurek Bogayevicz) occasionally suggests some sort of meditation on history and identity, though for the most part the film is content to be a vehicle for Kirkland, who laughs, cries, etc., in an accent that Meryl Streep would be proud of.—T.R. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Baby Boom—Diane Keaton gives a glorious comedy performance that rides over many of the inanities in this picture by the monarchs of yup: the writer-producer Nancy Meyers and the writer-director Charles Shyer. Their subject is the feminist as darling. Keaton is a Manhattan management-consulting firm's Tiger Lady until she's entrusted with the care of a baby girl. Then, her single-minded concentration gone and her status diminished, she quits, moves to a farmhouse in Vermont, meets a calm, steadying Gary Cooperish veterinarian helpfully named Cooper (Sam Shepard), and starts a venture that turns her into the biggest employer in town. Soon she's a tycoon, rejecting astronomic offers to sell out. Keaton is smashing: she's an ultra-feminine executive, a wide-eyed charmer, with a breathless ditziness that may remind you of Jean Arthur in "The More the Merrier." (Reviewed in our issue of 10/19/87.) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Dec. 15.)

Barfly—The sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski wrote this semi-autobiographical script about his heavy-drinking skid-row days just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid- to late twenties. But Mickey Rourke, who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. This howler gives the movie a comic boost. Rourke twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski, and the two principal women (Faye Dunaway as a burned-out drinker, Alice Krige as the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine) twinkle back. The movie, though, is big on life affirmation. The director, Barbet Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. (11/2/87) (Art Greenwich Twin.)

Blind—The best scenes in Frederick Wiseman's

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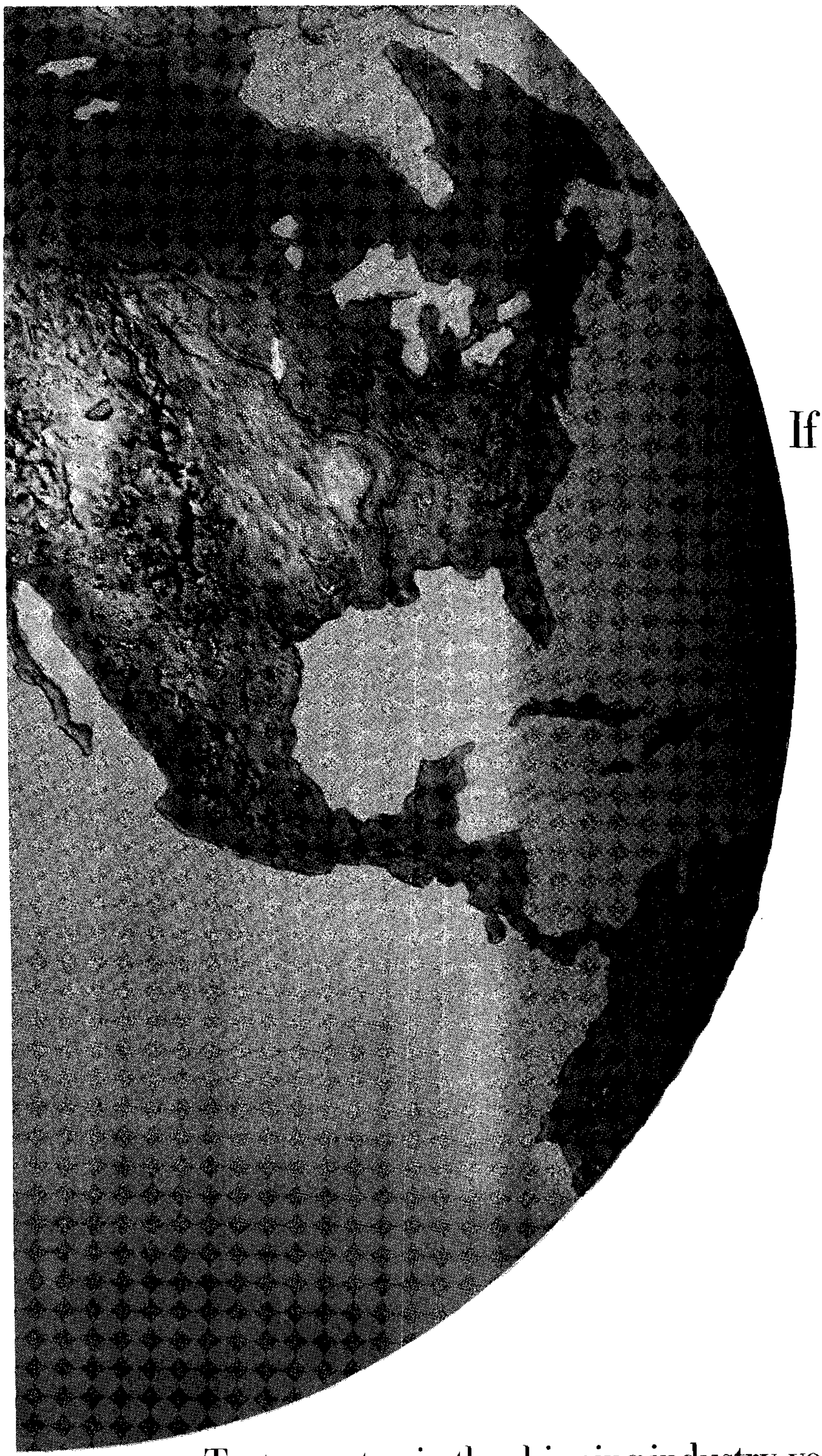

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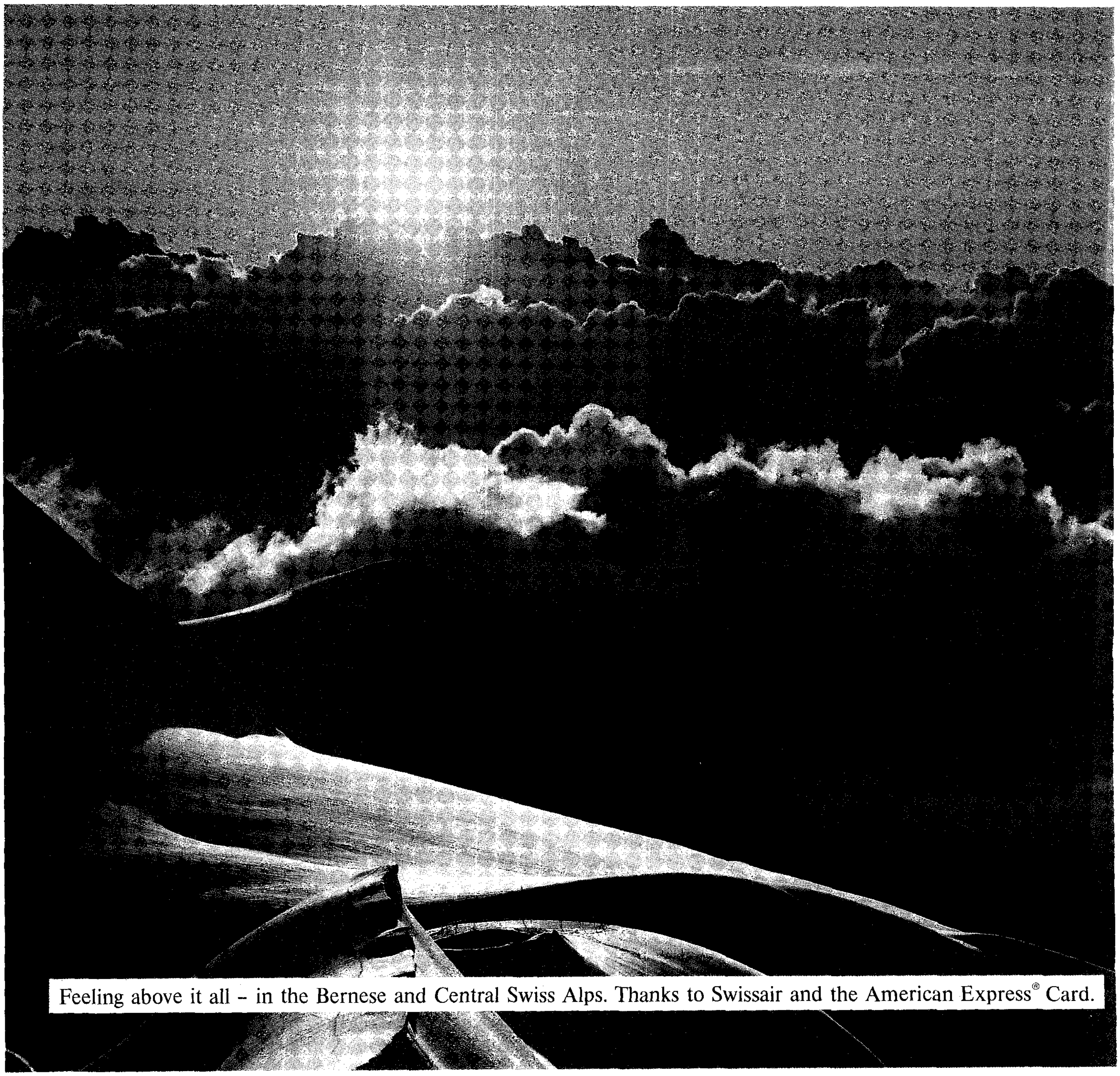

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

new documentary on the Alabama School for the Blind come in its first hour, when the film focusses on small children. The toddlers' attempts to negotiate the corridors and stairways of the school are filmed in extremely long takes, and are fascinating. Wiseman shows us the processes by which these kids, with the usual short attention spans of the very young, are trained to apply rigorous logic and unwavering concentration to their everyday geography, simply to eliminate its dangers. Everything has to be analyzed before it becomes familiar enough to move through: these sequences are adventures in cognition. But the film doesn't sustain the intensity of the early scenes. Wiseman shifts his gaze to the workings of the school's staff and to the more ordinary classroom activities of the older students, who are experienced enough in their handicap to be able, almost, to ignore it. He seems to be aiming for a skewed portrait of "normal" American education, but he hasn't shaped the material well enough—every sequence goes on much too long—and the film becomes puzzling and static. Like much of Wiseman's work in the past ten years, "Blind" has the strange, still quality of an abstraction that hasn't quite found its material form—and maybe isn't sure that it wants to. "Blind" is one of a series of four Wiseman films on the different facilities of the Alabama Institute for the Deaf and Blind: "Deaf," "Multi-Handicapped," and "Adjustment and Work" are the others.—T.R. (Film Forum 1; through Dec. 15.)

Cry Freedom—Attempting to use the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington), the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid, the producer-director Richard Attenborough feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. The epic collapses before midpoint when Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries. The story then shifts to the efforts of Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), a white newspaper editor, to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about his friend Biko. When Attenborough starts crosscutting from the escape to Woods' flashback memories (with bursts of choral music), the movie is dumbfounding. It looks as if Attenborough staged scenes and then didn't know what to do with them, so he stuck them in by having the escaping Woods think back. And every time Biko appears in a flashback our interest quickens; this man with fire in his eyes commands the screen —Denzel Washington is the star by right of talent. When the movie cuts back to the grayish, undefined Woods, the family-escape story recalls "The Sound of Music." And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Screenplay by John Briley, based on Woods' books "Biko" and "Asking for Trouble." Shot mostly in Zimbabwe; 2 hours and 37 minutes. (11/30/87) (Loews New York Twin, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Dark Eyes—With Marcello Mastroianni, Marthe Keller, Elena Sofonova, and Silvana Mangano; directed by Nikita Mikhalkov. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

The Dead—With Anjelica Huston and Donal McCann, directed by John Huston. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; starting Dec. 17.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance

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instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Movieland; starting Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Dec. 11, evenings only.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference; she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy; starting Dec. 11.)

Full Metal Jacket—Stanley Kubrick's Vietnam film stays reasonably close to its source, Gustav Hasford's compressed, white-hot novel "The Short-Timers," yet the novel has an accumulating force of horror and the movie doesn't. The first three-quarters of an hour is basic training in the Marines stripped down to a cartoonish horrorshow; it's military S & M, and the pounding compulsiveness can easily be taken for the work of a master director. After that, the movie becomes dispersed, and you can't get an emotional reading on it. Kubrick probably believes he's numbing us by the power of his vision, but he's actually numbing us by its emptiness. The script is by Kubrick, Michael Herr, and Hasford. Shot in England, with Matthew Modine as Private Joker, who wears a Peace symbol; Vincent D'Onofrio as poor, doughy-faced Pyle; Lee Ermey as the gunnery sergeant; and Arliss Howard, Dorian Harewood, and Adam Baldwin. (7/13/87) (Art Greenwich Twin; starting Dec. 11.)

Judith Shahn

The Hidden—Director Jack Sholder's cops-and-aliens urban thriller is fairly representative of the current comic-book style in violent entertainment. This one has a sluglike extraterrestrial monster that slithers from one human body to another, causing a succession of previously ordinary folks to go on nasty sprees; while inhabited by the beast, each turns into a savage, unstoppable consumer, a dangerous customer indeed. In pursuit are an L.A. cop (Michael Nouri) and a mysterious F.B.I. agent, played by Kyle MacLachlan, of "Dune" and "Blue Velvet," whose overpoweringly weird presence gives the picture a few moments of inspired deadpan comedy. Unfortunately, Bob Hunt's screenplay isn't quite inventive enough to sustain the fun all the way to the end. William Boyett is memorable as the most hilariously avid of the alien-possessed Angelenos.—T.R. (Embassy.)

Hope and Glory—With Sebastian Rice Edwards, directed by John Boorman. (10/5/87) (Olympia; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Dec. 15.)

Housekeeping—With Christine Lahti, directed by Bill Forsyth. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 11.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. This epic is meant to be an attack on privilege (and at times it's like a replay of "The Conformist" in Manchuria). Bertolucci (and Mark Peploe, who wrote the script with his assistance) wants us to believe that Pu Yi became a model citizen through the ministrations of the kindly prison governor (Ying Ruocheng), and that in his later years, when he worked as an under-gardener, he experienced freedom for the first time. They want us to believe that what some might disparage as Communist brainwashing actually cleaned away his decadence and

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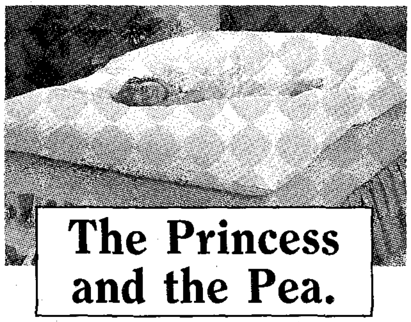

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healed him. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Cinema I; through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 17.)

Less than Zero—Bret Easton Ellis's fast-lane best-seller about alienated L.A. rich kids—their heartbreaks, their nosebleeds—has been turned into a wildly overwrought Hollywood melodrama: "Valley of the Dolls" in super-saturated colors. Thanks to screenwriter Harley Peyton, who gives Ellis's free-form narrative a "classic" (i.e., simple) structure, and director Marek Kanievska, who heats up the book's cool style with feverish visual effects, the movie is terrible in a completely different way. It isn't dull, though; it has the lurid, hyper pace of a B picture, the earnest moralism (anti-drug) of a TV movie, and the sleek surface of an arty commercial. All this, plus a couple of strenuously awful performances by Andrew McCarthy as the straight-arrow hero and Jami Gertz as his cokehead girlfriend. As Julian, the most self-destructive of the kids, Robert Downey, Jr., has the worst role and performs with heroic lucidity; at times, he almost convinces us there's something real going on in this demented movie. Also with James Spader and Tony Bill. The flashy cinematography is by Ed Lachman.—T.R. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; Dec. 9.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Plaza.)

Maurice—*With James Wilby, Hugh Grant, and* Rupert Graves; directed by James Ivory. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

The Princess Bride—The director Rob Reiner doesn't have the craft to bring off the kinetic daredeviltry he tries for, and the movie is ungainly—you can almost see the chalk marks it's not hitting. But it has a loose, likable slobbiness. Set in the late Middle Ages in the mythical kingdom of Florin, the picture, from a script written in 1973 by William Goldman, and based on the 1973 novel that he wrote for his children, is an affectionate composite parody of the high points in adventure movies: the duels, the feats of strength, the rope climbing, the black-masked heroes, the swamps, the dungeons with medieval Rube Goldberg torture machines. Cary Elwes, who has a gift for giddy slapstick, is Westley, the blond farm boy who goes to seek his fortune so that he can claim his true love, blond Buttercup (Robin Wright). The cast includes Chris Sarandon, Wallace Shawn, Mandy Patinkin, all seven feet five and five hundred and twenty-five pounds of the French-born wrestler André the Giant, Christopher Guest as a smarmy six-fingered sadist, and, in scenes that are show-biz bliss, Billy Crystal and Carol Kane, wearing makeup that adds centuries to them, as the retired Miracle Max and his nagging crone, Valerie. These two give the movie a lift that puts it all into perspective. It's shtick softened by childlike infatuation. Peter Falk appears in the framing device. *(10/19/87) (Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.)*

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the scenes with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Sign o' the Times—This is by far the most entertaining of Prince's movies, because it's the simplest—just Prince and his wonderful band, in concert, playing a dozen or so numbers and dancing as dirty as they can. There's more than enough to look at and listen to: the stage set, a riotous neon cityscape, is always teeming with strange people (even when Prince is alone on it); the costumes range from bizarre to inconceivable; and the music is mercurial rock-jazz-funk-soul-folk, a roomful of styles all rubbing provocatively against each other. So we don't much mind that the direction (by Prince) is banal—lots of fast cutting and colored smoke—or that brief "allegorical" sequences occasionally deaden the spaces between the songs. Or even that the concert, filmed on Prince's 1987 European tour, ends with the heavy, messagey "The Cross," which puts a bit of a damper on the irresponsible fun of the previous eighty minutes. If the movie were less trashy and thrown together, if its taste were less erratic, it wouldn't represent its subject nearly so well. As an added attraction, the band includes percussionist Sheila E., who manages to look ravishing even surrounded by her massive drum kit; and when she steps out to the front of the stage, revealing her long, perfect legs . . . Well, she's a terrific musician, too. One number, "U Got the Look," while also part of Prince's live show, is actually a music video directed by David *Hogan.—T.R. (Warner. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich* Twin; through Dec. 10.)

Suspect—Is there a piece of casting more ineffably Hollywood than Cher as a busy, weary public defender? She's all wrong for this role: her hooded, introspective face doesn't give you enough—she needs a role that lets her use her body. This laboriously set-up thriller has her defending a deaf-mute (Liam Neeson) accused of murder, in a Washington, D.C., courtroom, before a rigid, cold-eyed judge (John Mahoney). It's impossible to know how we're meant to interpret the lamebrained job this lawyer does at the trial. She'd be lost if one of the jurors—a young lobbyist (Dennis Quaid)—didn't do the detective work that helps her out. Probably the director, Peter Yates, and the scriptwriter, Eric Roth, were just so proud of not having made the woman a bimbo that they didn't notice they'd made her a lummox. (11/16/87) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; starting Dec. 11, evenings only.)

The Whales of August—This is the sort of movie in which dignified old people study the horizon and ask each other, "Have you seen the whales?" It doesn't take much imagination to figure out that those whales are going to stay offscreen for the duration. Bette Davis and Lillian Gish aren't so lucky. Playing a pair of sisters who live together on the Maine coast, they're trapped before our eyes, trying to give a semblance of reality to writer David Berry's clunky, fake-Chekhovian conceits. They get no help from Lindsay Anderson's direction; the rhythm he imposes on the film is punishingly slow, and has the cruel effect of making us irritable and impatient with his elderly characters. Endangered by Anderson and Berry, the actresses somehow manage to escape with their dignity. Also featuring Ann Sothern, in good sidekick form as a gossipy neighbor, and Vincent Price.—T.R. (Cinema II.)

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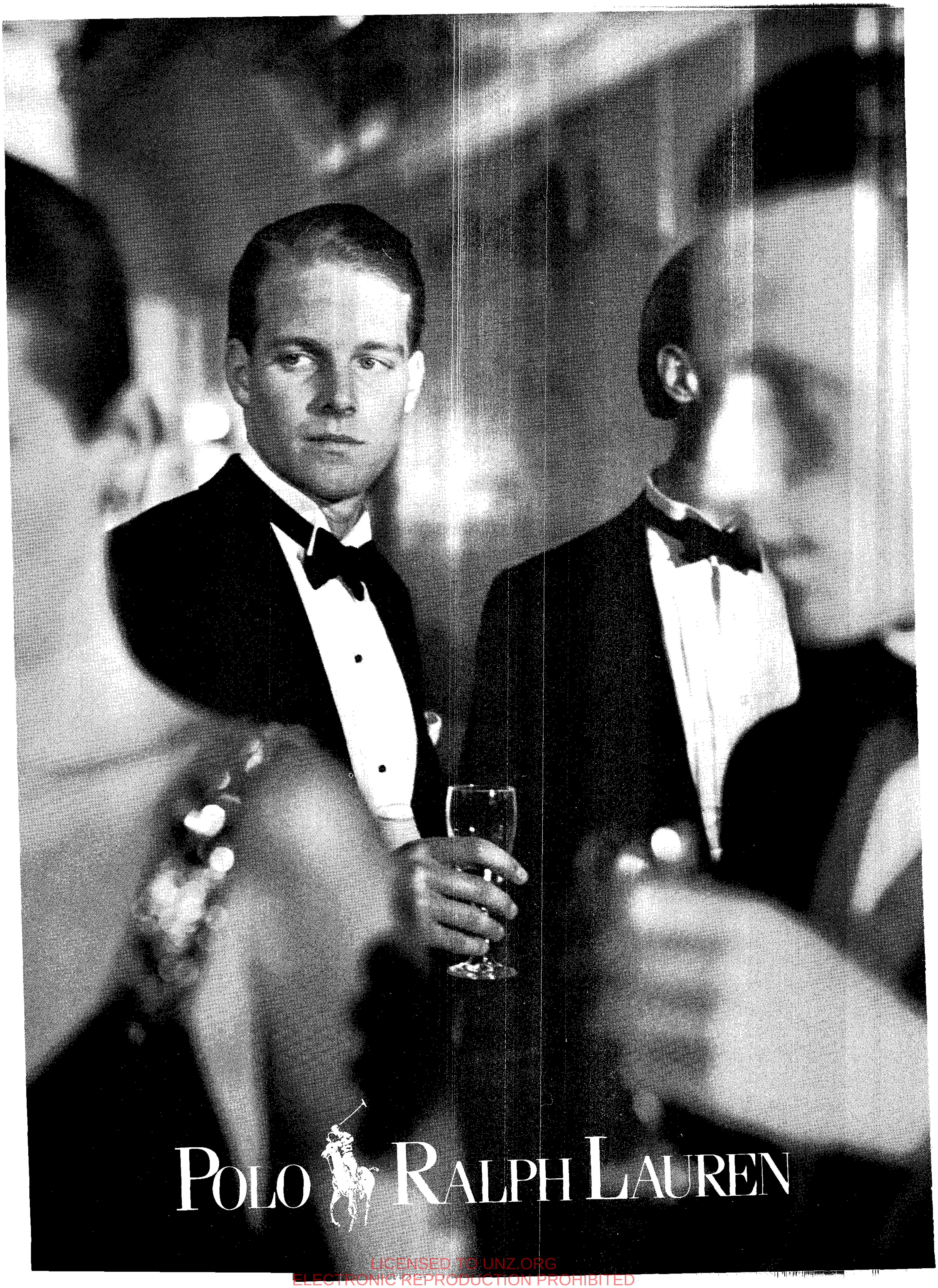

POLO RALPH LAUREN

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

Looking back on Thanksgivings in the past and thinking about the recent one is a little like turning your head in a fast-moving car. Whoops! Look at that. Zip, zip. The Pilgrims in their stockade, with their buckle shoes and their moral postures, and the nearly naked Indians, about to be dispossessed (but some will make large recoveries through lawsuits three centuries later), bringing corn and fish and turkey—or whatever it was in 1621—became this year a gathering of a nervous, somewhat bookish tribe, edgy but happy: ten people, four of them related by blood, the rest related by marriage or just related. One of us said it was more of a party than a Thanksgiving. Two couples were flirting, and we played poker after the meal and no one got too competitive. The center was the mother of the baby. It was she who was attached to everyone directly. She looked terrific. Cheerful.

We didn't go outside this year and pass a football around or toss a Frisbee. This was partly because it was cold and mean out and we were in an eleventh-floor loft downtown on Walker Street, and partly because we started talking. We couldn't watch the games on TV, because the baby would flick channels unless someone scared him off, and no one wanted to do that.

A Thanksgiving retrospective includes the years when the men—and sometimes the women—in various settings, various eras of my life, went outside to take target practice after the meal. We did that the year of the Cuban missile crisis, and once during Korea, when we thought the war would spread. There were few years without a crisis—none, really. Small arms seemed a safer, or more bearable, evil than the Great Bang, so we gave thanks with small arms.

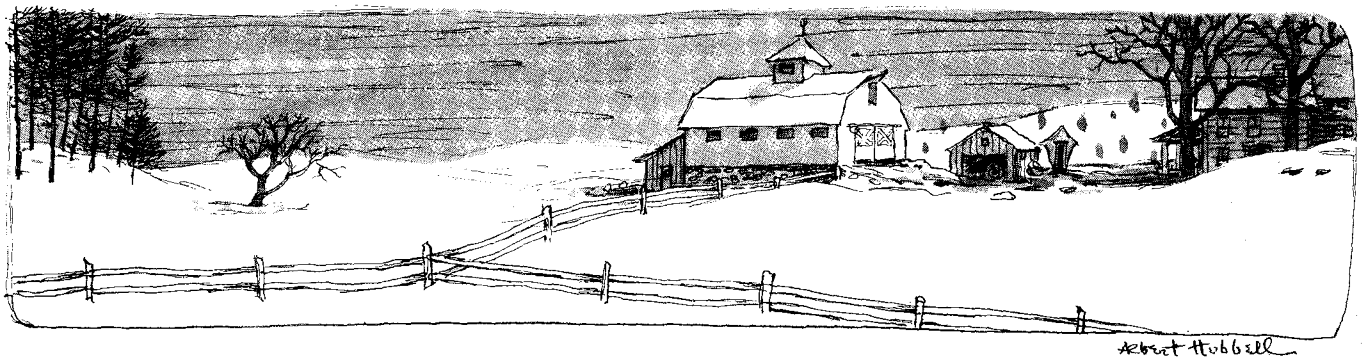
The last year we discussed the Pilgrims at Thanksgiving, to the best of my recollection, was 1959. And the year before, or two years before, my wife and I went outside to the car to play some good music—Elvis, I think—and get away from the supermarket-bought food and from the textbook self-righteousness, which was actually a sort of bitterly ironic nostalgia for heroism of a sort different from that which had put the food on the table.

The last year we put marshmallow on the sweet potatoes was 1968. That was the end of my thinking I'd had a palate in childhood. I mean, there was no point in dredging up childhood tastes as an act of rebellion or of piety. Still, every year we think about pieties of diet and pious meals one way or another—variants of kosher. A college professor of mine used to argue that the Puritans had been Judeophiles and that New England Protestantism had a Jewish cast. The trouble is I can't remember which professor. Anyway, at that point in the nineteen-sixties we wore beads and smoked pot, and we made conversation and decided that some childhood tastes were lousy.

What year did we substitute goose for turkey? Was that part of a step up in social class or part of an attempt at more authentic folk cooking? Was that the year I issued the ukase "No fancy turnips. Do them plain or let's dump them. We're commemorating hardship and charity here"?

What year did we attempt Thanksgiving in a restaurant? What year did we stop thinking about having it at someone else's house? Our children were fighting with us one year: "We could go to Paris. We could try St. Bart's." What was the last year we went to a working farm and chose the bird and got semi-fresh corn and a pumpkin from the field of an honest-to-God rural person?

The last Chinese-checkers game, the last Thanksgiving before part of the afternoon was spent in front of the television were when? You can think, if you like, about the flowers you've



had, and about the fruits-of-the-earth arrangements you've attempted, and the photographs you've taken of the family at Thanksgiving which refer to or avoid referring to Norman Rockwell. He looked like a Puritan. He was an icon. He was—is—one of those artists of a certain rank, like Sousa, and Eugene Field, and Stephen Foster, and maybe Irving Berlin and Margaret Mitchell and Cecil B. De Mille, who are something like signed folk art. They're awfully close to being part of what we are as Americans at Thanksgiving time, as are those half-anonymous car designers who came up with the postwar Ford and the Mustang and the Cadillac with tail fins. I'm grateful for tail fins. And all my cars. I'd prefer a world of bicycles, and intend to work toward one, but I have been grateful for the cars that got me to Thanksgiving.

I like the way people talk when they're playing poker. This year, it was jokes again and talk about the Great Depression II and Kondratieff cycles and whether the baby was in the phase of parodistic formations. We discussed Dylan and Johnny Cash—prototypical Americans. We played some Beatles songs. I thought about Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson—those are my kind of Puritans. They and Louis Armstrong—we played two records of his—represent America to me. So do Scott Fitzgerald and the movies of Buster Keaton and what we have of Balanchine. Also Bernstein and Billie and Bogart. Elvis, Roosevelt, and Lincoln.

A few Thanksgivings back, some of the kids in my apartment building played in the street with the kids from the welfare hotel at the corner. Indians and Pilgrims, in a sense. The hotel has since been upgraded, gentrified, turned into condominiums. And the urban work of getting the turkey and getting it home and getting it cooked, in the uneasy truce between feminists and male chefs and with kids underfoot and who knows what—it's a small epic, but it's a small *American* epic. And everyone being good-looking and healthy and alive one more year. And the new television set. The fretfulness of the world economy. Another year of Reagan. Arms control. The death of American farming as we've known it. May as well accept it all at the moment as not being worse. May as well accept those stories of how the caretakers have to remove all the BB shot and slingshot missiles fired into the Macy's balloons.

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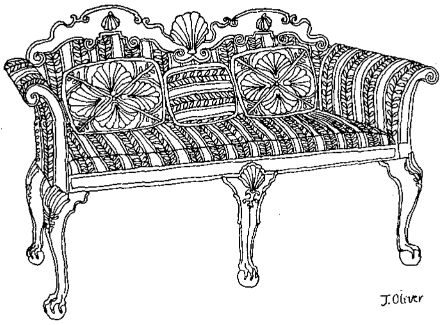
Zipper Man

HERBERT STIEFEL'S problem is that no one else in New York cares as deeply as he cares about zippers or will do what he will do to make things right with a zipper.

"If you saw some of the garments customers bring to me, the way they're manufactured, you'd see it's a crime," Mr. Stiefel said the other day at his workplace, in the garment district. "The manufacturers put in zippers without stops. That shouldn't be. The slider will come right off. People come to me with new pants. One, two, three—they're broken. That shouldn't happen. They bring me handbags—the zippers have pulled away from the fabric. For the last ten years, maybe, the whole situation has been deteriorating. Because nobody seems to care. There's something wrong with this mentality. Why is there nobody to take care of things? This city could use a place where people can get *zippers*."

In fact, Herbert Stiefel is the proprietor of a place where people can get zippers. He isn't eager to give the impression, however, that he is actually in business. To get to Mr. Stiefel's workplace, you pass through the main floor at Harry Kantrowitz Company, Inc.—an Eighth Avenue trimmings outlet where zippers, among other items, are sold in hefty quantities but generally not in small quantities—and climb a flight of stairs. At the top of the stairs, on the left, is Herbert Stiefel's domain, a low-ceilinged room with exposed pipes and no natural light which is lined with shelves stacked with cardboard boxes full of zippers and zipper parts: zippers in aqua, blue, teal, tan, gray, green, dark green, ruby, peach, pink, gold, rust, lilac; long bolts of zippers; precut zippers (twenty-four-inch, thirty-six, thirty-one, eighteen, twenty-three); zipper pulls and zipper stops; zippers in sizes from No. 3 to No. 9—about three thousand boxes in all. Despite the presence of so many zippers and also the presence of three ancient manual zipper-cutting machines—not to mention the steady stream of zipper-needy people who find their way to him each day—Mr. Stiefel says, "My sign is in the window downstairs, but I'm not in business anymore. I went out of business three years ago."



Mr. Stiefel's personal zippers—the ones on his clothing—never break. "I handle them right," he says. When he wears a jacket with a two-way zipper, for instance, he always unzips the bottom a couple of inches, so that, when he sits, the zipper doesn't stretch and come unhemmed. The other day, as he rubbed a white candle against the nickel teeth of a bunch of custom-made eight-inch No. 6 royal-blue zippers, Mr. Stiefel said, "When I get home, I hold these against a hot pot to melt the wax. Then the sliders go on easier. I'm a perfectionist. I'll make one or two or three zippers for you. Nobody else would do this. But I do it this way."

Although Mr. Stiefel is a naturally modest man, there are moments when self-restraint eludes him, and this was one of them. "I don't even want to say that I'm in competition with the other places that say they sell zippers or repair zippers," he said. "So they have zippers—but do they have what the customer needs? And what happens when they charge five times what they should charge? I enjoy it when people come up and say, 'I found you. I'm happy. I would have gone out of business if I hadn't found you.' I had a customer the other day—a stripper, she needed a zipper. Who else could she turn to?"

A gray-haired black woman wearing a pink Ultrasuede shift and a gray-and-white knit tam-o'-shanter entered the room, and Mr. Stiefel said, "When did they let you out?"

"When?" she said. "As of now."

The woman was Naomi Carpenter, she is a part-time dressmaker and a full-time city employee, and she had come on her lunch break to Herbert Stiefel because she needed three thirty-six-inch zippers for some pillow slipcovers, and six other zippers, of varying lengths. After she had recited her shopping list and Mr. Stiefel had gone to work with zipper pliers (jaws an inch wide, with fine-edged pincers), she said, "And don't let me walk out and leave everything behind, like I did last time." Then she turned to us and said, "I came here to get zippers. He can construct zippers like no one else. No one else."

"And I don't feel good about it," Mr. Stiefel said.

"It's like the buttonhole gentleman across the street," said Miss Carpenter. "He's the only one of those."

"Because no one else can make a living doing these things. Thank God, I don't need to make a living anymore. I just don't want to walk around with the old guys and listen to their aches and pains. And I try to stay away from doctors."

"The young people today need to be trained under him."

"I wouldn't train anyone," said Mr. Stiefel. "One year they stay, and then they're gone. I don't want to build up. I want to build down."

After Miss Carpenter departed, a queue of customers began to form. Sy Kantrowitz, the son of Harry Kantrowitz, the founder of the Kantrowitz zipper empire, materialized for a moment, said, "Herbie, you better move a little faster—they're backing up," and then headed back downstairs.

Sy Kantrowitz isn't Mr. Stiefel's boss. Fifty years ago, however, not long after he arrived in America from Germany, Mr. Stiefel did work briefly for Harry Kantrowitz. Then he went out on his own. He had a wholesale zipper business on Thirty-fourth Street, moved it in the early fifties to a loft on West Thirty-eighth Street, and stayed there until six years ago. "I was sixty-six years old, the landlord wanted to raise the rent, and I wanted to retire," Mr. Stiefel said. "All these jobbers heard I wanted to get out, they grabbed me—'Come with us! Come with us! Come with us!' I'm not money hungry, but I don't want to stay home, I've got to be occupied. I've got all these things people can't get anywhere else. Kantrowitz asked me to come here, so I'm here. Five days a week I'm here. But I'm really not here."

Mr. Stiefel wears wire-rimmed eyeglasses and has white hair and a vaguely ascetic look. Three or four times a day, when he says something that pleases him or when he is flirting with a Fashion Institute student, he smiles faintly. Otherwise, he maintains a cultivated deadpan—the nonspecific skepticism of a man who when it comes to zippers has seen and heard everything and then some. His happiest time of day is the midafternoon, when he tunes in "The Bob Grant Show" on the radio. "Sometimes Bob Grant is obnoxious," he said. "But mostly I agree with him. Because I'm not perfect myself."

RETRENCH, YE SINNERS.
D. Reilly

A bearded young man wearing a black leather jacket equipped with a lot of zippers, not all of them utilitarian, needed eight zippers for a sample garment he was designing. He was followed by Joseph Mayo, an elegantly dressed man who carried a silver-handled walking stick and had a well-trained, upsweeping salt-and-pepper beard.

"Is there another place that would sell me these?" said Joseph Mayo, who had come to buy ten No. 5 twenty-four-inch black zippers. "I think there's one on Thirty-seventh Street."

"You think or you know?" said Mr. Stiefel.

"I know. I've been there. It's downstairs."

Mr. Stiefel held up one of the freshly custom-made zippers. "They have *these*?" he asked.

"Uh, no," said Joseph Mayo.

A dry cleaner from College Point came by for six zippers in six different shades and sizes, and he was followed by a young businessman with curly brown hair who wore aviator glasses and a beige trenchcoat.

"You the zipper doctor?" the curly-haired man asked.

"I'm not a doctor," Mr. Stiefel said. "If I'm a doctor, I charge you thirty-five dollars for the first three minutes."

The curly-haired man had a problem with the nylon zipper on his nylon running suit: the teeth wouldn't mesh at the bottom. Mr. Stiefel worked on the slider with needle-nose pliers and in less than a minute had it fixed.

"What do I owe you?"

"Thirty-five dollars."

When the customer reached for his wallet, Mr. Stiefel waved him away.

Theodore Parham had a problem with his black nylon parka.

"How long a zipper you need?" asked Mr. Stiefel.

"Nineteen inches. Aluminum."

"Nickel silver is what you want, not

aluminum. Nickel silver is the best.”

While Mr. Stiefel cut a nineteen-inch zipper, Mr. Parham, a black man in his fifties, said, “I’ve been coming here five years. I’m a retired merchant seaman. I’ve been all over the United States by myself. That’s how I find places like this. But, see, he knows his business. He knows what it’s all about with zippers. Do I know his name? No, I don’t know his name. Just he’s the zipper man.” Mr. Parham paused, as if his memory might summon the zipper man’s name. He pointed to the faulty zipper on his jacket and said, “It’s a small thing, man. But it’s a problem. It gives you a headache. But now the problem’s solved. How much I owe you?”

“Fifty cents,” said Mr. Stiefel.

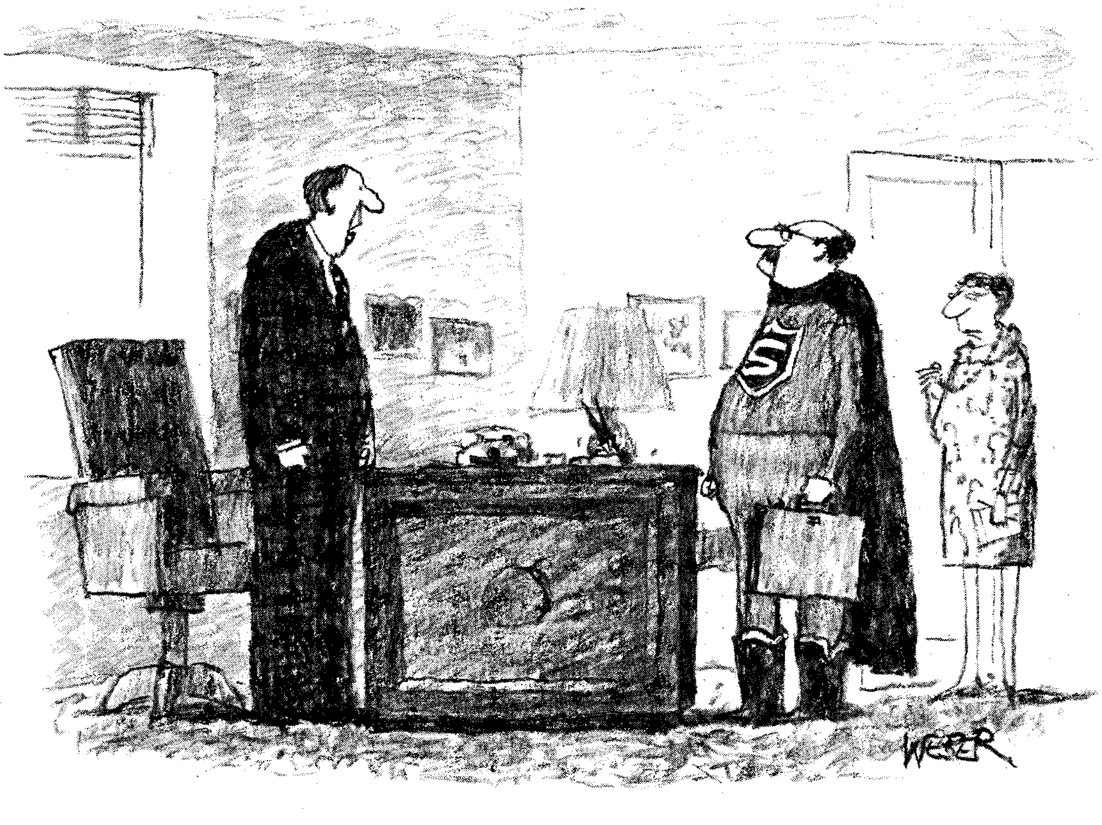
“That’s beautiful,” Theodore Parham said as he handed over the money. “Yeah, that’s all right. You’re glad to pay somebody like him. Yessir. One of the best.”

Carthage

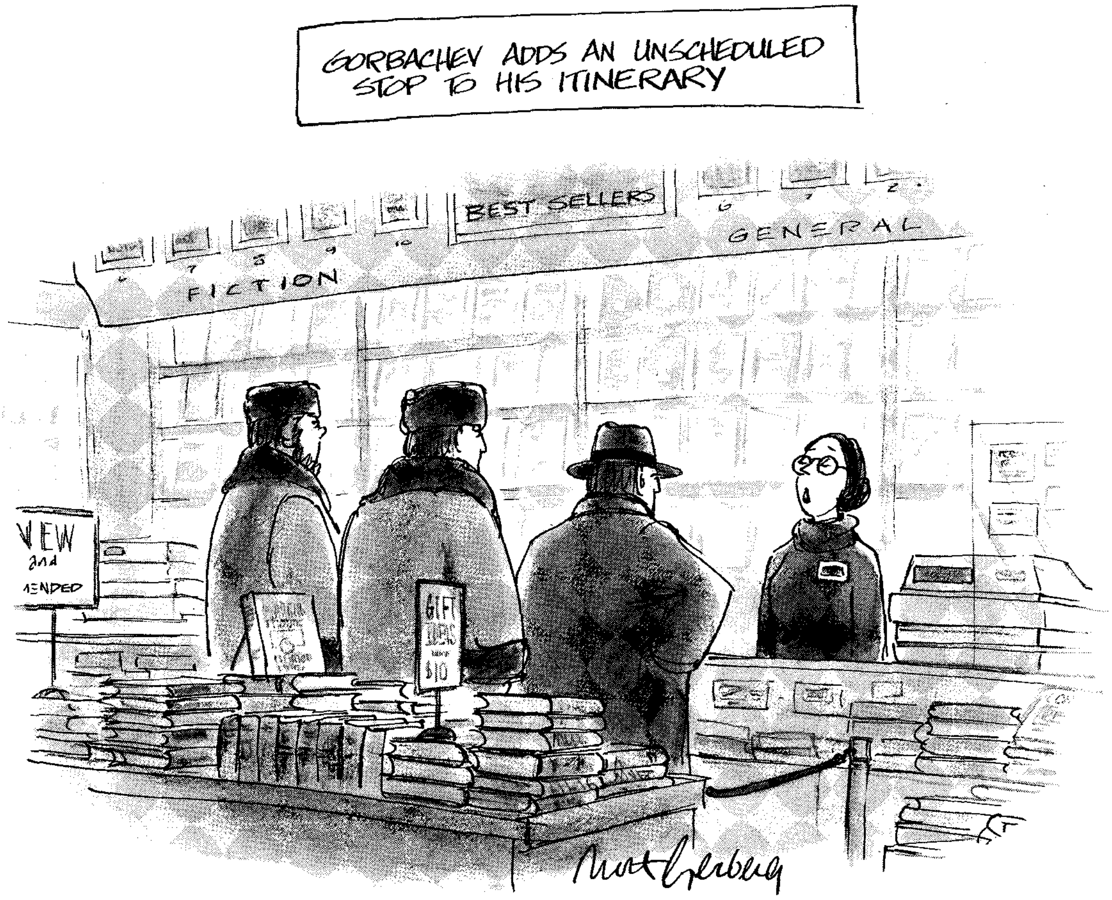
YOU hear “Moloch!” and you think, Gosh, the ancient Carthaginian god of human sacrifice, when in fact Moloch isn’t the *god*; Moloch is *the act itself*. (Baal is the god.) This is just one of many misconceptions about Carthage and the Punic people which the archeologist David Soren cleared up for us the other day over lunch at the American Museum of Natural History. Professor Soren, who at a time when most archeologists go in for the potsherds-and-Stratum 12 style of scientific archeology still has the weathered good looks and old-fashioned, spellbinding style of archeologists who spend most of their time one step ahead of the blowpipes and spears, was in town to assemble a new show of mosaics and other works of art from Carthage, which went on view at the museum last week. (His partner in mounting the exhibit is Aicha Ben Abed Ben Khader, of the Bardo Museum, in Tunis.) His pet concern—at times, it has the ringing quality of an obsession—is with the general rehabilitation of Carthage, the Second City of the ancient world.

“Victors write the history books, and for thousands of years we’ve seen Carthage essentially through Roman eyes,” he told us. “That’s created a lot of misunderstanding about Carthage and its people and their history. Even a basically positive story, like the tale of Queen Dido and Aeneas, is still being told to us by Virgil—it’s a Roman story. So this exhibition will be the first chance for a lot of folks to see the Punic people directly. Of course, everybody’s heard the stories—Cato the Elder walking around saying ‘Carthage must be destroyed!’ and all that. But the truth is that though Carthage was razed in 146 B.C., during the Third Punic War, it was soon rebuilt and became a Roman colonial city. It still exists, for that matter, as much as Rome. What Augustus did was to level all the temples to Baal, and there were a lot of killings, but the Punic people continued. In fact, even their religion continued. Neo-Punic art, which is one of the things this show is concerned with, was a very strange hybrid. The gods of the Punic people became equated with the Roman gods, who themselves, of course, had been equated with the Greek Olympians. Baal was equated with Saturn. Melkart, the city god of Tyre, where Dido came from was equated with Hercules. And so on. But Carthage itself kept going. It remained a cultural center, and became a college town. St. Augustine went to school there, and he called it ‘a caldron of lawless loves.’

“*In fact, the place of Carthage in* the Western imagination is probably some kind of mixture of the Roman account and the Augustinian account. I’m fascinated by the whole way we think about Carthage—the way it’s been used in books and movies. You find this exotic, sinister, oddly seductive image of Carthage in Flaubert, of course—in ‘Salammbô’—but there’s also a weird sequence in Fritz Lang’s ‘Metropolis,’ which not many people remember. The huge machine that the workers are slaving away at is suddenly transformed into the idol of Baal. Well—here we go again—they think it’s Moloch, of course, and they start chanting ‘Moloch, Moloch,’ but it’s really Baal. Moloch is the



“Intimidation may be your game, Wurthowser, but Yours Truly isn’t playing.”



"I'm sorry, sir, but we do not have your new book in stock, and I don't know when we'll get it."

• •

name of the ritual, and it comes from the word mulk, meaning sacrifice. Lang's point, of course, was that the workers are to the machines as the victims were to the rites of Moloch—that is, Baal. Then, there's a great French movie poster that I love, by the wonderful designer Mascii. It's advertising some gladiator epic, and it shows another picture of ancient Carthage—a Carthaginian priest about to sacrifice a virgin in a bikini. That sort of sums up the image we have of Carthage. And, of course, the expression in Latin 'Hannibal is at the gates,' which for hundreds of years in the Roman Empire meant that you'd had a really bad day."

Professor Soren stopped, excavated a chunk from his curried chicken, and went on, "Before the Roman conquest, there *was* human sacrifice in Carthage, often of children. They would be sacrificed in moments of national stress. The victims were buried in urns. Once, I had my office near a site full of these urns, and it was painful and spooky. One odd thing that the Romans didn't really emphasize, because people always overestimate the strength of their enemies, was that the Carthaginians, despite their reputation as warriors, weren't really much good at military matters. They hired local mercenaries a good deal of the time. Hannibal himself, though, was a native aristocrat. In Polybius's account of the Punic Wars, there's a long section on the revolt of the mercenaries, which ultimately worked its way into Flaubert. The real flowering of Roman-Carthaginian culture is seen in the mosaics. The Punic people were lucky enough to live near quarries of beautiful colored marbles—the quarries still exist—and so mosaic became polychrome in Carthage before the Roman conquest. In Rome, because of the limitations of the quarries, the mosaics are almost always black and white."

As Professor Soren supervised the uncrating of the art works, he pointed out some of his favorites: mosaic heads of goddesses, in which an extremely detailed system of highlighting with tiny white fragments gives the images a fullness of form that wouldn't return to Western pictorial art for a thousand years; a comic mosaic image of gladiators banqueting in an amphitheatre, with dialogue inscribed above (possibly the first comic-strip panels, and certainly one of the first recorded instances of jock humor); and a relief of young girls in what the museum has decided to call "monokinis."

"This is what I love—the show!" Professor Soren said. "I first got interested in archeology when I was twelve and I went to see a movie called 'Journey to the Lost City.' I was in Atlantic City, and I said to myself, 'There's my life.' And it turns out that archeology *has* been my life. I met my wife in a trench during a dig at Winchester Cathedral. When I saw the way she scraped chalk, I knew she was for me. My real-life archeological hero has always been Arthur Evans, who excavated Knossos early this century. I think that he was a genius of display, and that he's had a bum rap for a very long time. He really introduced the modern idea of saving a site, *showing* a site—the idea that a site isn't primarily for publication to other archeologists, it's an opportunity to show us all something about our past."

Accordions

WE wouldn't want to go so far as to say that this pattern we've spotted is the equivalent of Dylan going electric. We just find it tempting to suggest that the accordion may be coming back. We'd been aware of the Tex-Mex bands (Los Lobos, Joe King Carrasco) and the Cajun bands (Beausoleil, Clifton Chenier) making their way North. Maybe, we reasoned, their popularity was an offshoot of the food trends. But when *polka* bands started popping up on either coast, all that happy-sounding accordion music became impossible to ignore, and we skipped over to Music Row, on Forty-eighth Street, to see if anyone else had noticed.

"Unbelievable," said Alex Carozza, the owner of Alex Musical Instruments, Inc. Mr. Carozza, a small, soft-spoken man, told us that when he was ten years old and living in Castelfidardo, Italy, his father taught him how to make accordions, and that Castelfidardo is the No. 1 city for accordion-making. He added quietly (he speaks in a gentle voice no matter how many synthesizers and guitars are whining as customers test them), "It came back. It came back pretty good. The young people, they forgot the sound of the accordion. They say 'Wow, what a beautiful sound!' and they start again."

He showed us a collection of accordions in the back of the store. Some were very small and simple, and some were big and decorated with multicolored rhinestones and looked very glamorous. When you push the air through the bellows of an accordion, Mr. Carozza explained, it passes through a metal reed, similar to but bigger than the one in a harmonica. There are ten different types of accordions, he went on. Some play a diatonic scale and some a chromatic. Some have keyboards on one side, and others have buttons on both sides. In some, when you push the bellows the air goes through one reed, and when you pull the bellows it goes through another reed, and that results in a different note, even though you are pressing the same key. Some accordions can hit four notes at the same time, and others only one.

"This is nice, eh?" he said as he played an English concertina, an instrument similar to the accordion. "I saw a guy play in concert with this at Carnegie Hall. Beautiful. It sounds so beautiful because only one key plays each reed. This is like one guy singing."

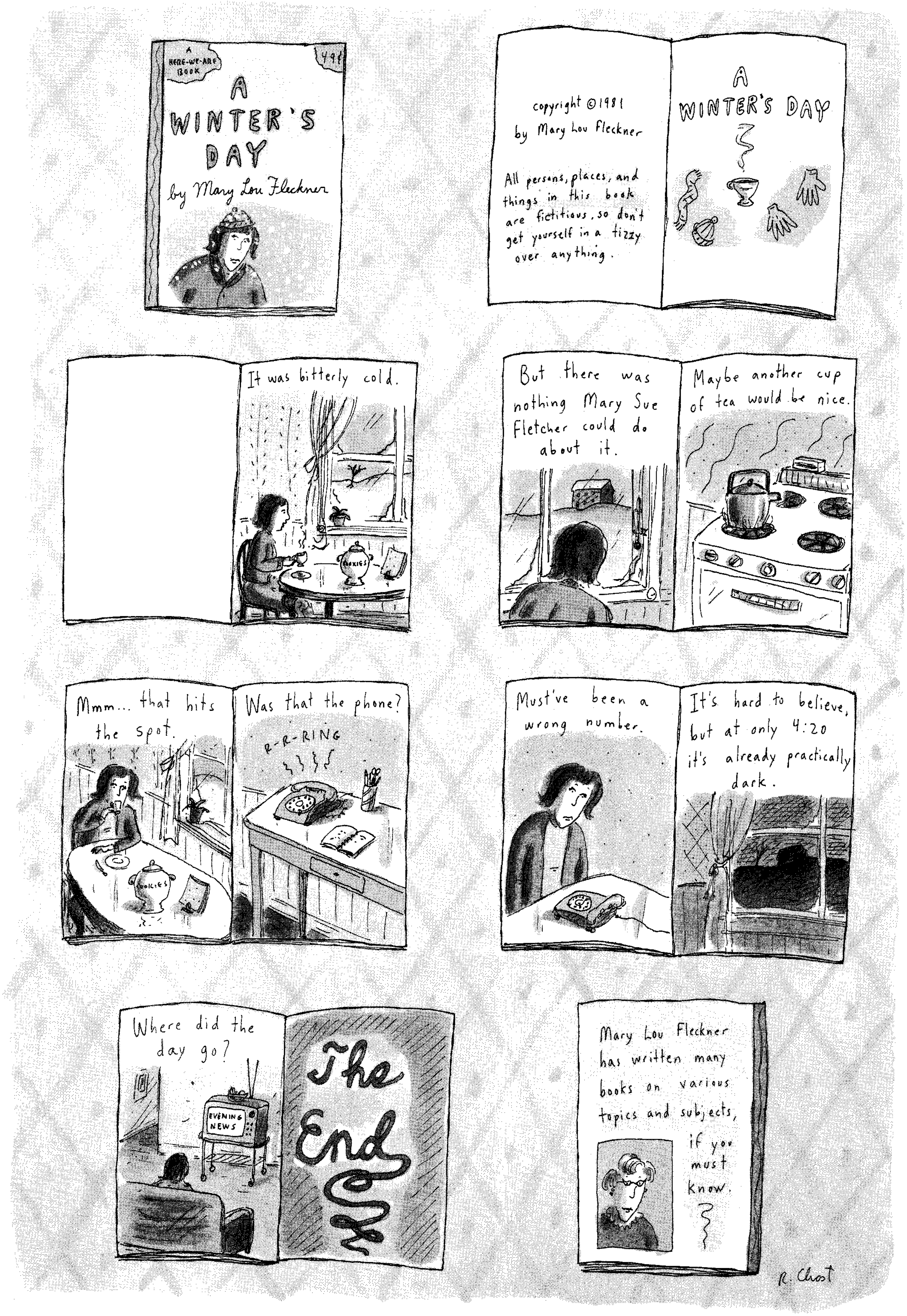
We asked if certain kinds of groups tended to play certain kinds of accordions—if Cajun bands played one kind and polka bands another, say—and Mr. Carozza said it just depended on who was playing and what he'd learned to play. "I saw a rock-and-roll accordionist playing diatonic accordion," he went on. "My goodness! He could make this accordion talk, believe me."

HISTORIC MARKER
FIRST 12'x15' STUDIO WALKUP APARTMENT TO RENT FOR $1,000.00 A MONTH IN NEW YORK (3rd FLOOR REAR)
W Miller

Mr. Carozza added that in the late sixties he himself played accordion with a band, and that he created the fusion of Latin and jazz. "I used to play at New York University with the kids—two or three thousand kids," he said. "And one day they almost killed me. They won't let me go. It's three o'clock in the morning and nobody can leave the stage. Then it's five o'clock, and nobody pays me the extra two hours, but I have to play, because the people are all around me and I can't move. It was nice. But after I'd been with the band ten years it started to be very, very busy in the store, and I quit playing. I worked six days a week over here, and I used to play at night. So in the morning I'd come over here to work and my head would still be playing accordion. You have to practice, practice. And don't forget the accordion is a little heavy, too. So three or four hours of playing—it's not easy."

Later, we called Gus Cordovox, who used to play in various punk bands and is now with the Ben Vaughn Combo. He said that in the seventies he heard some punk musicians playing in a do-it-yourself spirit, and then called his mother and asked her to send him his accordion. He'd been given it as a Christmas present when he was eight years old, but he'd shelved it as soon as the other kids on the block voiced disapproval. That was a period when Lawrence Welk and the accordion were synonymous, he explained, and he went on, "The accordion was identified with bubbles. It was a wimpy kind of instrument. But with the disco influence, the rise of the synthesizer, music became real calculated, real cold. And when people started looking for a controllable, sensitive, living instrument the accordion was there. It breathes. The bellows are really like the lungs in a human being."

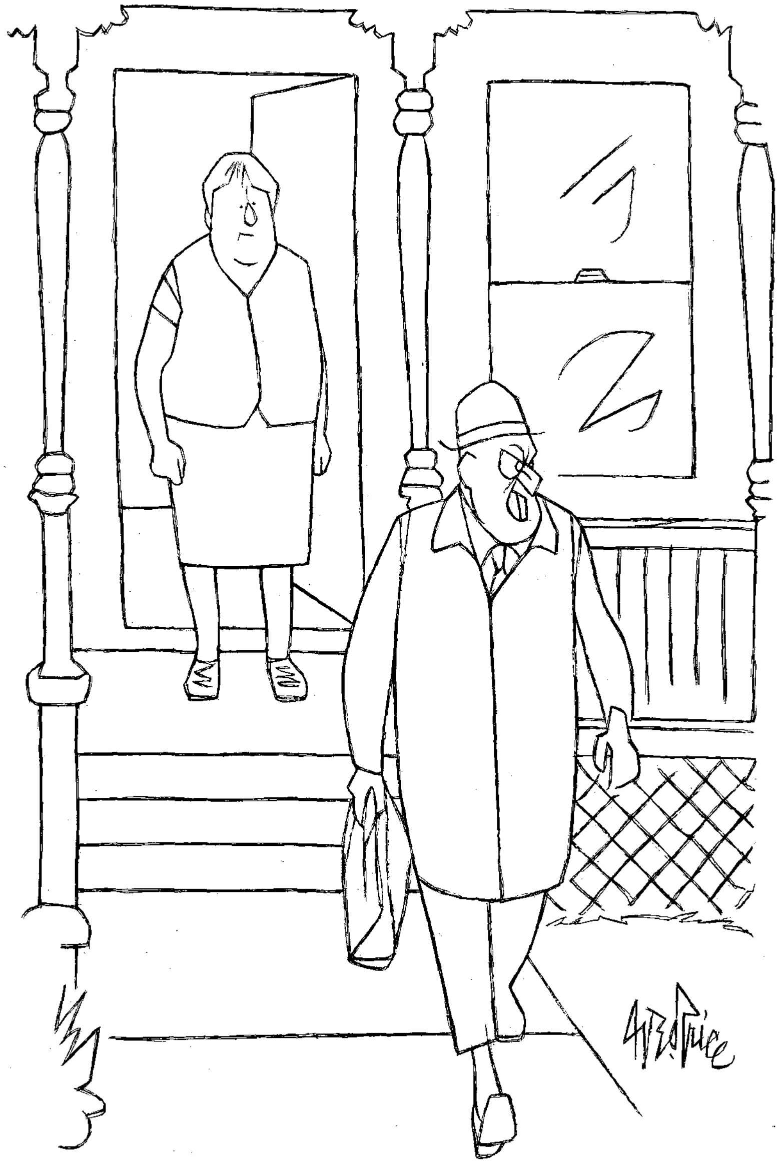
Mr. Cordovox reminded us that accordions had never really disappeared, and that Bill Haley, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and the Beach Boys all had accordions at some point in their careers. "It used to be people would come up to me and say 'Wow, I've never heard an accordion in a rock-and-roll band before,' " he said. "And then I'd know that they just didn't have as many albums as I do."


A HERE-WE-ARE BOOK
49¢
A WINTER'S DAY
by Mary Lou Fleckner
copyright ©1981 by Mary Lou Fleckner
All persons, places, and things in this book are fictitious, so don't get yourself in a tizzy over anything.
A WINTER'S DAY
It was bitterly cold.
COOKIES
But there was nothing Mary Sue Fletcher could do about it.
Maybe another cup of tea would be nice.
Mmm... that hits the spot.
COOKIES
Was that the phone?
R-R-RING
Must've been a wrong number.
It's hard to believe, but at only 4:20 it's already practically dark.
Where did the day go?
EVENING NEWS
The End
Mary Lou Fleckner has written many books on various topics and subjects, if you must know.
R. Chast

BROTHER GRASSHOPPER

Fred Barrow had been an only child. If he ever fantasized a sibling for himself, it was a sister, not a brother. His father had had a brother, an older brother, who, he let it be known, had dominated him cruelly. Yet into even his more resentful reminiscences crept a warmth that Fred envied, as he tried to imagine the games of catch, decades ago, on the vacant lots of a city that no longer had vacant lots, and the shared paper route in snow that was deeper and more dramatic than any snow today is, with a different scent—the scent of wet leather and of damp wool knickers. Though his father's brother had deliberately thrown the ball too hard, and finished his side of the street first and never came back to help but instead waited inside the warm candy store, a brother was something his father had *had*, augmenting his existence, giving it an additional dimension available to him all his life. "My brother down in Deerfield Beach," he would drop into a conversation, or "If you were to express that view to my brother, he'd tell you flat out you're crazy." And though the brothers lived over a thousand miles apart, one in Florida and the other in New Jersey, and saw each other less than once a year, they died within a few months of each other, Fred's father following his older brother as if into one more vacant lot.

But this was years later, when Fred's own children were grown, or nearly. He had married early, right after Harvard, supplying himself with another roommate rather than launching into life alone. He envied siblings their imagined power of consultation, of conspiring against parents who otherwise would be too powerful. It takes one family to dilute another; he set about creating his own. Among his wife's assets for him was her own family, including a sister—a younger sister also at Radcliffe, with her own circle of friends. Germaine was more animated, more gregarious, and more obviously pretty than Fred's sensible Betsy. She had a number of suitors, but the most conspicuous and persistent was Carlyle Lothrop, a tall bony New Englander with an imposing, careless manner. Fred had been sickly and much protected as a child, and even his late growth spurt had left him well under six feet tall. He found Carlyle, who was two years older than he and a student at the Business School across the river, intimidating—a grown man with his own car (a green Studebaker convertible) and confident access to the equipment and skills of expensive sports like sailing, skiing, climbing, and hunting. He and his B-School friends would load up his convertible with skis and boots and beer and sleeping bags and head north into snow country with the top down. Details of their mountain adventures made Fred shudder—tainted venison that left them all vomiting, ski trails with terrible names like Devil's Head and Suicide Ravine, sheer ice, blinding fog. Climbing in the White Mountains one summer, Carlyle had seen a man fall, turning in the air a few feet away as Carlyle pressed into the cliff and gripped the pitons.



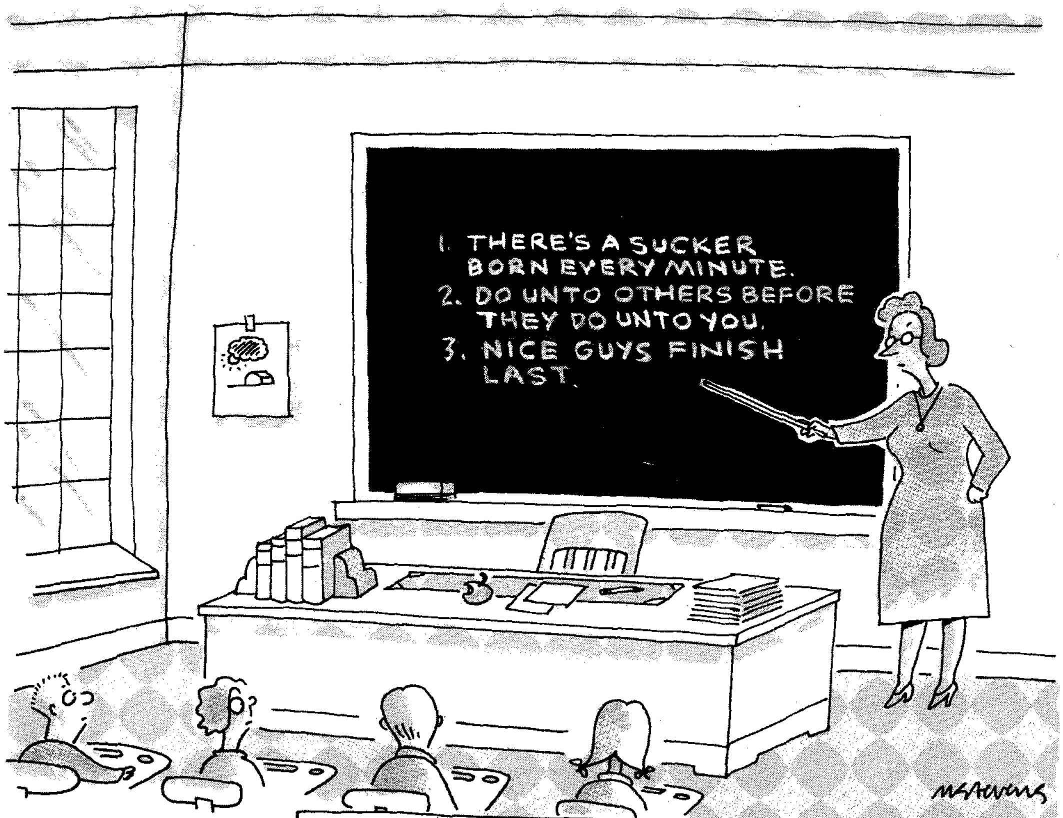
"I'll have a nice day when I get damn good and ready."

"What was the expression on his face?" Fred asked.

Carlyle thought, remembering. "Impassive," he said.

His voice, husky and hard to hear, as if strained through something like baleen, was *the one weak thing* about him; but even this impressed Fred. In New Jersey, the big men, gangsters and others, spoke softly.

As their courtship of the Terwilliger sisters proceeded in parallel, Fred and Carlyle spent many hours together. In the spring, waiting for the girls to come out of their dorms, they played catch in the Quad, with a squash ball; Carlyle's throws made Fred's hands sting, and revived his childhood fear of being hit in the face and having an eye or tooth knocked out. The strength stored in the other man's long arms and wide, sloping shoulders was amazing—a whippy, excessive strength, almost painful, Fred imagined, to carry. Behind the Business School, across


1. THERE'S A SUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE.
2. DO UNTO OTHERS BEFORE THEY DO UNTO YOU.
3. NICE GUYS FINISH LAST.

THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS

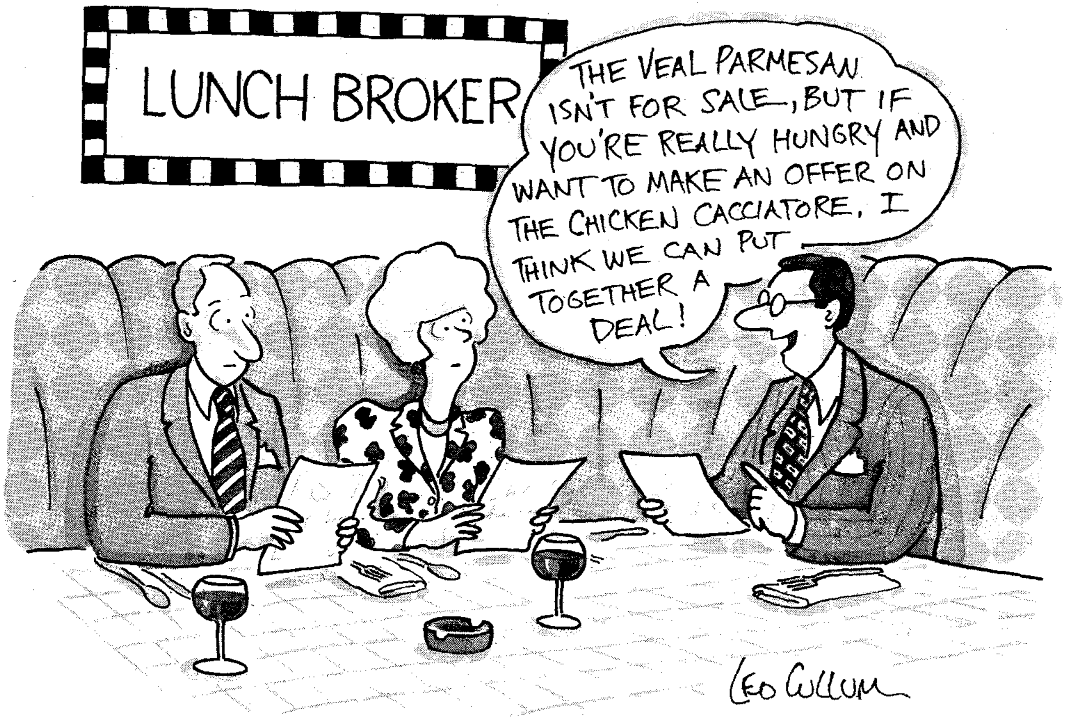
from the stadium, there was a soccer field where the future financiers played touch football, and Carlyle passed for immense distances, sometimes into Fred's eagerly reaching hands. He hesitantly, provisionally perceived that the other man meant him no harm.

The four of them went skiing, in March of the year that Fred and Betsy graduated, and Carlyle was as patient as a professional instructor, teaching Fred the snowplow and stem christie and carefully bringing him down, at the end of the day, through the shadows of the intermediate slope. That summer, after Fred and Betsy had married, they all went sailing on Buzzards Bay, and, while the two sisters stretched out for sunbaths on the bow, Carlyle insisted that Fred take the tiller and hold the mainsheet—take all this responsibility into his hands. The huge boat leaned terrifyingly under gusts of invisible pressure, the monstrous sail rippling, the mast impaling the sun, and the keel slapping blindly through the treacherous water, nothing firm under them, even the horizon and its islands shifty. *This bastard*, Fred thought, *is trying to make a man of me*. And when, the following summer, Germaine graduated and married Carlyle, the groom chose Fred over all his old skiing and hunting buddies to be his best man, perhaps in courteous symmetry with Betsy, the matron of honor, or in something like brotherly love. He bought Fred a beige suit to match his own; the coat hung loose, too big, on Fred's shoulders, but he was flattered nonetheless. Betsy was four months pregnant, so her ceremonial dress, of royal-blue silk, was too tight; they joked between them that it all came out even.

A strange incident attended this second wedding, foreshadowing willfulness to come. Carlyle and Germaine were married in New Hampshire, at a lodge beyond Franconia belonging to Carlyle's family, and with sentimental associations for him. Betsy and Germaine's parents were getting a divorce at the time and were too unorganized to insist on having the event on their territory, in Connecticut. With the noon hour set for the service drawing closer, Carlyle disappeared, and it was reported that he was taking a bath down at the dam—an icy little pond in the woods, created every summer by damming a mountain trickle. Mrs. Terwilliger, made distraught by this apparent additional defection—her own husband was not present, having been forbidden to come if he brought his youthful mistress, which he had threatened to do—appealed to Fred to go down and fetch the groom. Fred supposed that in his role of best man he could not shy from this awkward, almost religious duty. Suppose Carlyle had fled into the woods! In his black shoes and floppy new suit, with those wide fifties lapels, a white rosebud pinned into one of them, Fred walked down the dirt road to the dam. His fingers kept testing his right-hand coat pocket, to see if the wedding ring was still there—its adamant little weight, its cool hard edge. The road was really two dusty paths beside a central mane of weeds and grass, shaded even toward noon by hemlocks and birches. He met Carlyle coming up, in his identical beige suit, his wet hair combed flat, his ritual bachelor ablutions at last completed. Fred was relieved; he had been afraid of, among other things, seeing his soon-to-be brother-in-law naked.

The road slanted down, to the creek, so their heads for a moment were on the same level, and in this moment Carlyle gave Fred, or Fred happened to catch, a look, a watery warm-eyed look. What did it mean? *Get me out of this? Did they really have the crust to send you after me?* Or was the look just a flare, a droplet, of the wordless pagan wisdom that brothers somehow shared? Carlyle's eyes were an uncannily pale blue, and in their bony sockets oddly shaped, flat across the top like a cat's when angry.

IN the thirty years to come, they looked each other in the eyes rather rarely. Not that they lacked occasion: though they always lived, with their wives and children, in separate towns, and eventually on the different coasts of the continent, Carlyle saw to it that they all spent at least


LUNCH BROKER
THE VEAL PARMESAN ISN'T FOR SALE—BUT IF YOU'RE REALLY HUNGRY AND WANT TO MAKE AN OFFER ON THE CHICKEN CACCIATORE, I THINK WE CAN PUT TOGETHER A DEAL!

• •

several weeks of the year as one family. There was the Franconia place, and when Carlyle's mother, widowed early, sold it, there were summer houses rented jointly, or two rented side by side, or Christmases spent in one or the other's home, with the floor beneath the tree heaped embarrassingly high with the presents for their combined children. There were nine children, in the end: Fred and Betsy's three, Carlyle and Germaine's six. Six! Even in those years before much ecological awareness, that was a lot, for non-Catholics. Fred and Betsy speculated that, his own father dying so young (heart disease ran in the male Lothrop line), and his mother remarrying and moving to Paris, Carlyle was afraid of running out of family; his only sibling was a much older sister, whom he never mentioned, and who lived in Hawaii with an alcoholic husband.

The Barrows found the joint vacations heavy going, with their children outnumbered two to one and everyone benevolently bullied into expeditions—to the beach, to an amusement park, to some mountain trail—whose ultimate purpose seemed to be to create photo opportunities for Carlyle. He had become a fervent photographer, first with Nikons and then with Leicas, until he discovered that an even more expensive camera could be bought—a Hasselblad. Its chunky shutter sound sucked them up, sealed them in, captured them in sunshine and rain, parkas and bathing suits, the boys in their baseball caps and the girls in their ribbons and pinafores. One famous photo, turned into a Christmas card, showed all nine children squeezed into the Barrows' old workhorse of a Fairlane station wagon, each hot little grinning face smeared by an ice-cream cone. What the photo did not show was the drive away from the ice-cream stand ten minutes later, the cones melting too rapidly in the August heat, and being thrown out the window when they became, in the mass of flesh, impossibly messy. "Over the side!" Carlyle called from behind the wheel, and an answering voice would pipe, "Over the side!," and another gob of ice cream would spatter on the receding highway, to gales of childish glee.

Somehow he was often driving Fred's cars, and commandeering Betsy's kitchen for meals he would cook, dirtying every pan. He made the Barrows feel squeezed, not least with his acts of largesse—plastic-foam boxes of frozen steaks that would arrive before a visit, mail-ordered from Omaha, and heavy parcels of post-visit prints, glossily processed by a film laboratory in West Germany that Carlyle used. All these fond, proprietary gestures, Fred felt, subtly spelled power. Even taking the photographs placed Carlyle on a level above them, an all-seeing appropriator of their fleeting lives. Once, on Martha's Vineyard, when Fred needed his car to get to a tennis date in Chilmark and Carlyle had taken it up to Oak Bluffs to buy his daughters and nieces elephant-hair bracelets, and then to Vineyard Haven for the matinée of a Jerry Lewis movie, with miniature golf on the way home, Fred let his temper fly. He felt his face flush; he heard his voice get high and crack. Carlyle, who had returned from his long expedition with bags of farm-stand vegetables, pounds of unfilleted fish, and a case of imported beer, stared at Fred with his uncanny catlike eyes for some seconds and then laughed. It was a laugh of such genuine, unmalicious, good-tempered amusement that Fred had to join in. Through his brother-in-law's eyes he saw himself so clearly as a shrill and defensive pipsqueak that he shared the joke. It was, he imagined, this sort of honest illumination, this sort of brusque restoration to one's true measure, that siblings afford one another. As an only child, Fred had never been made to face his limits.

In bed he asked Betsy, "Why does he need to do it—all this playing Santa Claus?"

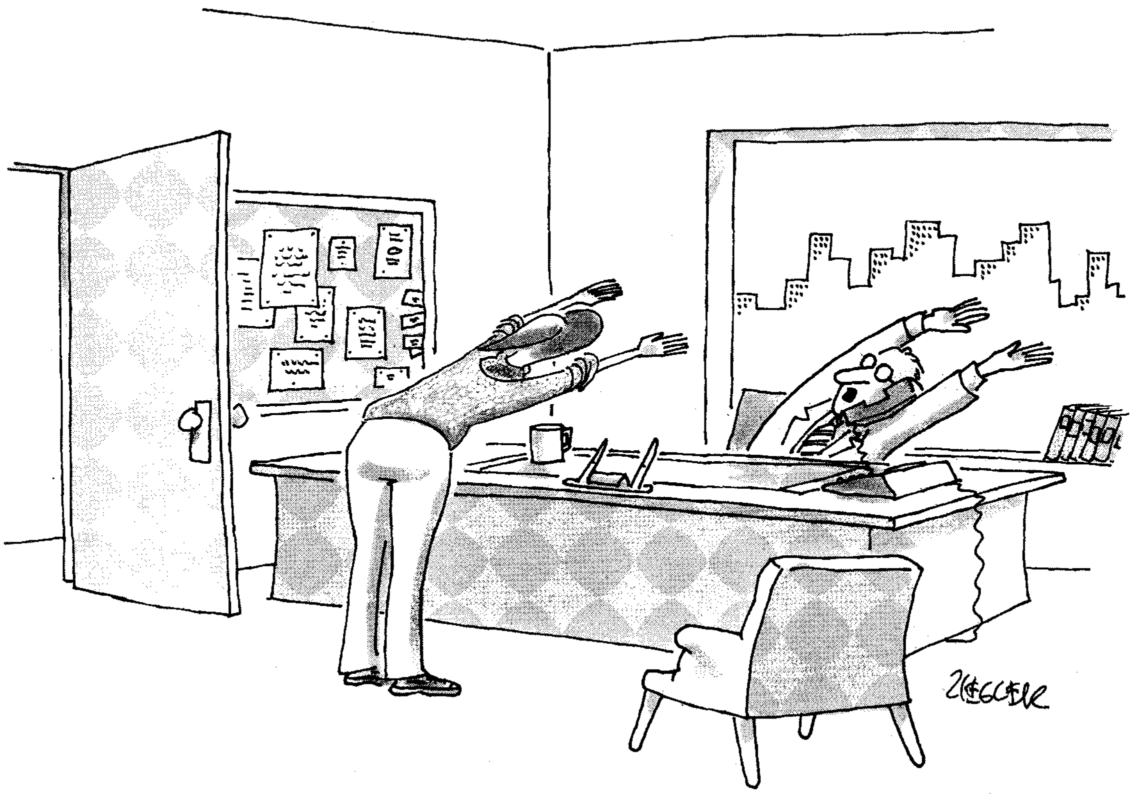
"Because," she answered, "he doesn't have enough else to do."

What Carlyle did became increasingly vague with the years. After business school there had been business—putting on a suit in the morning, working for other men, travelling in airplanes to meet with more men in suits. One company he worked for made fine leather goods—purses, belts, aviator-style jackets as items of high fashion—and another a kind of machinery that stamped gold and silver foil on things, on books and photograph albums and even footballs. Neither job lasted long. Carlyle had a frustrated artistic side; his Harvard major had been not economics but fine arts. His mother's sad and sudden death—she was hit by a taxi in Paris—brought him some additional money, and he became a partner in an avant-garde furniture store in Framingham: chairs and tables of molded plastic, sofas in the form of arcs of a circle, water beds. The store did well, but Carlyle got bored and moved to Los Angeles, to open another such store, which did less well. He fell in love, however, with California—its spaghetti of flowing throughways, its pink and palmy sprawl, its endless sunshine and sense of being on the edge. He himself seemed, as his children grew and his hair thinned, increasingly on the edge—on the edge of the stock market, on the edge of the movie industry. His clothes became cheerfully bizarre—bell-bottom pants, jackets of fringed buckskin, a beret. His name appeared as co-producer of a low-budget film about runaway adolescents (seen romantically, roving against the night lights of Hollywood and sleeping in colorful shacks up in the canyons) that received some favorable reviews back East and even turned up in the Coolidge Corner movie complex not far from where Fred and Betsy lived in Brookline.

Fred, unromantically, worked in real estate, and after splitting off from the management company that trained him had bet his life on the future of drab, run-down inner-city neighborhoods that, by the sheer laws of demographics and transportation, had to come up in the world. His bet was working, but slowly, and in the meantime absorbed his days in thankless maintenance and squabbles with tenants, and the meticulous game, which Fred rather enjoyed, of maximizing the bank's investment and thereby increasing his own leverage. That is, twenty thousand of his own equity, plus a hundred-thousand-dollar mortgage, meant a profit of two hundred per cent if the building's worth climbed by a third. Not to mention the loan-interest and depreciation write-offs. He was, like most only children, naturally meticulous and secretive, and it warmed him to think that his growing personal wealth was hidden in these drab holdings, in Dorchester three-deckers and brick bowfronts in the South End, in asphalt-shingled Somerville duplexes and in apartment buildings in Allston so anonymous and plain as to seem ownerless. He was the patient ant, he felt, and Carlyle increasingly the foolish grasshopper.

And yet when, fifteen years into his marriage, he found himself swept up in a reckless personal enterprise, it was his brother-in-law that Fred confessed to. The seethe of his predicament—Betsy's innocence, and the children's, and the beauty of the other woman, glittering detached details of her, her eyes and mouth, her voice and tears—foamed in him like champagne overflowing a glass. It was delicious, terrible—Fred had never felt so alive. The two men had found themselves alone in the ramshackle Chatham house that the Lothrops and the Barrows were jointly renting. The wives and children were all at the beach. Carlyle had come into the living room, where Fred was working up some financing figures, and sat himself down opposite the desk on the sandy, briny old green sofa there. He had put weight on his big bones, and moved now with the deliberation of someone considerably older. He was wearing that July day a kind of Southern California safari suit, a cotton jacket with matching pants, suggesting pajamas or a doctor's antiseptic outfit when he operates. He sat there benignly, immovably. To relieve the oppressive silence, Fred began to talk.

As Carlyle listened, his eyes went watery with the gravity of the moment; yet his remarks were gracefully light, even casual. "If I could see you with the woman, I might say, 'What the hell, go to it,' " he said at one point in his quiet voice, and at another he likened the sexual drive to an automobile, volunteering of himself, "I know it's in there, in the garage, just raring to be revved up." Though Carlyle seemed, if anything, to suggest that Fred follow his heart ("My doc keeps telling me we only live once"), and with his noncommittal calmness relieved his brother-in-law's agitation and guilt, Fred was left with the impression that it would be ridiculous of him to leave Betsy. Would Carlyle, if he ever did see him with the other woman, be enough impressed, and was all our erotic passion in truth as mechanical as an internal-combustion engine? Perhaps in giving him reason to



"Well, I'll be! Let me call you back—O.K., Steve? Jane Fonda just popped in."

talk of her to Carlyle, to brag, as it were, of his conquest, the other woman had served much of her purpose. Looking back, years later, Fred wondered if the sisters hadn't known more than they seemed to, and hadn't urged Carlyle to come and have this brotherly consultation.

SO many outings—beaches, mountains, shopping malls, Disney World—so much shared sunshine. Why did Fred's scattered memories of Carlyle tend to be shadowy? One Christmastime in Brookline, Fred, responding to a ruthless battering sound from below, went into his cellar and discovered Carlyle, sinisterly half lit by the fluorescent tubes above the workbench, pounding something glittering gripped in the vise. The other man's eyes, looking up and squinting with the change of focus, had that watery, warm—was it sheepish?—look they had worn that day of his wedding, coming up the path beneath the hemlocks and birches. "Santa's workshop," he explained huskily, and hid what he was doing with his body. He looked demonic, or damned, in the flickering basement light. Fred backed up the stairs, as embarrassed as if he had surprised the other man undressed.

Betsy explained it to him later, in bed. To save money, Carlyle was making some of their Christmas presents this year—silver dollars drilled through and beaten into rings for the boys, and strung into necklaces for the girls. Even this exercise in thrift savored of extravagance—silver dollars! "Are they that hard up?" Fred asked. "What's happened to all Carlyle's money?" He had always resented it that Carlyle had simply *had* money, whereas he had had to make it.

Well, according to what Betsy had gathered from Germaine, who out of loyalty of course didn't like to say much, six children in private schools aren't cheap, and the stock market had been off, and Carlyle had trouble trimming his expensive tastes—the M.G. convertible, the English suits ordered tailor-made from London even though he rarely wore suits, the beach house in Malibu in addition to their neo-Mediterranean home in Bel Air. The people he deals with expect him to have these things.

"Who *does* he deal with?" Fred asked.

THE POOR IN THE BUS DEPOT

The poor travel. In the bus depot,
they stretch their necks like geese to scan
the schedule boards. Their eyes have the look
of those afraid of losing something:
the suitcase containing a radio and a raincoat
the color of cold on a dreamless day,
the mortadella sandwich at the bottom of a shopping bag,
the sun of the suburbs, the dust beyond the viaducts.
Between the loudspeaker noise and the panting of buses,
they fear missing the trip itself,
hidden in a haze of schedules.
Those who doze on the benches wake up startled—
though nightmares are the privilege of others
who fill the bored ears of psychiatrists
in aseptic offices
as cotton clogs the nostrils of the dead.
In line, the poor take on a solemn air—
mixture of fear, impatience, and submission.
How grotesque they are! And how their smell
annoys us even at a distance!
They have no sense of decorum,
they don't know how to behave in public.
A finger dirty with nicotine rubs an irritated eye
that retains of a dream only a gummy crust of sleep.
From a turgid, fallen breast, a drop of milk
runs to a small mouth more used to crying.
On the platform, they come and go, they jump and clutch
packages and suitcases.
They ask awkward questions at ticket windows,
they whisper mysterious words,
they contemplate magazine covers with the astonished air
of those who don't know the way to the ballroom of life.
Why all this moving about? And those gaudy clothes,
those palm-oil yellows that pain the delicate eye
of travellers forced to suffer so many bad smells,
and those shocking reds from the markets and the street fairs?
The poor don't know how to travel. They don't know how to dress—
although some of them have television.
The truth is, the poor don't even know how to die.
(They mostly die an ugly, inelegant death.)
Everywhere they go, they get in the way—
troublesome travellers who take up our room
even when we travel sitting, and they standing up.

—Lêdo Ivo

(*Translated, from the Portuguese, by Amy Antin.*)

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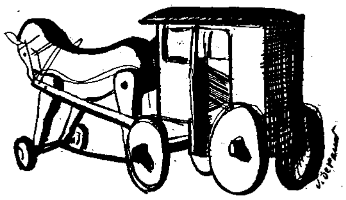
"You *know*," Betsy said, in the voice of one who didn't exactly know, either. "Movie people. He's involved in a movie now, Germaine did allow, that's just *sucking* the money out of him. He's in with this guy, Lanny something, who was supposed to make a low-budget blue movie with an adventure theme as well, so it would not just be for the triple-X theatres but could get into the softer-core drive-ins, but who without asking or telling Carlyle went and rented one of those sound stages that cost twenty-five thousand a day or something fantastic for these episodes that don't exactly tie in yet, since he doesn't have a real script. He even bought an old house somewhere and burned it down for one scene. Germaine thinks this Lanny is



taking him for a *hor*rible ride but Carlyle is too proud or macho to say anything. You remember all that buddy-buddy skiing and hunting he used to do; well, those people used to take advantage of him, too. Furthermore, he likes being around these sorts of people, especially the little porno starlets. She wishes *you'd* talk to him."

"Me? What would I say?" Fred's stomach pinched, there in the dark. He was still afraid of Carlyle, slightly—the way he could throw a ball that made your hands hurt.

"Just open the subject. Let him tell you how it is."

"The old-fashioned talking cure," he said, with a little bitterness. Ten years later, he still missed the woman he had given up—dreamed of her, in amazing, crisp detail—and had come to see that the heart, like a rubber ball, loses bounce and becomes dead. He did feel a dull pity, sensing his brother-in-law's pain in the house. Carlyle had been told by his doctor to take afternoon naps, and it seemed he was often upstairs, in a kind of hibernation, from which he would emerge red-eyed, wearing beaded moccasins. To his counterculture clothes his health problems had added a macrobiotic diet, and the clothes hung loose now on his reduced, big-boned frame.

One day between Christmas and New Year's, when all the others had gone ice-skating on the reservoir, Fred walked into the kitchen, where Carlyle was making a cup of herbal tea, and asked, "How's it going?"

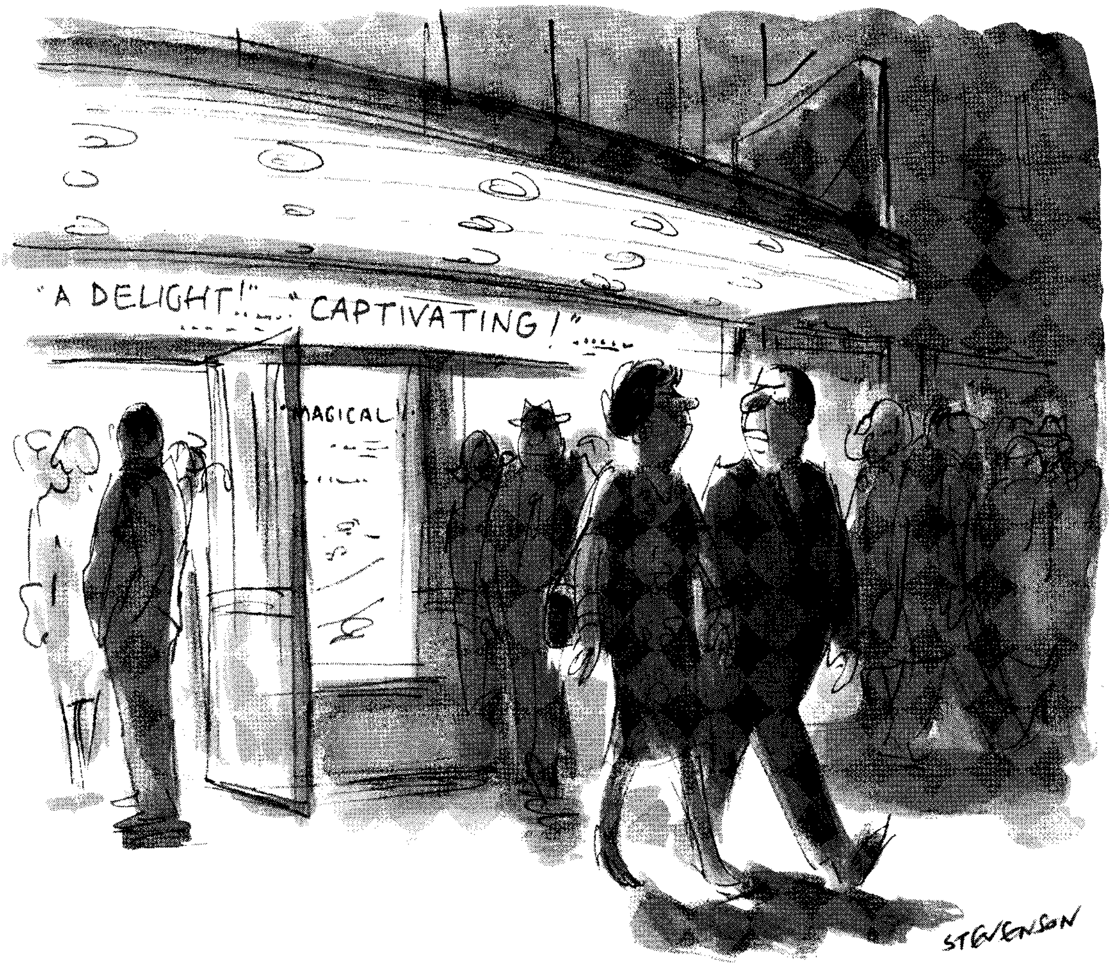
The other man wore an embroidered dashiki and dirty old painter pants, with a loop at the side. His bare arms looked white and cold. He had let his hair grow long, and with gray wisps straggling at the nape of his neck he seemed a dazed old woman, fussing at her broth. "I could lend you a sweater," Fred told him.

"I turned up the thermostat." Carlyle looked over at him mischievously, knowing Fred would resent this, and continued his aggressive tack. "It's going great," he said. "The Terwilliger girls may have been stirring you up about this particular film project I have in the works, but, like they say, no sweat. It's money in the bank, Freddy. When you bring your gang out this summer, we should have a rough print to show you."

"That would be nice," Fred said. To be brotherly, he was wearing the ring Carlyle had given him; its roughly pounded edges scratched his skin, and an inspection of the basement had disclosed that a number of his drill bits, meant for wood and not silver alloy, had been dulled and ruined.

The film, when they saw it that June, also seemed amateurishly made. The young flesh, photographed in too hard a light, in rooms where no one had ever lived, wore a repulsive sheen, a smooth falseness as of tinted and perfumed candles. The adventure parts of the film failed to link up. The burning house was on the screen only a few garish, orange seconds. Fred was struck by how the people talked—with a curious flat echo that made him realize how filtered, how trained, the voices in real movies are. Carlyle's profile had been fascinating in the dark, the screen's bright moments glittering in the corner of his eye. When the lights came on, his face was flushed. He said sheepishly to his in-laws, "Hope it wasn't too blue for you."

"Maybe not blue enough," Fred allowed himself to say. It was the nearest to a negative word he had ever dared, since the time on the Vineyard when Carlyle had laughed at his shrill indignation. Now it was his turn to laugh, when at dinner afterward, over Hawaiian drinks and Chinese food, while the wives held tensely silent, Carlyle hoped Fred would consider


"A DELIGHT!"
"CAPTIVATING!"
"MAGICAL!"
STEVENSON

"Just getting the hell out of here is worth the price of admission."

• •

investing in the film, toward distribution and advertising costs, which were all that was left to get them off the ground. One more boost and the movie would make everybody a bundle. He could offer eighteen-per-cent annual interest, just like MasterCard, or up to a quarter of the net profits, depending on how many hundred thousand Fred could see his way clear to invest. Plus paying the principal back right off the top, he promised, before he even paid himself. He knew Boston real estate had been going through the roof lately and Fred must be desperate for a little diversification. His look, in the restaurant, wasn't easy to read—his husky voice, almost inaudible, droned as if being put through a preset routine, and an abstract determination glazed over the old glint, the guilty glance from the bottom of something, that Fred had caught or imagined on the hemlock-shaded path twenty-five years before.

Fred didn't laugh. He said he would think about it and talk it over with Betsy. In private he asked her, "How important is it to you as a sister, if this would bail Germaine out?"

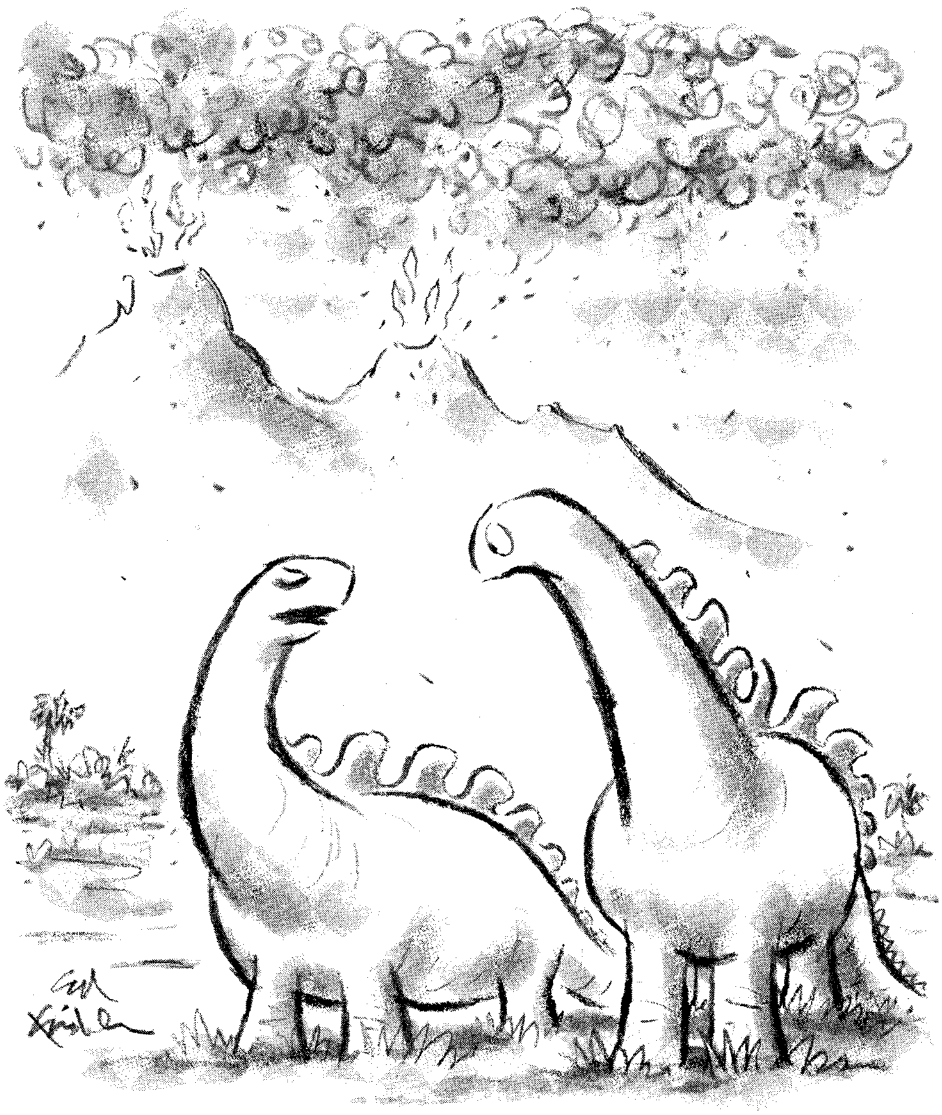
She said, "It isn't, and I don't think it would anyway."

Fred felt contaminated by the other man's naked plea, and could hardly wait until he got away, back to his own coast. He was too cowardly to turn Carlyle down himself; he left it to the sisters, Betsy to Germaine via long-distance telephone, to pass him the word: No way. He, too, could give a brotherly lesson in limits.

WHEN Carlyle, less than five years after his failed film had emptied his pockets, died, it was in a movie theatre. The girl next to him—not a date; she didn't know him—noticed him at one point softly thumping his own chest, and when the lights went up the big man was slumped as if asleep. Impassive. Germaine and he had long ago divorced, and Fred and Betsy, too. Yet Germaine, a week after Betsy had phoned Fred with the news, called him inviting him to a pagan ceremony, a scattering of Carlyle's ashes in a tidal creek north of Boston where he used to sail and swim as a boy. This scattering had been his idea, as was Fred's being invited. Germaine said, "He loved you," which sounded right, since families teach us how love exists in a realm beyond liking or disliking, coexisting with indifference, rivalry, and even antipathy. With his health troubles, ominous family history, and nothing much else to do, Carlyle had done a lot of thinking about his own death—from beyond the grave he was trying to arrange one more group photo. The children were adult and dispersed, most on the coasts but one in Chicago and another in New Mexico. A ragged group gathered on an appointed wooden bridge, on a February day so clear it did not feel cold.

Fred dipped his hand into the box of calcium bits that had been Carlyle's bones and, imitating the others, carefully dropped them over the rough green-painted rail. He had imagined that the tide would carry these fragments called ashes toward the sea, but in fact they sank, like chips of shell, tugged but not floated by the moving blue water. Sinking, they caught the light. Two of Fred's nieces—young women in defiant bloom, with ruddy faces and pale eyes flat across the top—beamed at him forgivingly, knowingly, as if they were his sisters, and the sunshine seemed a lesson being administered, a moral in the air. It glinted off everybody's protein strands of hair and wool hats and sweaters and chilly, nailed hands and the splintered green boards of the bridge and the clustered, drifting, turning little fragments in the icy tide. All those old photographs, those old conglomerate times Carlyle had insisted upon, were revealed to Fred as priceless—treasure stored up against the shadows.

—JOHN UPDIKE



"Don't worry about me. I'm a survivor."

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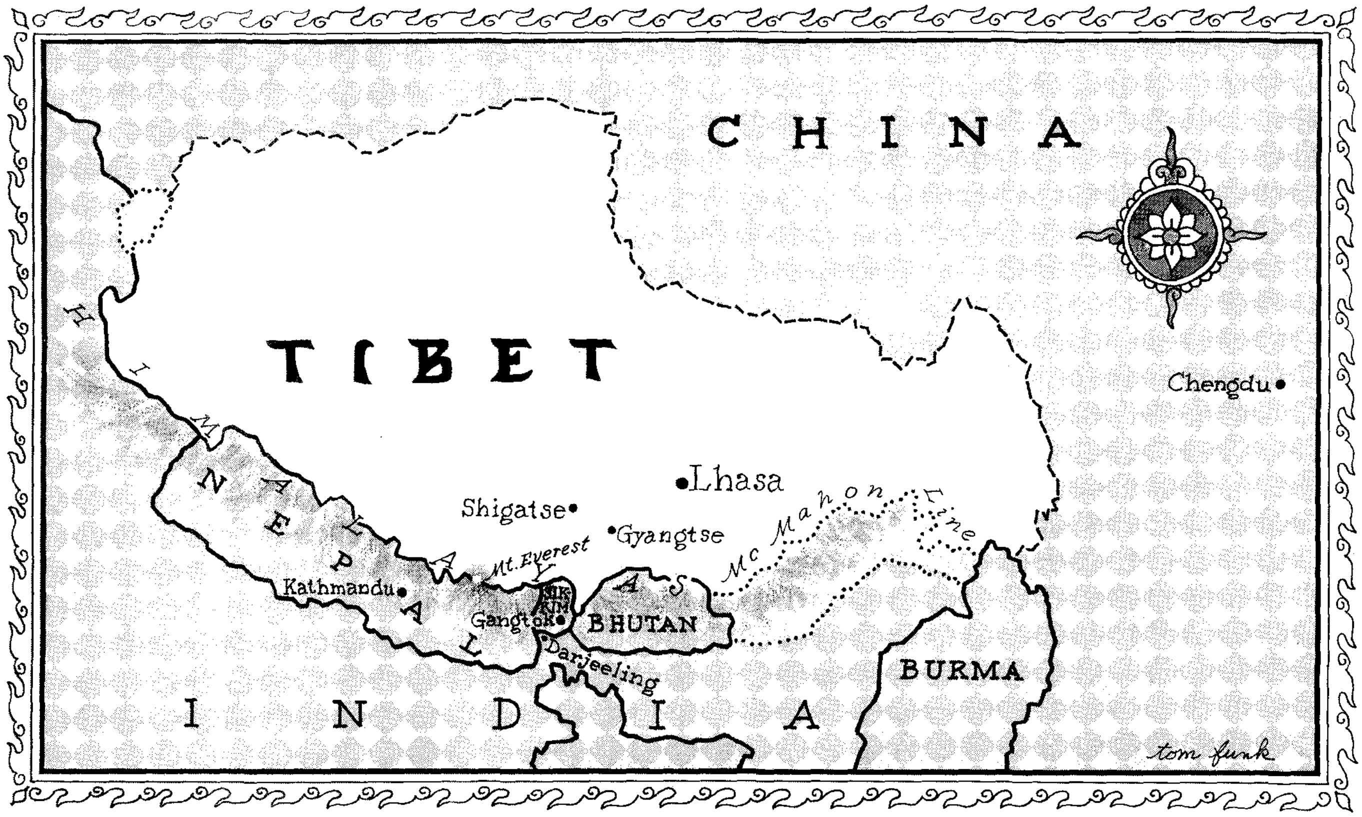
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "Agents of Innocence," by David Ignatius*]

The elevator doors were closing when a foot, shod in a pair of Bally loafers, kicked them open again.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

A JOURNEY TO LHASA



THE first of October is celebrated by the Chinese in Tibet as a national day. It is the anniversary of the Chinese Communist Revolution, and coincidentally marks the Chinese takeover of Tibet, which began in October of 1950. This year's observance, the thirty-seventh, differed markedly from the previous ones. In the first place, there were a large number of foreign tourists present (tourism was introduced to the country, as part of a liberalization process, in 1984). In the second place, the celebration turned violent. According to eyewitness accounts by the tourists, somewhere between three thousand and five thousand Tibetans in Lhasa, the capital, took part in anti-Chinese demonstrations. Many of the demonstrators were monks from the nearby Sera and Drepung monasteries. The monks carried the outlawed Tibetan flag, which depicts a pair of lions beneath a snowcapped mountain, and led crowds of pilgrims in a traditional circuit of the Jokhang temple, the holiest site in Tibetan Buddhism. As they marched, the crowds chanted, "This is Tibet—a free and independent nation!" Four days earlier, in a much smaller demonstration outside the Jokhang, two dozen monks had been beaten and arrested; now the crowd attacked a Chinese police station near the temple and burned it to the ground. The rioting continued over the next few days. At least fifteen people, nine of them Tibetans and the rest Chinese police, were killed, and thousands of additional Chinese security forces were flown into Tibet. The Chinese accused the Dalai Lama—who lives in exile in India, and who had recently visited the United States and met with members of the House Subcommittee on Human Rights—of making remarks on that visit inciting his people to riot. The Tibetans said that the demonstrations had been sparked, at least in part, by the execution of two Tibetan nationalists a week earlier. Given the despair that many Tibetans feel about the occupation of their country, the proximate cause of these particular demonstrations could have been anything. What was new was that when the demonstrations broke out they were acknowledged publicly by the Chinese, who consider all Tibetan matters to be purely an internal Chinese affair—a view that is also taken by the Reagan Administration. Apparently because of the strong reaction that the news reports of the clashes provoked in the West, the Chinese quickly reversed their policy of journalistic openness and expelled all foreign newsmen from Tibet. Tourism, likewise, has now all but come to a stop—and, once again, Tibet has slipped behind a dark veil.

Ever since it was discovered by the West, Tibet, remote as it is, has exercised haunting power over our imagination: witness the fact that on October 6th the United States Senate, over the objections of the Administration, passed a unanimous resolution condemning the Chinese actions in Tibet—this despite the fact that our relations with China have improved greatly over the past several years. Why we should have this feeling about Tibet is difficult to understand in any context of self-interest. Strategically and materially, Tibet has nothing to offer us, and it is doubtful whether any of the senators who voted for the resolution had ever set foot in the country. Nonetheless, there is something profoundly moving about the Tibetan way of life—about its religious essence. One feels instinctively that if this civilization were crushed and replaced by something that was yet another imitation of ourselves the world would be poorer for it. Like a fragile ecological niche, once gone it can never be restored.

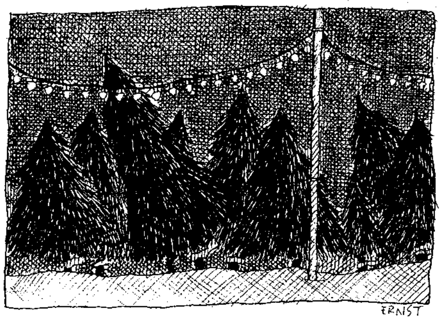
MY interest in Tibet goes back to my childhood. In 1941, when I was eleven, my father gave me the book "High Conquest," by James Ramsey Ullman, then newly published. It is a history of mountaineering, written in the grandly romantic style characteristic of much of the writing about mountain climbing before the Second World War. With the drier eyes of middle age, I can see all its flaws, but to an eleven-year-old with a vivid imagination it was wonderful. The tenth chapter is called "Summit of the World: The Fight for Everest" and describes the attempts to climb Mt. Everest which had been made up to that time. The expeditions, all of them British, began in the Indian hill town of Darjeeling and wound through the jungles of Sikkim and then up onto the Tibetan plateau, whose average altitude is fifteen thousand feet. For a flying crow, the distance to the base of the mountain, which lies on the Tibetan-Nepalese border, is only a hundred miles, but the terrain is so broken up by peaks and gorges that the actual walking distance is three times that. The first expedition took place in 1921, and Ullman describes its progress thus:

> Day after day they pushed northward and westward across as savage country as exists anywhere on the earth's surface—through sandstorms and raging, glacial torrents, across vast boulder-strewn plains and passes 20,000 feet above the sea. At night they camped under the stars or enjoyed the primitive hospitality of Buddhist monasteries and village headmen. Their passports from the Tibetan authorities in Lhasa assured them kindly and courteous treatment, but the announcement of the purpose of their journey elicited only a dubious shaking of heads and a solemn turning of prayer wheels. To those devout and superstitious Orientals, Everest was more than a mountain. Chomolungma, they called it—Goddess-Mother-of-the-World. It was sacrilege, they believed, for mere mortals even to approach it.

After this came a paragraph that stuck with me for decades and, even then, gave me the idea of visiting Tibet:

> At last, in late June, the expedition arrived at the Great Rongbuk Monastery, where an isolated colony of priests and hermits dwelt, some twenty miles due north of Everest. And from here, at last, they saw their mountain head on, in its titanic majesty—the first white men ever to have a close-up view of the summit of the world.

Tibet was sealed off from foreign travellers at the time, as has been characteristic of it, but the British enjoyed a special relationship with the Dalai Lama—the thirteenth, and the predecessor of the present Dalai Lama—and he had been asked for permission to mount an expedition to explore the Everest region. No one knew, at the time, even how to approach the mountain. The 1921 party did not try to climb it but made an exploration of its base, and discovered what the following year became the classical climbing route, via the East Rongbuk glacier. The next expedition, in 1922, climbed to 27,235 feet, a new altitude record. (The currently accepted height of Mt. Everest—a measurement made last August, using satellites—is 29,108 feet.) This expedition also had the first fatalities on the mountain: seven porters were killed in an avalanche. The British were back again in 1924, and it was on this expedition that George Leigh-Mallory and his protégé Andrew Irvine disappeared, perhaps having climbed the mountain and perhaps not. The Dalai Lama had been strongly criticized by more conservative elements in Tibet for his close ties to the British, and the notoriety that followed the deaths of Mallory and Irvine caused him to withdraw permission to climb the mountain. After his death, there were four more expeditions—in 1933, 1935, 1936, and 1938—but none got as high as the 1924 expedition. On that attempt, E. F. Norton reached 28,126 feet, and Mallory and Irvine may have actually climbed to the summit.



Mallory had been a member of the 1921 expedition as well. He represented the new generation of Himalayan climbers which replaced the many British climbers killed or wounded during the First World War. His letters to his wife and various friends give a vivid description of the Tibet he was discovering. One of

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THE POTATO PICKER

The plant lifts easily now, like an old tooth.
I can free it from the rows of low hills,
hills like the barrows of old kings,

where months ago, before anything grew or was,
we hid the farsighted eyes of potatoes.
They fingered forth, blossomed, and shrank,

and did their dark business under our feet.
And now it's all over. Horse nettles dangle
their gold berries. Sunflowers, kindly giants,

in their death rattle turn stiff as street lamps.
Pale cucumbers swell to alabaster lungs,
while marigolds caught in the quick frost

go brown, and the scarred ears of corn gnawed
by the deer lie scattered like primitive fish.
The lifeboats lifted by milkweed ride light

and empty, their sailors flying.
This is the spot. I put down my spade,
I dig in, I uncover the scraped knees

of children in the village of potatoes,
and the bald heads of their grandfathers.
I enter the potato mines.

—NANCY WILLARD

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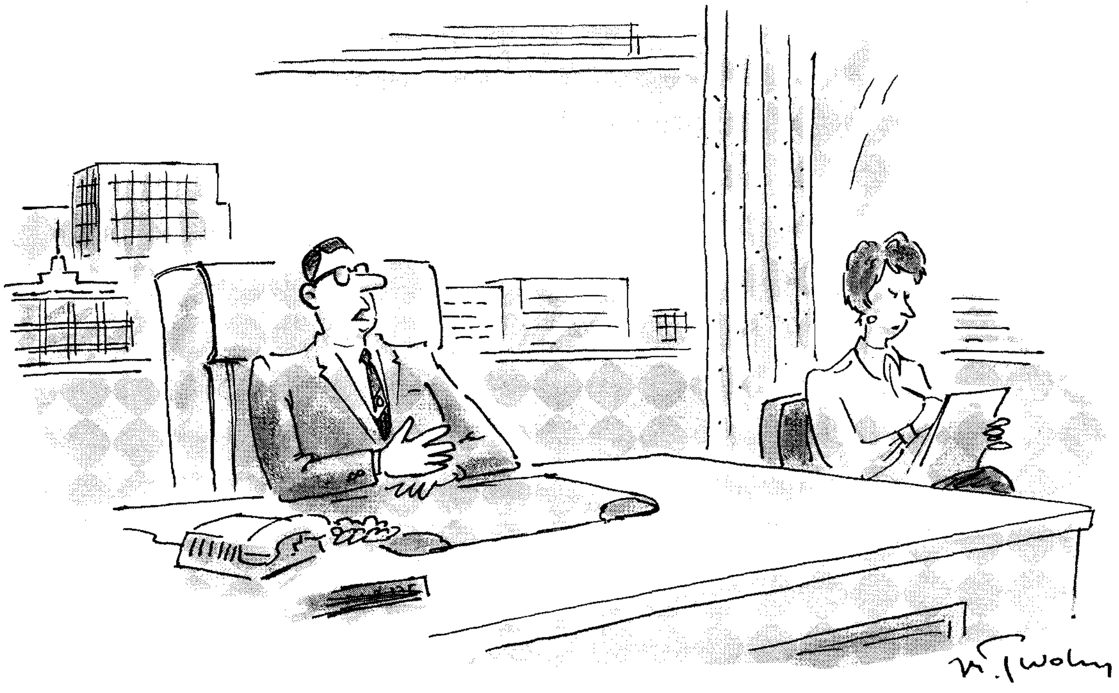


"Dear Jean: Confirming our phone conversation of earlier today, I no longer love you, and want a divorce."

• •

them will have familiar overtones to anyone who has travelled in the Tibetan countryside. He wrote to his wife:

> Our great enemy, of course, is the wind. On the best of days it is absolutely calm in the early morning, chilly at first and, as the sun gets up, quite hot. (The sun is always *scorching* and threatens to take one's skin off.) Any time between 10:00 and 12:00, the wind gets up—a dry, dusty unceasing wind, with all the unpleasantness of an east wind at home. Towards evening it becomes very cold, and we have frost at nights. . . . The real problem for comfort now is to get a tent pitched so as to have some shelter when the day's destination is reached.

But he also had an eye for the austere crystalline grandeur of the Tibetan landscape. "In the evening light," he wrote, "this country can be beautiful, snow mountains and all: the harshness becomes subdued; shadows soften the hillsides; there is a blending of lines and folds until the last light, so that one comes to bless the absolute bareness, feeling that here is a pure beauty of form, a kind of ultimate harmony."

MALLORY joined a select list of travellers of all sorts who were fascinated by Tibet. Some were traders, some were missionaries, some were simply explorers. Few were as remarkable as the Frenchwoman Alexandra David-Neel. When she died, at her home near Digne, France, on September 8, 1969, she was just six weeks short of her hundred-and-first birthday. Her father, Louis David, who was a French radical journalist, was born in 1812. At the age of forty, he married a twenty-year-old Belgian schoolteacher named Alexandrine Borghmans, and Alexandra, their only child, was born sixteen years later. The marriage was not a happy one, and as a child Alexandra was intent on running away from the stultifying atmosphere of her parents' home. Many years later she wrote, "Ever since I was five years old, a tiny precocious child of Paris, I wished to move out of the narrow limits in which, like all children of my age, I was then kept. I craved to go beyond the garden gate, to follow the road that passed it by, and to set out for the Unknown. But, strangely enough, this 'Unknown' fancied by my baby mind always turned out to be a solitary spot where I could sit alone, with no one near. . . . I sought solitude behind any bush, any mound of sand, that I could find in the garden, or wherever else my nurse took me. Later on, I never asked my parents for any gifts except books on travel, maps, and the privilege of being taken abroad during my school holidays. . . . But again, my imagination did not evoke towns, buildings, gay crowds, or stately pageants; I dreamed of wild hills, immense deserted steppes and impassable landscapes of glaciers!"

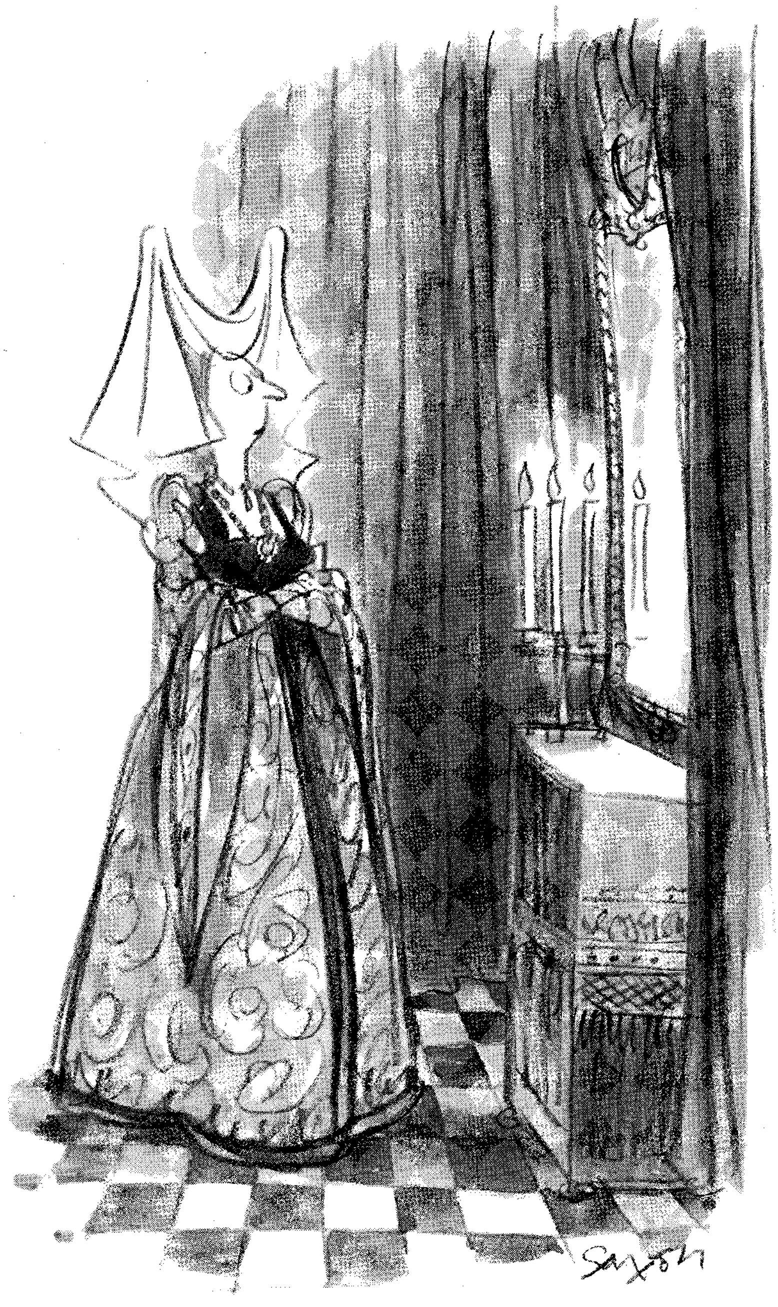
In her late teens, Alexandra found what became her true vocation, in the Musée Guimet, a museum in Paris devoted to the Far East. She spent hours seated near a statue of the Buddha in a small reading room, poring over books about the Orient. In her early twenties, she inherited a small amount of money from a godmother, and used it to finance a long sea voyage to India and Ceylon—her first trip to Asia. Having spent all the money, and with no prospects of financial aid from her family, she returned to Paris to earn her living. She was a gifted singer, and for a period of several years around the turn of the century she sang both opera and operetta, at one point travelling to Indo-China with a touring company of the Opéra-Comique. In 1902, she found herself in Tunis, where she met a distant cousin named Philippe-François Neel, who was working as a railway engineer in North Africa. They were married in 1904, but although they remained married until his death, in 1941, they barely saw each other, let alone lived with each other. Almost from their wedding day, Alexandra made it clear that she did not intend to have a conventional marriage, and there is no indication that she and Philippe ever had sexual relations; nevertheless, she regarded her husband as her closest friend and staunchest supporter.

After the marriage, Alexandra began an independent career as a journalist, living mostly in Paris and London, and occasionally giving lectures on comparative religion. In 1911, she returned to Asia—a trip that, as things turned out, lasted fourteen years. At that time, the thirteenth Dalai Lama, in the wake of a Chinese invasion of his country, was living in temporary exile with the British in Darjeeling, and Alexandra travelled there to interview him for a French publication; she thus became the first Western woman ever to be granted a private audience with a Dalai Lama. This interview and the circumstances surrounding it transformed her life. She loved the atmosphere of the Himalayan frontier towns, and the snow-covered mountains that floated above them like some sort of distant promise. The Dalai Lama was impressed by her general knowledge of Buddhist doctrine, and he advised her to learn the Tibetan language.

At about the same time, she met and favorably impressed Sidkeong Tulka, the Crown Prince of Sikkim, who invited her to visit Gangtok, the Sikkimese capital. The Prince was also a lama, and he and Alexandra spent hours discussing nuances of Tibetan Buddhism; he ended by offering her a small apartment in a monastery near Gangtok. Here she acquired a Tibetan tutor and, at the age of forty-four, began her study of Tibetan, in which she soon became fluent. In 1914, after the death of his father, Sidkeong became the ruler of Sikkim. He gave Alexandra carte blanche to wander in his country, accompanied only by an interpreter. As an additional companion, she acquired a fifteen-year-old Sikkimese boy who had entered one of the monasteries as a novice. His name was Yongden, and from 1914 until his death, in 1955, he travelled with her constantly. (Indeed, in 1925 the uncharacteristically recalcitrant Philippe agreed to sign adoption papers making Yongden their son.) Not long after Alexandra took on Yongden, she became obsessed with the idea of visiting Tibet. By this time, the Dalai Lama had returned to Lhasa, and Tibet had closed its borders. Certainly a large part of its appeal for Alexandra lay in the fact that for a foreigner—especially a female one—it was forbidden terrain.

In 1916, Alexandra made her first visit to Tibet. She and Yongden, and a monk she had hired as a guide, travelling on horseback and accompanied by mules to carry the baggage, crossed the Sikkimese border without permission from the Tibetan authorities, and proceeded unchallenged to Shigatse, the second-largest city in the country. Shigatse, some hundred and fifty miles west of Lhasa, is the seat of the Panchen Lama. In the Tibetan hierarchy—at least until the latest Chinese occupation—the Dalai Lama was the supreme secular and religious authority, and the Panchen Lama was meant to be the country's spiritual leader. It was thought that the Dalai Lama, as both secular and religious leader, could not devote himself fully to spiritual contemplation and study, but the Panchen Lama, free of earthly cares, could. (As it turned out, the Panchen Lama often became—and is now—a tool of the Chinese in their attempts to reduce the authority of the Dalai Lama and widen their influence in Tibet. Indeed, the present Panchen Lama lives in the Chinese capital. Some Tibetans regard him as a quisling who sold out his country, but others have credited him with engineering such liberalization as there has been in Tibet.) The Panchen Lama received Alexandra most cordially, and after hours of talk with him she was awarded the red robe of a graduate lama—a considerable honor. When she got back to India, she received the unpleasant news that she was to be fined and expelled from the country for having illegally crossed the border into Tibet. This made her all the more determined to return to Tibet, but now the only route open to her was through China. In 1917, she arrived in Peking with Yongden and set out on a seven-month, two-thousand-mile journey to the Kumbum monastery, in Mongolia, where she and Yongden spent the next three years. She then began a series of nomadic trips along the Tibetan frontier until, in 1923, at the age of fifty-five, she began the adventure of her life, a journey to Lhasa.

"My Journey to Lhasa," Alexandra David-Neel's great travel book, was first published in English—in 1927, by Harper



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"Oliver Wendell Holmes."

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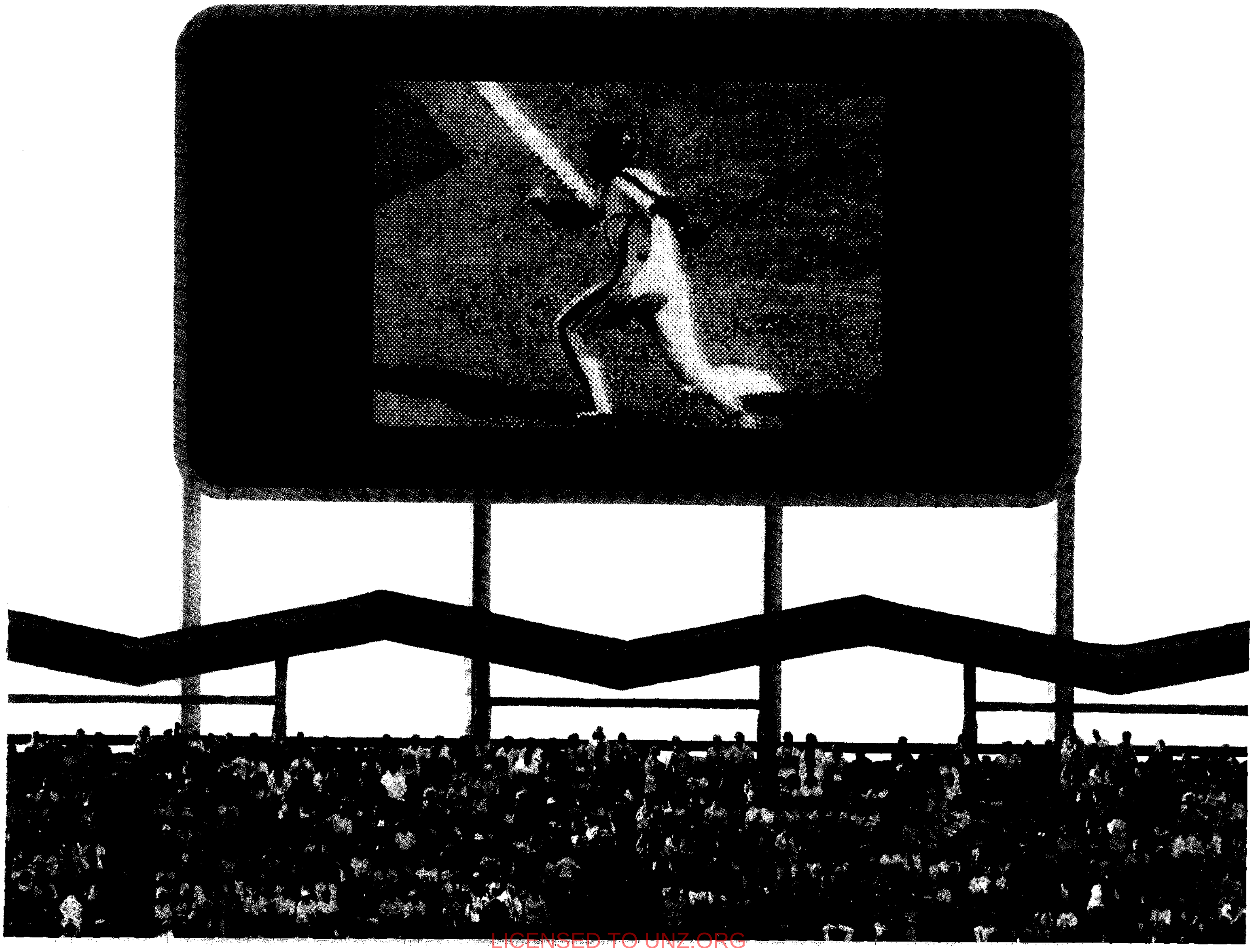

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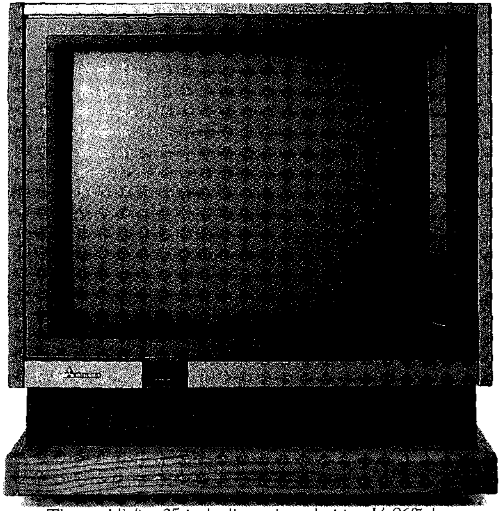

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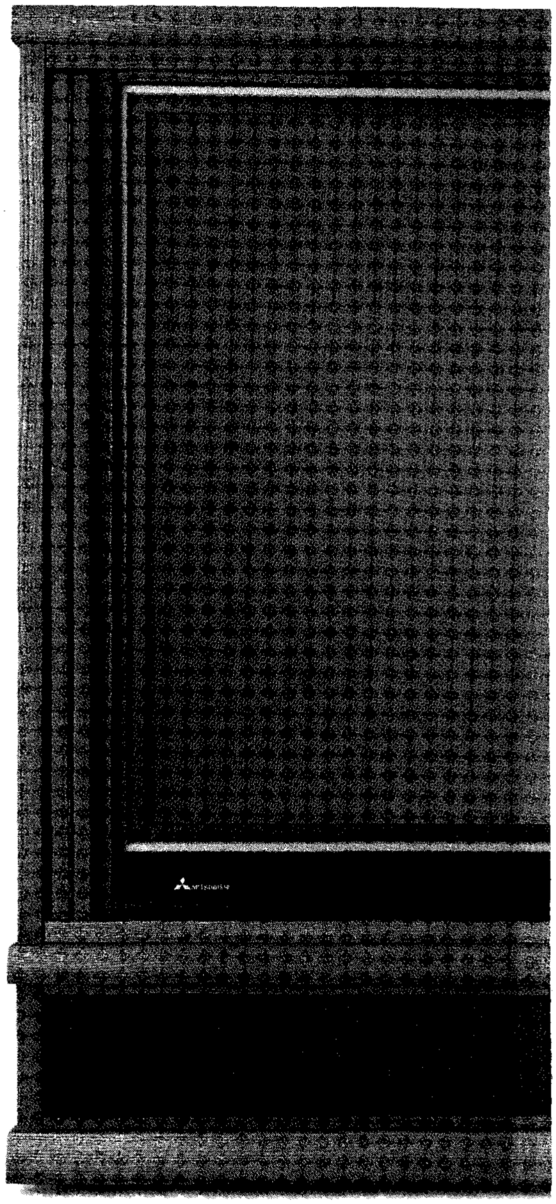

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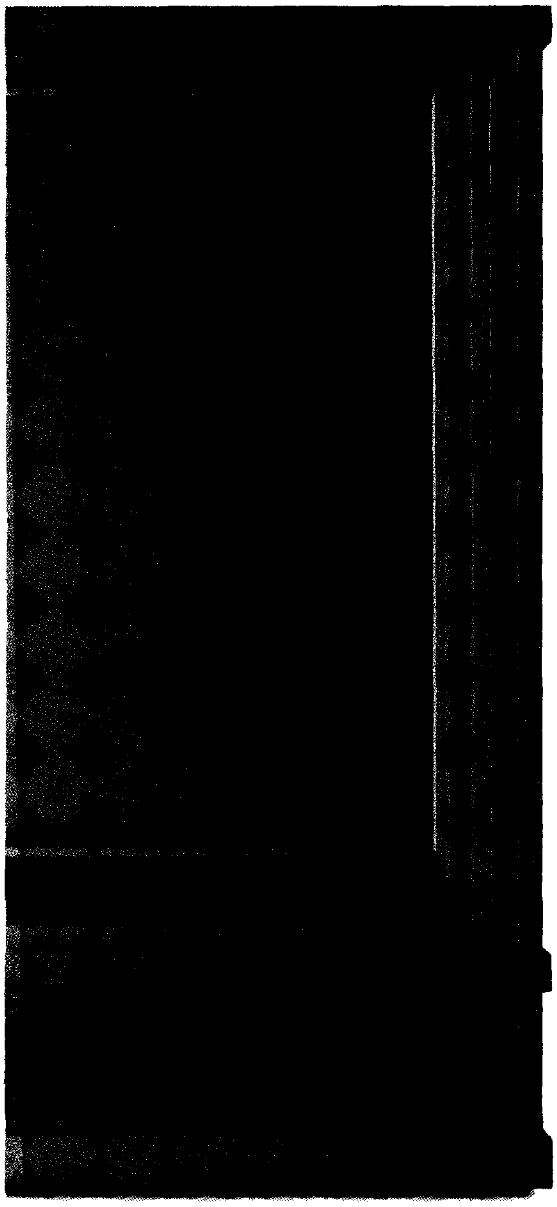

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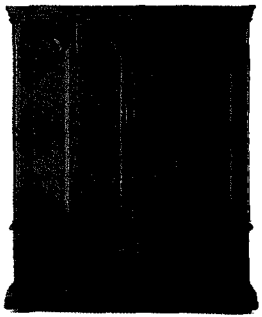

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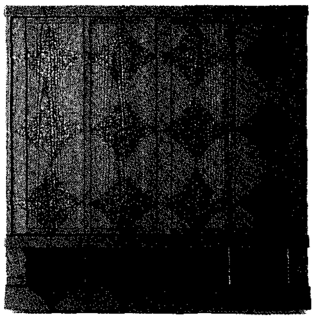

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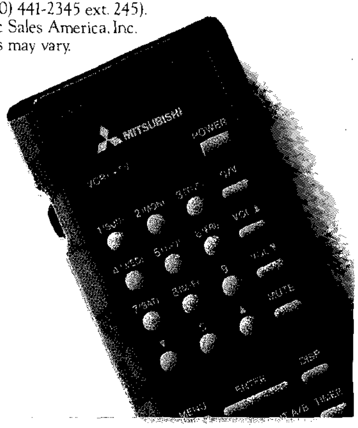

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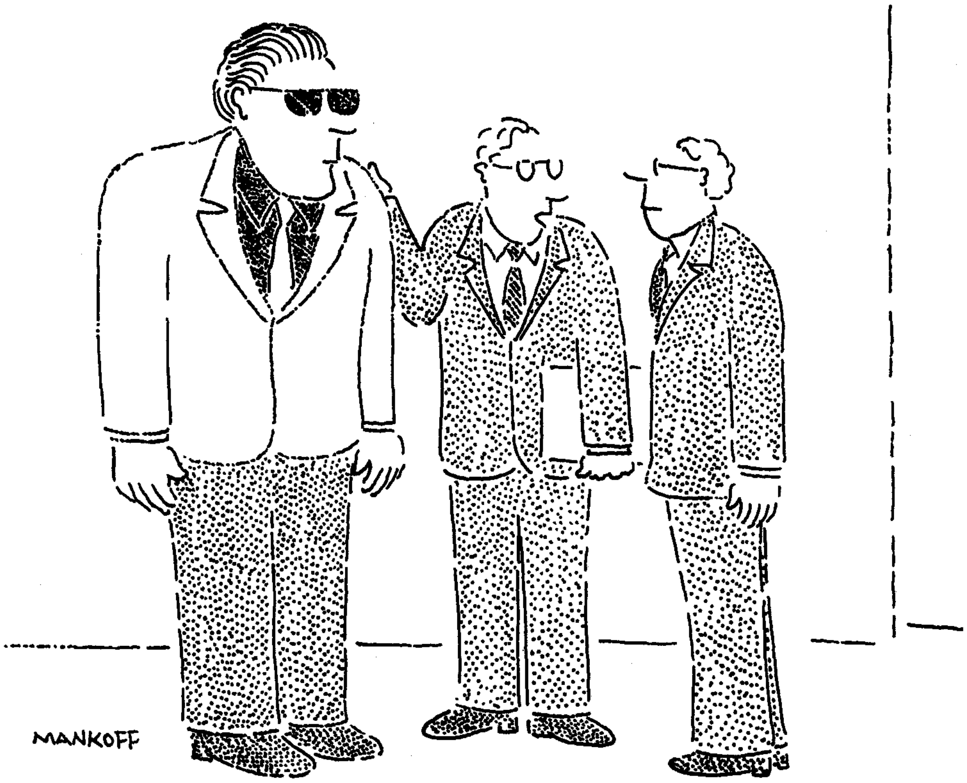
& Brothers—despite the fact that her mother tongue was French. This was very likely the consequence of favorable royalty terms she was able to extract from an American, as opposed to a European, publisher. A biographical sketch of Alexandra in Luree Miller's "On Top of the World" reports that after she passed her hundredth birthday she received a visit from her English publisher, John Robinson, at her home in France. "He expected to find a wise old woman meditating and preparing for her death," Miller writes. "Instead, he found a canny bargainer familiar with every clause and percentage of her contracts." Pictures of her in her late eighties show an absolutely no-nonsense white-haired lady, and pictures taken during her Tibet period are equally formidable. One of these, entitled "Madame Alexandra David-Neel as the guest of the Tashi [Panchen] Lama's mother at the private dwelling of the Tashi Lama in the Tashilhunpo's Monastery," shows Alexandra, in a robe and a winged Tibetan helmet, standing next to the Panchen Lama's mother and staring at the camera with grim determination. My favorite shows Alexandra and Yongden both in robes. Yongden wears eyeglasses—rare in that part of the world—and a pleasant, intelligent expression, and Alexandra, here, shows the trace of a smile.

Their trip to Lhasa all but defies comprehension. It began in the Gobi Desert, with a giant, looping detour away from the direct caravan route from Peking. For seven months, they travelled southwest, and reached the Tibetan border in October of 1923. It was here that the real trip began. Up to this point, there had been no need for disguise, and Alexandra and Yongden had been able to use porters. Now, however, they were proposing to enter Tibet and move westward toward Lhasa, a journey for which they had no permission. Alexandra had decided that they should travel at a distance from the trade routes, disguised as Tibetans—Yongden as a pilgrim lama and Alexandra as his mother. To this end, they left behind not only the porters but all their baggage. She wrote:

> Nothing was now left us except the clothes we were wearing. We had not even a blanket, although we knew that, during winter, we should have to cross high, snowy ranges, passes of over 18,000 feet. . . . We had only one aluminum pot, which was our kettle, teapot, and saucepan, all in one. There was also one lama wooden bowl for Yongden, an aluminum bowl for myself, two spoons, and a Chinese travelling case containing one long knife and chopsticks, which could be hung from the belt. That was all. We did not intend to indulge in refined cooking. Our meals were to be those of the common Tibetan travellers: that is to say, *tsampa* [a flour made of barley which is the staple of the Tibetan diet] mixed with buttered tea, or eaten nearly dry, kneaded with butter. When circumstances would allow, we would make a soup. Forks were useless with such a diet, and even our two cheap spoons could not be produced freely, as they were of a foreign pattern such as only affluent Tibetans possess.

To disguise herself, Alexandra wore a hairpiece made of jet-black yak hair, and she reports, "In order to match that colour I rubbed a wet stick of Chinese ink on my own brown hair. I hung large earrings on my ears, and they altered my appearance. Finally I powdered my face with a mixture of cocoa and crushed charcoal to obtain a dark complexion." Hidden away beneath her robes she carried a small compass, some maps, a watch, some gold and silver coins, and a revolver. She would certainly have used the last if it became necessary—as well it might have, since the Tibetan trade routes were swarming with bandits. On an earlier trip, she had not hesitated to use a bullwhip to break up a fight involving armed men. But displaying any of these items would have immediately shown her to be a *philing*—a foreigner—and that news would have very quickly reached the authorities, who would have thrown her out of the country, or worse.

When possible, Alexandra and Yongden travelled at night, to avoid people, but occasionally, since they had to beg for food, they would spend the night in a village. This experience gave Alexandra a unique insight into the way common Tibetans live, but it had its drawbacks. She writes, "In a country where everything is done in public, down to the most intimate personal acts, I was forced to affect peculiar local customs which embarrassed me terribly." One local custom she practiced without embarrassment was something she had learned in her years in the Kumbum monastery; known as *thumo reskiang*, it was the ability of Tibetan mystics to control their body temperature through a kind of special meditation—in particular, to will themselves into feeling warm. She writes that she had practiced the *thumo* discipline one winter while she



"This is Roscoe. He's in Accounts Receivable."

• •

was living at thirteen thousand feet: she had deliberately spent five months dressed in nothing but a thin cotton garment. On a bitterly cold night during the Lhasa trip, she and Yongden discovered that the flint and steel they used for making fires had got wet and were useless. Alexandra sent Yongden to collect twigs and dry cow dung—a standard fuel in Tibet—while she went into a *thumo* trance with the wet flint and steel next to her body. By the time Yongden returned, she had dried the fire-lighting materials and had the beginnings of a small fire going. In her book and in a successor, "Magic and Mystery in Tibet," she presents matters such as these clinically, with no apologies to the skeptical.

As far as I am concerned, the greatest mystery of all was her ability to travel for hundreds of miles on foot, and in the dead of winter, across the stark Tibetan plateau. The earth's tectonic forces have taken what was formerly seabed and lifted it seemingly straight up into the air. Winds sweep across the lunar surface of this vast plain, and one's first impression is that nothing can possibly thrive there. One is therefore astounded to see great herds of yaks and sheep, with the odd enormous jackrabbit loping along, and is led to wonder whether these remarkable animals have found a way of metabolizing rocks. It was not difficult to keep unwanted foreigners out of Tibet. All that was necessary was to deny them permission to buy food in the widely scattered villages. In this sere and naked land, Alexandra and Yongden marched, day after day, west toward Lhasa.

In the late winter of 1924, some four months after they entered Tibet, they got their first view of the Potala, the fortress-cathedral home of the Dalai Lama and the administrative nerve center of Tibet. The massive structure, set high on a hill above Lhasa, seems to hover in midair. Alexandra became the first European woman to see it:

> As we advanced, the Potala grew larger and larger. Now we could discern the elegant outlines of its many golden roofs. They glittered in the blue sky, sparks seeming to spring from their sharp upturned corners, as if the whole castle, the glory of Tibet, had been crowned with flames. . . . I was in Lhasa and now the problem was to stay there. Although I had endeavored to reach the Tibetan capital rather because I had been challenged than out of any real desire to visit it, now that I stood on the forbidden ground at the cost

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of so much hardship and danger, I meant to enjoy myself in all possible ways.... I would climb to the top of the Potala itself; I would visit the most famous shrines, the large historical monasteries in the vicinity of Lhasa, and I would witness the religious ceremonies, the races, and the pageants of the New Year festival.... It was my well-won reward after the trials on the road and the vexations by which for several years various officials had endeavoured to prevent my wanderings in Tibet. This time I intended that nobody should deprive me of it.

For two months, Alexandra and Yongden wandered undetected around Lhasa and its environs. She then decided that she would leave the country by travelling southward into British India. Since the Tibetan authorities had little interest in people who were *leaving* Tibet, she departed in style, undisguised, riding horseback, and accompanied by Yongden and a servant. After a sojourn in Sikkim and India, she returned to France in 1925 with the general intention of resuming—in some sense or other—her marriage with Philippe. However, he balked at the idea of her moving in with her huge collection of books on Asia, to say nothing of Yongden, and after a brief reunion with her he went away to Algeria. They never made any further attempt to live together, but he generously provided her with money. In 1927, with his help, she bought a house on a hill in the South of France, near Digne. She named it Samten Dzong—Tibetan for Fortress of Meditation—and lived there for the rest of her life, sharing it with Yongden until his death. Her books and articles made her a celebrity, and she enjoyed that immensely. It was typical of her that when she was eighty she made a deal with the community of Digne, agreeing to bequeath to it the posthumous royalties on her books provided that she was exempted from taxes for the rest of her life. It is unlikely that anyone expected her to live for another twenty years.

WHAT early Western travellers to Tibet had in common, besides their extraordinary courage and stamina, was the notion that they were visiting a proper country—one whose boundaries and government were reasonably well defined. This was hardly ever the case, but the history of Tibet's vagaries is made somewhat complicated by peculiarities of the traditional Tibetan calendar—an interesting subject in its own right. Tibetans employ a lunar calendar, which—in theory—would assign to each month twenty-

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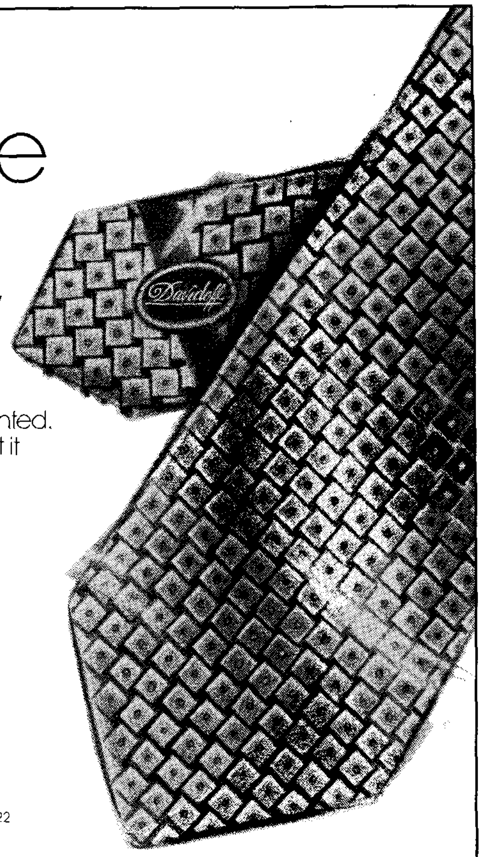

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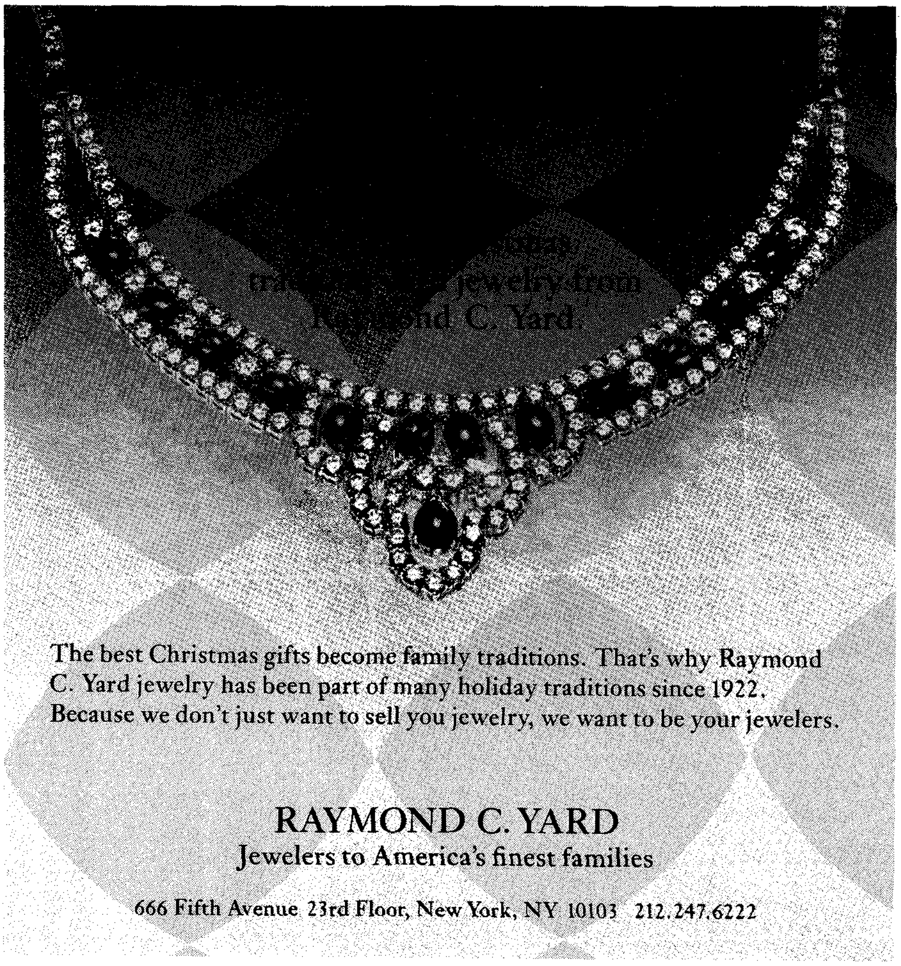

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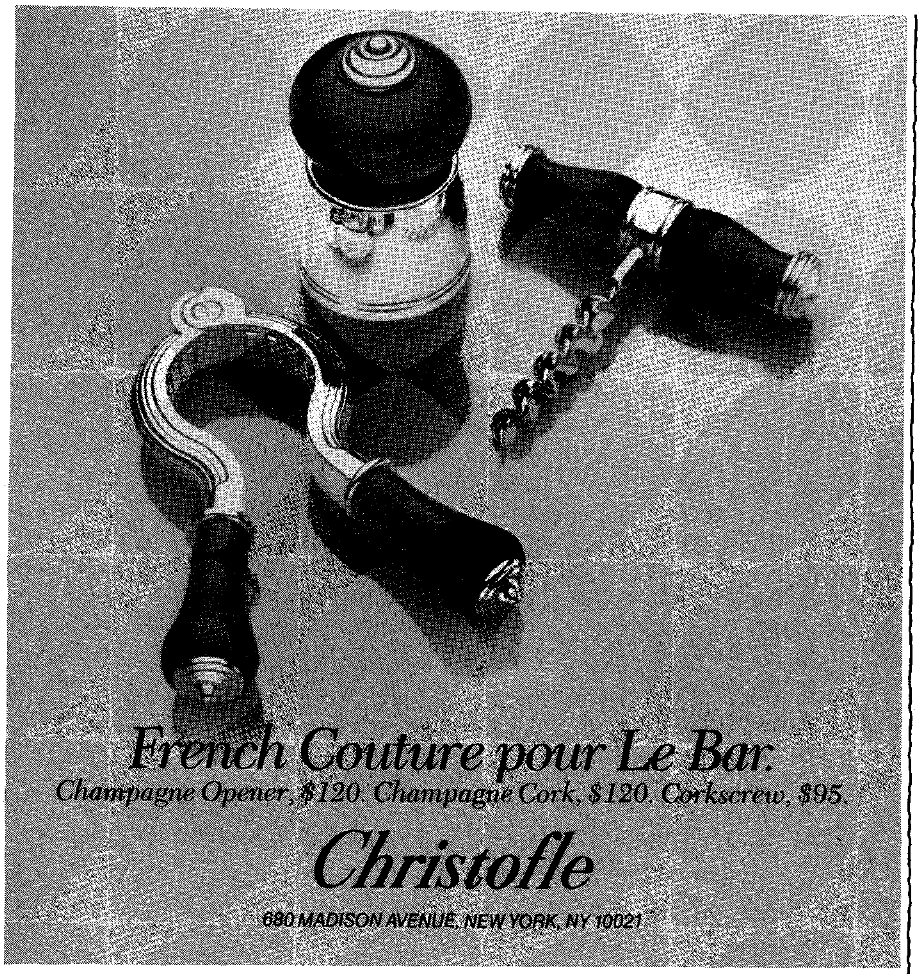

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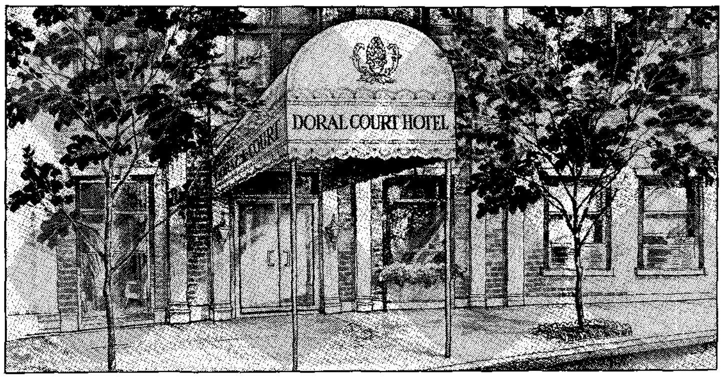

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nine and a half days. Since the solar year is three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days, each lunar year is eleven and a quarter days too short. To make up for this, every three years an additional month is added, its position in the calendar being determined by an astrological forecast. But this is an oversimplification of what the Tibetans actually do. They round off their lunar months to exactly thirty days each, but then go ahead and add the extra month every third year anyway. To make up for the resulting superfluity, certain days—these, too, being decided by the official astrologers—are simply eliminated. However, if some days are thought to be particularly fortunate they may be doubled. At the end of each year, the official astrologer presents the calendar for the following year. Until then, there is no calendar. The year begins in February, except in those years that come after a new month has been added—then it begins in March. Before the eleventh century, a twelve-year calendar cycle was used, each year being named after an animal: mouse, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, horse, sheep, ape, bird, dog, and hog. In the year 1027 A.D. (one hopes that the historians have made the correct conversion), the Tibetans began a sixty-year cycle, as advocated in the Kalacakra-Tantra, a Sanskrit religious text translated into Tibetan that year. To make up the sixty years, the twelve animals are combined with five elements: wood, fire, earth, iron, and water. Thus, the years have colorful names like Fire-Mouse and Iron-Ape, and Tibetan historical documents contain such phrases as "on the thirteenth day of the eighth month of the Water-Tiger year."

The first date in modern Tibetan history (again assuming that the historians have done the conversion correctly) is 617 A.D., the year that Songsten Gampo, who can be regarded as the founder of the modern Tibetan state, was born. Prior to that time, there had been a homogeneous race of people—Tibetans have black hair, brown eyes, and brown skin, and often bear a striking resemblance to the American Indian—living in a collection of fiefdoms, in a highland terrain substantially larger than the present so-called Autonomous Region of Tibet and variously known as Bod (by the Tibetans), Bhot (by the Indians), Tobet, whence Tibet (by the Mongols), and Tufan (by the Chinese). They practiced a shamanistic

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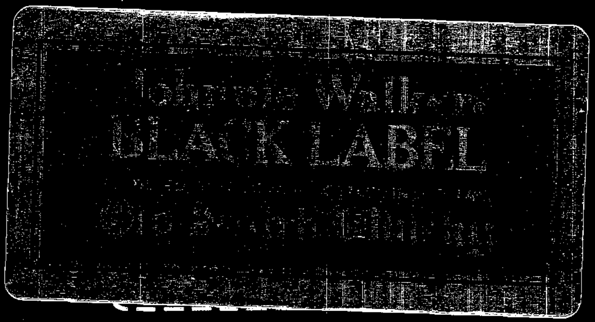
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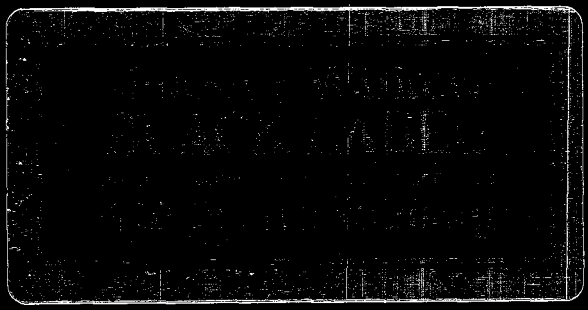
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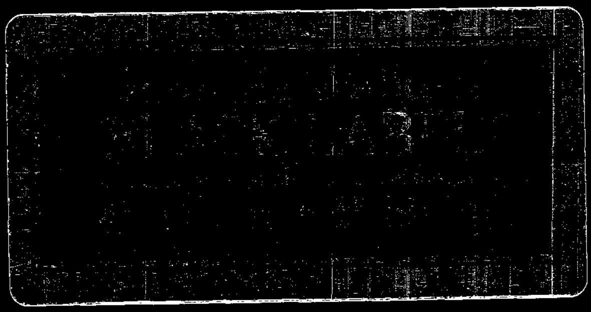
On her running shoes.
To jog her memory.


Johnnie Walker
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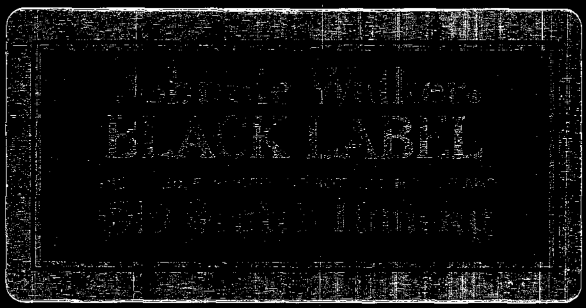
Old Scotch Whisky

On the exercise bike.
That should get you somewhere.


Johnnie Walker
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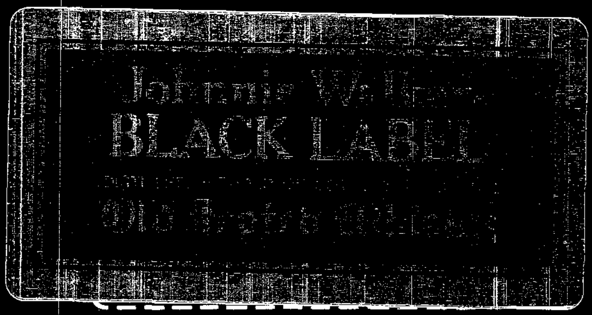
Old Scotch Whisky

On his shaving mirror.
So he can reflect on it.


Johnnie Walker
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On her pillow.
So she can sleep on it.

Peel and sti
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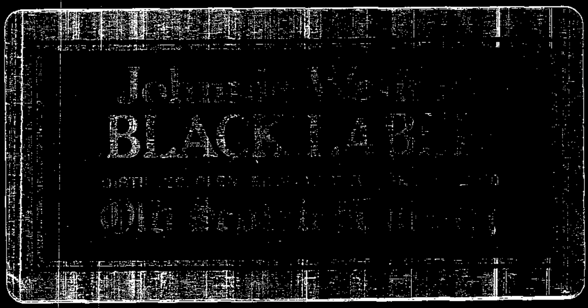
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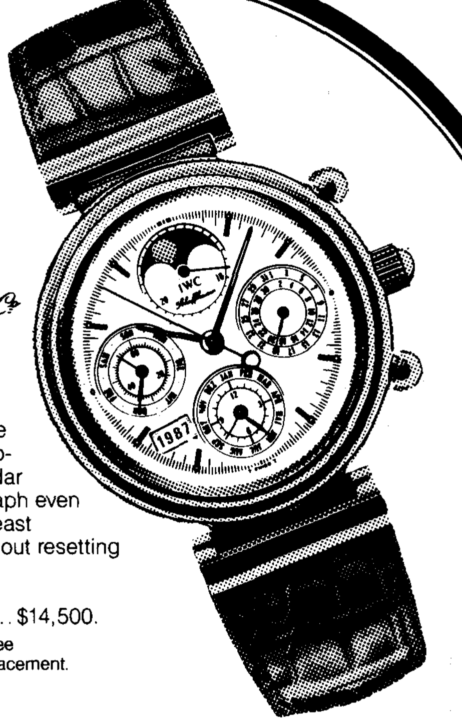
religion called Bon—one of its symbols was a reverse swastika, which is still found as a decoration on some monasteries—and spoke a Tibeto-Burman language, with roots in both Chinese and Thai, which had no written counterpart. Songsten Gampo succeeded in unifying Tibet, and he established Lhasa as its national capital. One of his ministers, Thon-mi Sam-bhota, was sent to India to devise a Tibetan script. He chose a variation of Kashmir Sanskrit, and it remains in use. People who try to learn the Tibetan language report how difficult it is to reconcile the oral and written versions; this surely has to do with the artificial way in which they were grafted onto each other. Like English, the written language is unphonetic. Thon-mi Sam-bhota was also instrumental in importing Buddhism from India and Nepal, and this was eventually grafted onto Bon to produce the special form of Tantric Buddhism practiced in Tibet.

Songsten Gampo had at least three wives; one of these was Nepalese and one Chinese. The foreign wives, who have been canonized in the Tibetan Buddhist tradition as, respectively, the Green and the White Taras, are credited with completing his conversion to Buddhism. They brought statues of the Buddha as part of their dowries, and each wife was given a newly constructed temple built around her statue. The White Tara's temple was built in Lhasa over a small lake, which the Tibetans filled in with logs and earth. This is the Jokhang; it has been restored many times—most recently after being desecrated in the late nineteen-sixties by the Red Guards, in the course of China's Cultural Revolution. The statue in the heart of the Jokhang is said to be the original given to Songsten Gampo by the White Tara; it is the most sacred object of Tibetan Buddhism.

After the death of Songsten Gampo, Tibet reverted to its chaos of local fiefdoms and remained that way for the next four centuries. Then, in the early thirteenth century, the rise of the Mongols began. Even if the Tibetans had been a united people, they would have been no match for the Mongols, and in 1207 they worked out an arrangement with Genghis Khan according to which they would pay a certain amount of tribute in return for being let alone. These payments ceased after Genghis Khan's death, twenty years later, and Godan, a grandson of Genghis, amassed an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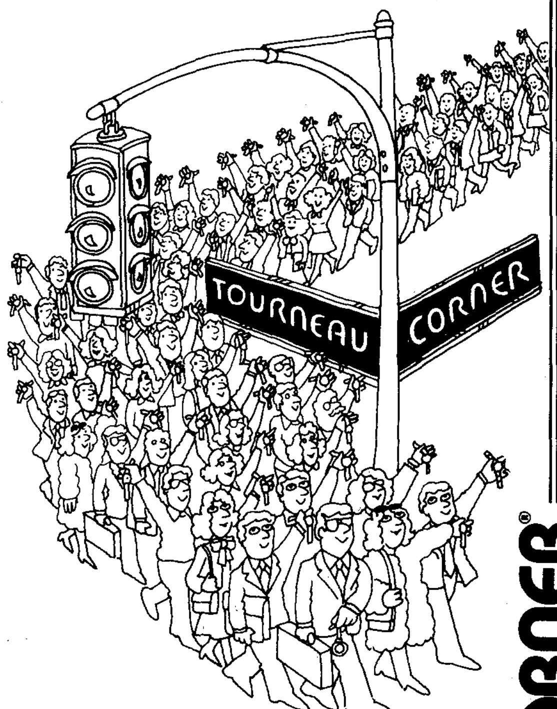

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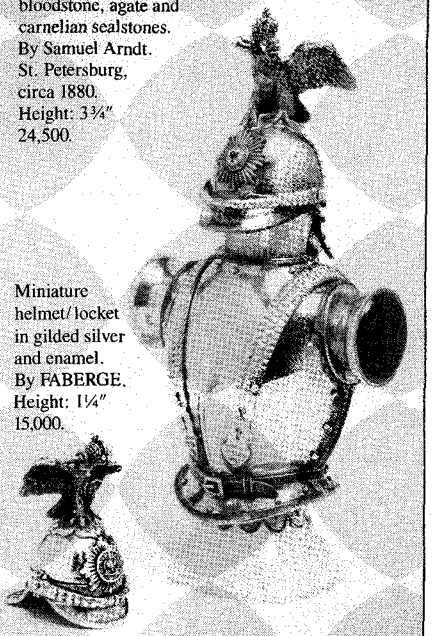
army in 1240 and invaded Tibet, looting several towns and villages. Then, as Tsepon W. D. Shakabpa recounts in his definitive "Tibet: A Political History," Godan did a very strange thing. He decided that he needed instruction in Buddhist doctrine, and, having heard that the most learned cleric in Tibet was the abbot of the Sakya monastery, in the eastern part of the country, he wrote the following remarkable letter:

> I, the most powerful and prosperous Prince Godan, wish to inform the Sakya Pandita . . . that we need a lama to advise my ignorant people on how to conduct themselves morally and spiritually.
>
> I have been pondering this problem for some time, and after much consideration, have decided that you are the only person suitable for the task. As you are the only lama I have chosen, I will not accept any excuse on account of your age or the rigors of the journey.
>
> The Lord Buddha gave his life for all living beings. Would you not, therefore, be denying your faith if you tried to avoid this duty of yours? It would, of course, be easy for me to send a large body of troops to bring you here; but in so doing, harm and unhappiness might be brought to many innocent living beings. In the interest of the Buddhist faith and the welfare of all living creatures, I suggest that you come to us immediately.
>
> As a favor to you, I shall be very kind to those monks who are now living on the west side of the sun.

This was hardly an offer that the Sakya Pandita was in a position to refuse, and he became religious tutor to Godan. As Shakabpa puts it, "Sakya Pandita instructed Godan in the teachings of the Buddha and even persuaded him to refrain from throwing large numbers of Chinese into the nearby river"—a method the Mongols had been using to keep down the population. With the arrival of the Sakya Pandita, there began a relationship between the Mongol rulers and certain lamas of Tibet in which the lamas were provided with protection and patronage in return for religious counselling. This relationship in time became the foundation of the Tibetan theocratic state. Kublai Khan, Godan's cousin, provided civil muscle for the theocratic rule of the Sakya Pandita's nephew, Phagpa, and the matter was formalized in 1578, when Altan Khan created the institution of the Dalai Lama. This came about in the following way: The great monastery of Tashilhunpo, in Shigatse, was founded in 1447 by a monk named Gedun Truppa. In its heyday, it housed three thousand monks. Gedun Truppa was succeeded by Gedun Gyatso, who was born a year after his



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death and was thought to be his reincarnation. When Gedun Gyatso died, he was succeeded by a reincarnation named Sonam Gyatso, who became religious tutor to Altan Khan and converted the Khan to Buddhism. Out of gratitude, the Khan conferred upon him the title of Tale (Dalai)—Mongolian for "ocean"—implying that Sonam Gyatso's knowledge was as deep as the ocean. Since Sonam Gyatso was the third incarnation of Gedun Truppa, he became known as the third Dalai Lama.

At first, the title was more of an honorific than anything else. This changed with the accession of Lozang Gyatso, the fifth Dalai Lama—the Great Fifth, as he is known—in 1622. His Mongol patron was Gushri Khan, and on the fifth day of the fourth month of the Water-Horse year—i.e., 1642—in a ceremony in Shigatse, Gushri Khan conferred the spiritual and temporal power to rule Tibet on the Dalai Lama, who then designated Lhasa as his capital. Three years later, the Great Fifth ordered the beginning of the construction of his palace, the Potala, one of the architectural marvels of the world. (It was apparently scheduled for destruction by the Red Guards but, rumor has it, was saved by the intervention of Premier Zhou Enlai and the regular Chinese Army.) The Potala is really two palaces—the White Palace, which was completed during the Great Fifth's lifetime, and the Red Palace, completed after his death. The whole comprises over a thousand rooms. Its thirteen stories are set on a hill that itself rises a thousand feet above Lhasa, and it is visible from every part of the city. The remains of eight of the Dalai Lamas are entombed there, in golden stupas—rounded tombs. The stupa of the Great Fifth, built of sandalwood and covered with more than eight thousand pounds of gold, rises some six stories.

As a political institution—if that is what it should be called—rule by Dalai Lama is one of the most idiosyncratic that has ever existed. It is not hereditary—at least, in the usual sense of the term. Dalai Lamas belong to the Gelugpa—or Yellow Hat—Buddhist sect, in which lamas are celibate. A Dalai Lama can come from any segment of Tibetan society. The present Dalai Lama, who was born in 1935, came from a peasant family of the Amdo region, in eastern Tibet (now part of the Chinese province of Tsinghai). The selection process is rather myste-

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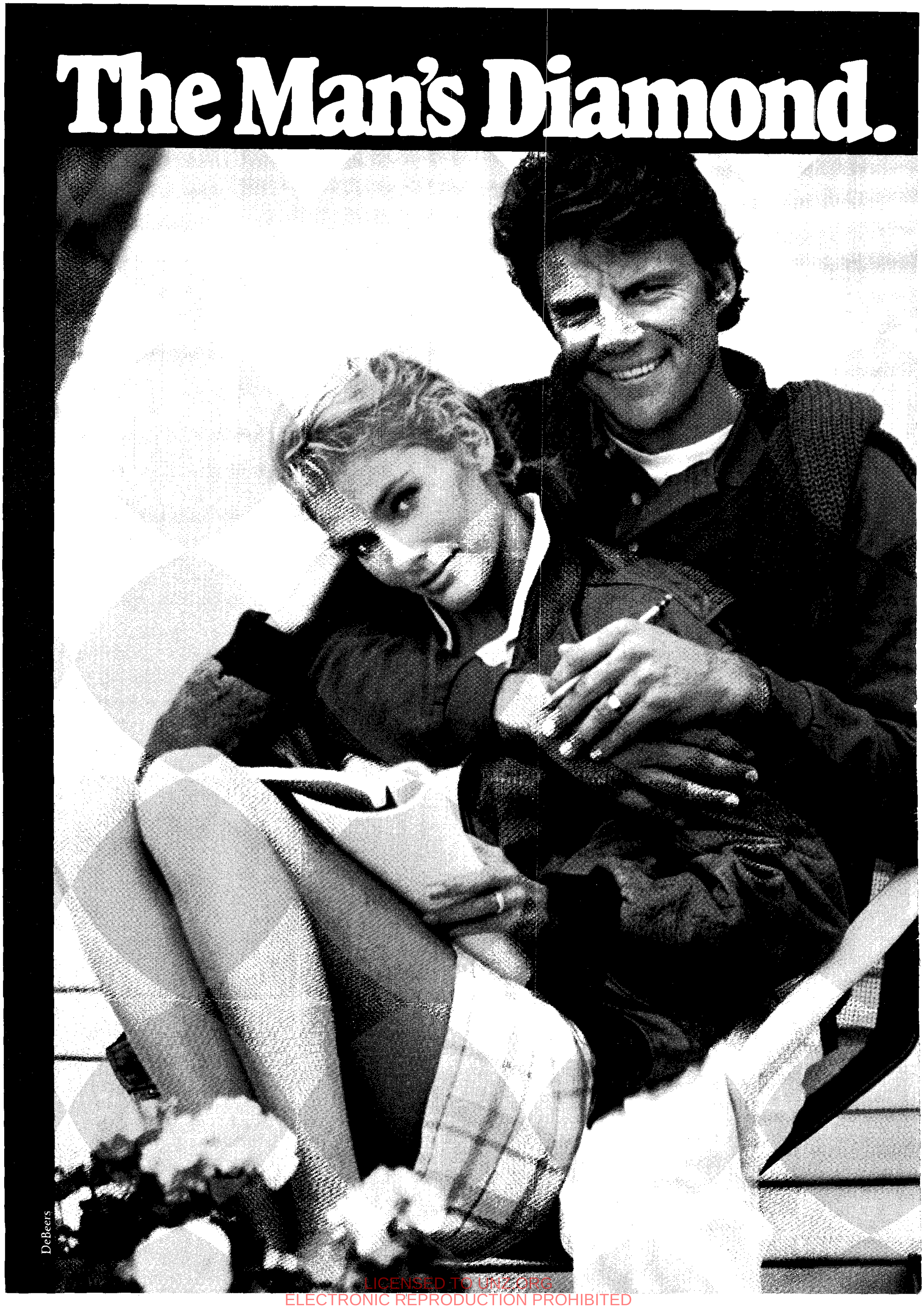
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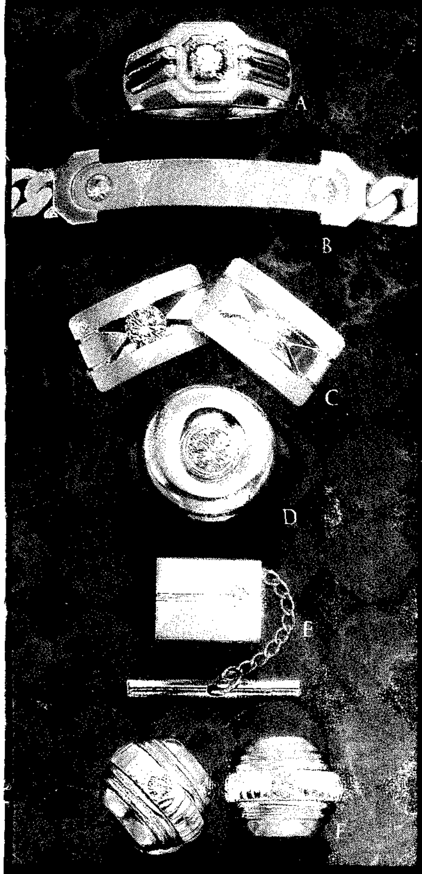

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rious. Heinrich Harrer, an Austrian alpinist who was interned in India by the British just before the Second World War, and escaped by walking into Tibet, became a kind of tutor to the present Dalai Lama. Harrer made inquiries as to how the Dalai Lama had been discovered, and tells the story in his classic "Seven Years in Tibet." The Dalai Lama himself, Harrer reports, did not really remember the event, but he put Harrer in touch with the then commander-in-chief of the Tibetan Army, Dzaza Künsangtse. Künsangtse recalled that before the thirteenth Dalai Lama died, in 1933, he gave "intimations" regarding his rebirth. Harrer writes, "After his death, the body sat in state in the Potala in traditional Buddha-posture, looking towards the south. One morning it was noticed that his head was turned to the east. The State Oracle was straightway consulted, and while in his trance the monk Oracle threw a white scarf in the direction of the rising sun. But for two years nothing more definite was indicated." Since a newly installed Dalai Lama is a child, and is thus unable to govern for some years, the interregnum power is held by a regent, usually the appointment of a previous Dalai Lama. It was the responsibility of the regent to locate the reincarnation of the thirteenth Dalai Lama. On the surface of a lake, he saw a vision of a three-storied monastery roofed in gold, near which stood (in Harrer's words) "a little Chinese peasant house with carved gables." By this time, four years after the death of the thirteenth Dalai Lama, the succession had become a matter of urgent concern to the entire country, since without a Dalai Lama the Tibetans felt (as they feel today) bereft of divine protection. In Amdo, one of the search parties found a house with carved gables near a three-storied monastery with golden roofs. What happened then is described by Harrer:

> Full of excitement, [the members of the search party] dressed themselves in the clothes of their servants. This manoeuvre is customary during these searches, for persons dressed as high officials attract too much attention and find it hard to get in touch with the people. The servants, dressed in the garments of their masters, were taken to the best room, while the disguised monks went into the kitchen, where it was likely they would find the children of the house. As soon as they entered the house, they felt sure they would find the Holy Child in it, and they waited tensely to see what would happen. And, sure enough, a two-year-old boy came running to meet them and seized the skirts of the Lama, who wore round his neck the rosary of the thirteenth Dalai Lama. Unabashed, the child cried, "Sera Lama, Sera Lama!" It was already a matter for wonder that the infant recognized a lama in the garb of a servant and that he said that he came from the Monastery of Sera—which was the case. Then the boy grasped the rosary and tugged at it till the Lama gave it to him; thereupon he hung it round his own neck. The noble searchers found it hard not to throw themselves on the ground before the child, as they had no longer any doubt. They had found the Incarnation.

DURING the greater part of Tibet's history, its isolation from the West does not seem to have been an explicit policy. It had to do more with the fact that, apart from various religious missionaries—the first to Lhasa being the Jesuit John Grueber, who arrived in 1661—few people particularly wanted to go there. Even Marco Polo never visited Tibet. But by the eighteenth century, with the British East India Company firmly implanted in India, it was inevitable that some contact would be made between the Tibetans and the British. The British were interested in opening up a trade route to China, and in the spring of 1774 they sent an expedition to Shigatse, under the command of a Scottish diplomat named George Bogle. The commission that Bogle received asked him, among other things, "to keep a diary, inserting whatever passes before your observation which shall be characteristic of the people, the country, the climate, or the road, their manners, customs, buildings, cookery, etc., or interesting to the trade of this country, carrying with you a pencil and a pocket-book for the purpose of minuting short notes of every fact or remark as it occurs, and putting them in order at your leisure, while they are fresh in your memory."

Bogle, it appears, took the injunction to heart, and the eventual result was a book, "Narratives of the Mission of George Bogle to Tibet," edited by Clements R. Markham and published nearly a hundred years later, in 1879. As a few excerpts will show, it is a delight. Of polyandry, then widely practiced, Bogle notes:

> The elder brother marries a woman, and she becomes the wife of the whole family. They club together in matrimony as merchants do in trade. Nor is this joint concern often productive of jealousy among the partners. They are little addicted to jealousy. Disputes, indeed, sometimes arise about the children of the marriage; but they are settled either by a comparison of the features of the child

with those of its several fathers, or left to the determination of the mother.

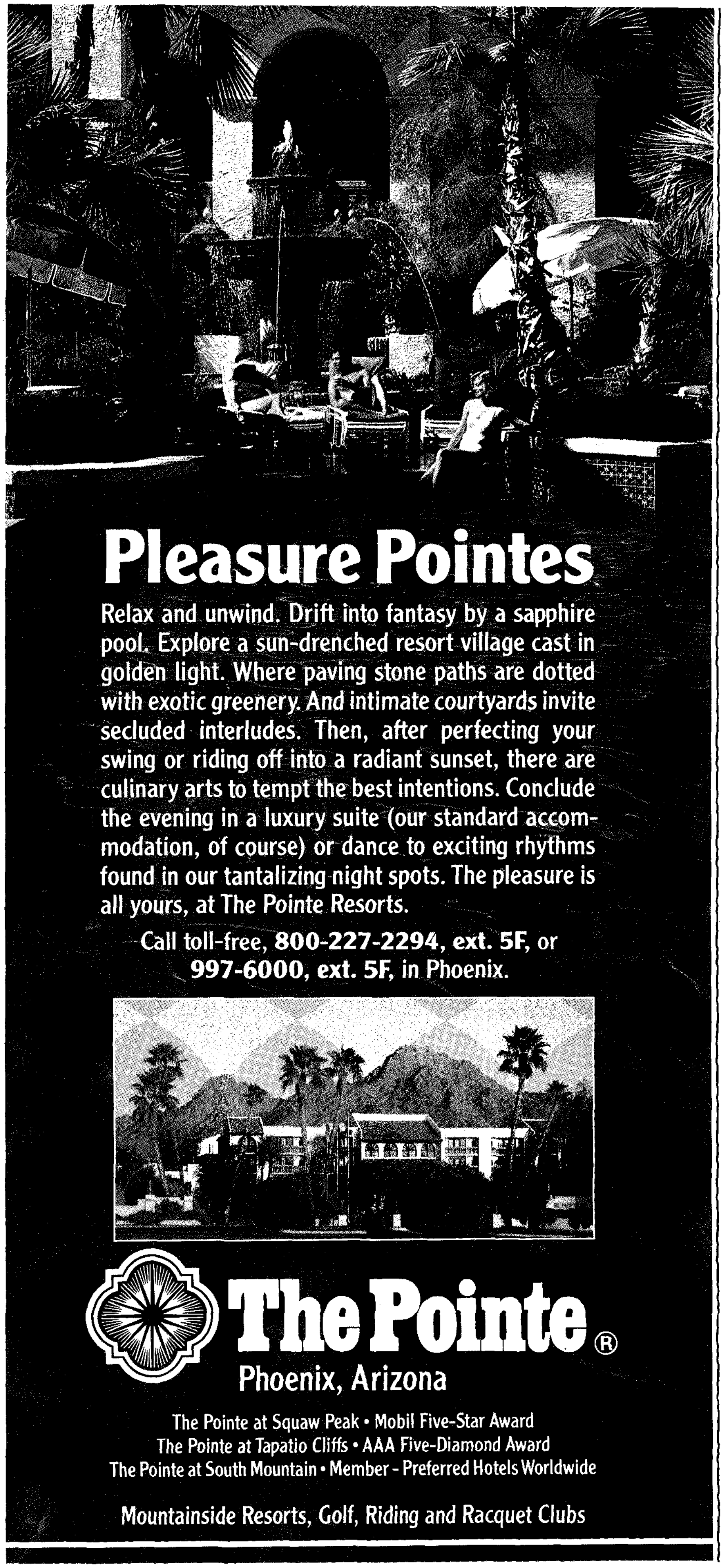
He marvels, as has every traveller to Tibet, at the forbearance of the Tibetan people:

> They have none of the markets, fairs, churches, and weddings of England; they have none of the skipping and dancing of France; they have none of the devotion of the lower people in other Roman Catholic countries; they have none of the bathings, bracelets, etc., of the Bengali; and yet I know not how it comes to pass, but they seem to bear it all without murmuring.

It is clear from this last entry that despite Bogle's keen sense of observation the role of religion in Tibet was beyond him; indeed, he writes, "The religion of the Lamas is somehow connected with that of the Hindus, though I will not pretend to say how." Nevertheless, he got on famously with the Panchen Lama and his family, and in fact ended up marrying one of the Panchen's sisters. Although Bogle's conversations were in Hindi, the Panchen Lama liked the sound of spoken English, of which Bogle gave him a sample by reciting some verses of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

It is in the "Narratives" that we find the first intimation of the Great Game as it was to be played in Tibet. The Great Game, an expression that seems to have first appeared in print in John William Kaye's "History of the War in Afghanistan" (1843), refers to the sometimes clandestine and sometimes overt power struggle among the Russians, the British, and —at least in Tibet—the Chinese to wield the dominant influence in Central Asia. The early eighteenth century had been a period of civil unrest in Tibet, and in 1720 the Manchu emperor K'ang-hsi had sent a strong force to Lhasa to restore order. He also sent two men, known as ambans, to represent him. From that time until the full Chinese takeover in 1959, the issue of Tibetan independence from China was an ambiguous one, and a constant source of irritation between the two countries. Bogle encountered the Chinese presence when he tried to get permission to visit Lhasa. The Panchen Lama was willing, but he did not have the authority to issue the requisite visa. The Dalai Lama had not reached his majority, and a regent was head of the country; but it was Bogle's impression that the regent could do nothing without the permission of the ambans. He writes:

> Two Chinese viceroys, with a guard of a thousand soldiers, are stationed at Lhasa,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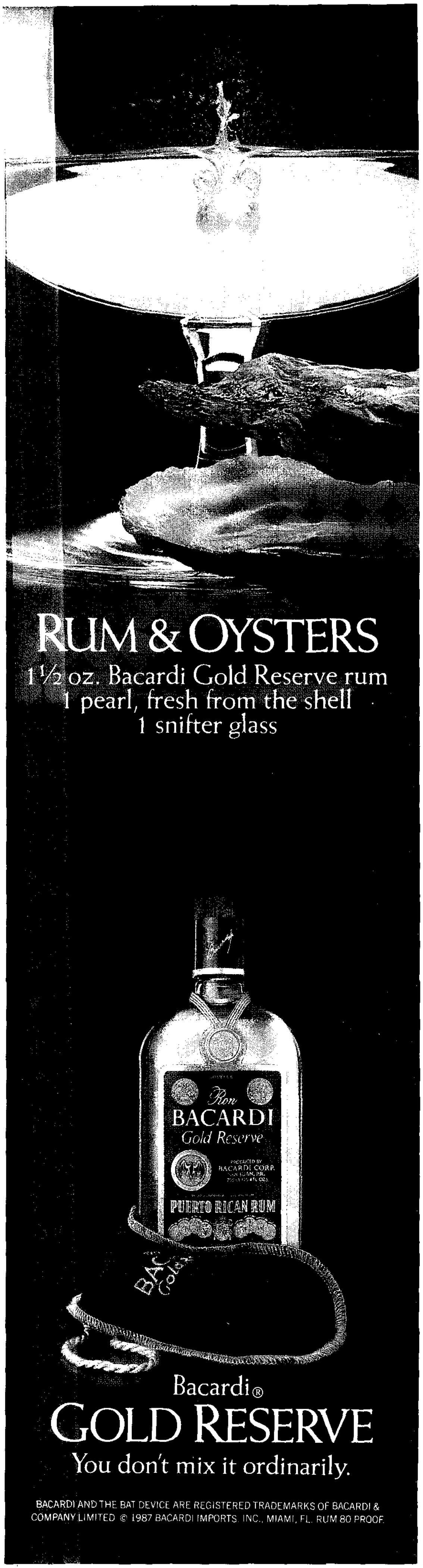
and are changed every three years. The Emperor of China is acknowledged as the sovereign of the country; the appointment to the first offices in the state is made by his order, and, in all measures of consequence, reference is first had to the Court of Peking; but the internal government of the country is committed entirely to natives; the Chinese in general are confined to the capital, no tribute is exacted, and the people of Tibet, except of Lhasa, hardly feel the weight of a foreign yoke.

Compounding the Great Game was Tibet's stormy relationship with Nepal, its southern neighbor. The Gurkha kings, after unifying Nepal in the mid-eighteenth century, turned their attention northward, and invaded Tibet in 1788. They were met by a mixed Tibetan and Chinese army, which defeated them in 1792. The Manchu emperor concluded that the British might have had a hand in the Gurkha invasion, and he decided to seal off Tibet from foreign influence. In return, the Manchus promised to defend the country when and if it was invaded again. This arrangement worked as long as the Manchus were able to fulfill their side of the bargain, but Manchu power declined, and in 1855 Nepal again invaded Tibet in force. This time, the Chinese did not come to the aid of the Tibetans, who were forced to conclude, in 1856, a humiliating treaty with the invaders which stated that the Nepalese would take over the defense role that the Manchus had played, though the ambans remained. Treaty or no, the Nepalese did not lift a finger when, in 1903, Tibet was invaded by the British; indeed, the invading force consisted largely of Gurkhas.

It was in the half century between these two events that Tibet acquired its reputation as a land of mystery. The only systematic exploration of the country was done clandestinely, by a succession of cartographers in the employ of the Survey of India. These people were, in effect, spies, and they became known collectively as the pundits; the first of them, Nain Singh, entered Tibet in 1866. They used a variety of subterfuges in their attempts to map the country. Nain Singh, for example, had a rosary that looked like the traditional Tibetan rosary, with its hundred and eight beads, except that Singh's rosary had been rounded off to an even hundred beads—a more convenient figure for counting off distances. Others used such devices as compasses hidden in prayer wheels, and some of the pundits got as far as Lhasa, their glimpses of the Tibetan capital serving to add to its mysterious allure.

The key player in the British inning of the Great Game was Lord Curzon, who in 1899 became the Viceroy of India. Curzon was obsessed with the idea that the Russians might move into Tibet, thus threatening India's northeastern border. He began to look for a pretext to invade Tibet, and found two: the presence in Lhasa of a mysterious Russian monk of Mongolian origin named Aharamba-Agyan Dorjieff, whom Curzon—erroneously, as it turned out—thought was engaged in selling Russian arms to the Tibetans; and the matter of the yaks. These yaks had wandered across the border from Nepal—which was a British client state—in November of 1903 and had been expropriated by a party of Tibetan rustlers equipped with rattles. When no satisfactory reply—no reply at all—was forthcoming from the thirteenth Dalai Lama concerning this matter, Curzon, with the permission of his government, launched an armed invasion of the country. The expedition—eleven hundred Indian and Nepalese Gurkha soldiers, accompanied by ten thousand coolies and led by a career officer named Francis Edward Younghusband—was armed with state-of-the-art machine guns, which were used, on the first meeting with what passed for the Tibetan Army, to devastating effect. Half that force of fifteen hundred men was mowed down like so many game birds. In early August of 1904, the expedition reached Lhasa, where Younghusband, assisted by a Chinese amban, proceeded to negotiate a treaty with the Tibetans which called for a permanent British trade representative in Gyangtse, Tibet's third largest city. One of the provisions of the treaty stipulated that Tibet would have no dealings of any kind with any foreign power without British consent. This was, of course, aimed at keeping Russian influence out of Tibet, but the Chinese later used this provision, along with the fact that an amban had acted as middleman, to argue that Tibet was not an independent nation. The British and the Tibetans had agreed that the Chinese would have "suzerainty" over Tibet, but this term was never precisely defined, and all sides interpreted it as they saw fit. To the British and the Tibetans, it was a kind of administrative fiction, while the Chinese used it as an excuse to invade Tibet in 1910. The Dalai Lama then fled to India—along the same route that his



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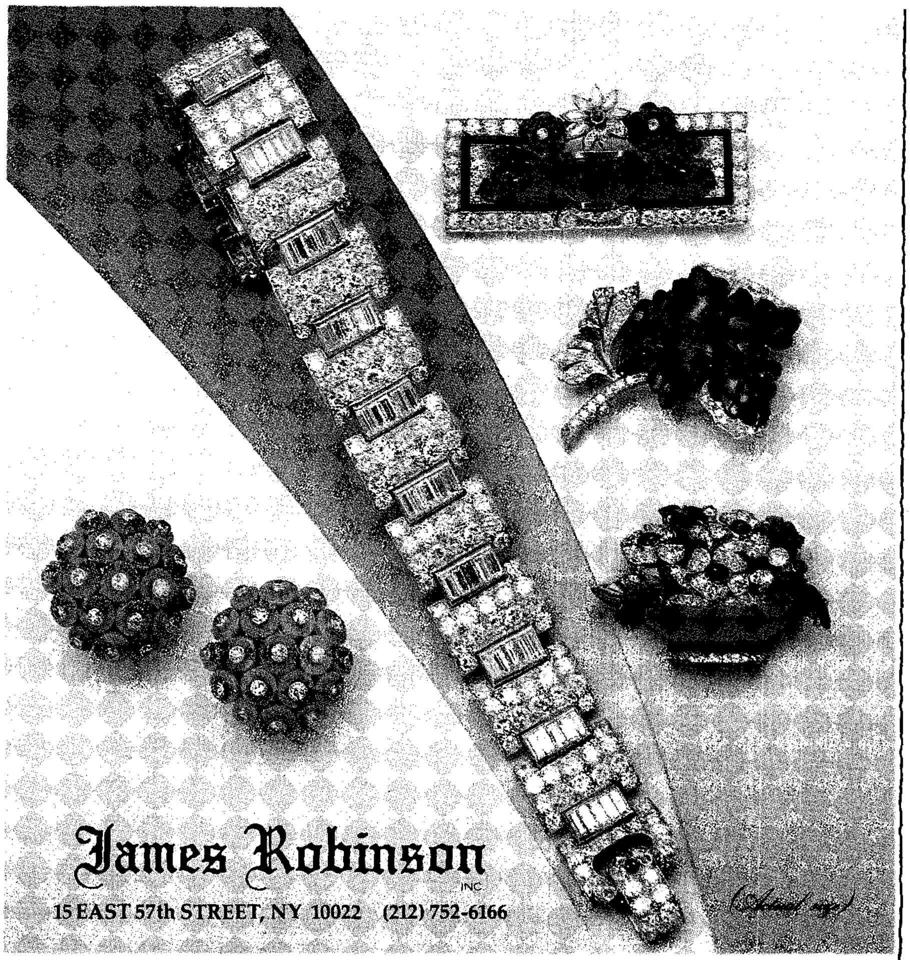
successor was to take in 1959—and was graciously received by the British.

In 1911, Sun Yat-sen's revolution in China overthrew the Manchus, and the Chinese occupation collapsed, whereupon the Dalai Lama returned to Lhasa. He initiated wide-ranging reforms in the feudal land system—a system that many Tibetans had long regarded as unfair—and in his own way attempted to bring Tibet gently into the modern world. (For example, he introduced both postage stamps and paper money into the country.) In 1914, at a conference at Simla, India, to which the British had invited representatives of China and Tibet, the British plenipotentiary Sir Henry McMahon tried without success to persuade the Chinese to accept a measure of independence for Tibet. He then drew up a boundary line separating Tibet from the northeast corner of India—a border known as the McMahon line. This border was accepted by both the British and the Tibetans, and continued to be recognized by India, after that country's own independence; it is still disputed by China. India and China have periodically massed troops along the McMahon Line, threatening a border conflict.

IF there was one thing the Chinese Nationalists and the Chinese Communists ever agreed on, it was the annexation of Tibet. During the Second World War, the Tibetans maintained a posture of neutrality, which was compromised when Chiang Kai-shek attempted to build roads across Tibetan territory despite Tibetan objections. There were troop movements on both sides, and then the Chinese, who were heavily engaged in fighting the Japanese, backed off, avoiding an actual confrontation. In 1947, Chiang Kai-shek put forth the theory that the Hans, Mongols, Manchus, Tibetans, and Tungans were all parts of a single Chinese race. It is important to understand, in considering Tibetan resistance, that the country was never a perfect union under the Dalai Lama. Several of the monasteries had their own armies; indeed, these constituted the major military force in the country. The central government had its own army but had never been able to build it up, because the monasteries did not want to see their own military importance diminished. In addition, tribal residents of the province of Kham, in eastern Tibet, had an army



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—if one wants to call it that. Khampa men are easily recognized in Lhasa. Their high boots and their long hair, done up with a swirling flash of red yarn, make them seem taller than they actually are, and they walk with the confident swagger of cowboys in the Old West. They are a relatively wild lot, and during much of Tibetan history they made their living as bandits, preying on caravans of traders. Although devoted to the Dalai Lama, they were never very enthusiastic about the government in Lhasa.

Tibetan society was also divided between serfs and nobles, and, in theory, the state owned all the land. Large parcels were given to monasteries or favored individuals, and were worked by the peasantry in return for grants of small plots of land. It has also to be stated that in enforcing its mandate the theocratic state could be brutal. Until the thirteenth Dalai Lama put a stop to it, serious crimes were punished by dismemberment, and a traitor to the state could lose his eyes. One of the places in the Potala that visitors are not shown is the Cave of Scorpions, in which enemies of the state were shut up and from which few people emerged. Even after the thirteenth Dalai Lama's mandate against mutilation as punishment, flogging—which could be fatal—was still practiced. This medieval type of feudalism led some observers of Tibetan society to feel that the Tibetans would be better off altogether under the Chinese. For example, in "My Journey to Lhasa" Alexandra David-Neel wrote, "Tibetans have lost much in parting with China. Their sham independence profits only a clique of court officials. Most of those who rebelled against the far-off and relaxed Chinese rule regret it nowadays, when taxes, statute labour, and the arrogant plundering of the national soldiery greatly exceed the extortions of their former masters." By the time of her death, of course, whatever pretense there had been of "far-off and relaxed Chinese rule" had turned into a nightmare.

On October 7, 1950, the Chinese Communist Army, supported by Khampa irregulars, invaded eastern Tibet while a second force of Chinese launched an invasion from the west. The government of India made an appeal to the Chinese to respect Tibet's independence. It was told in no uncertain terms that the invasion was purely an internal Chinese matter. On November 7th, the Tibetan government appealed to the United Nations to curb Chinese aggression. All the major powers, including Britain and the United States, supported an adjournment of the question, and it was not debated until nine years later, by which time there was nothing to debate. When the appeal to the United Nations failed, the fourteenth Dalai Lama, who was then sixteen and had been invested with the full powers of his office, was moved from Lhasa to a monastery just north of the Indian border. The idea was that as long as the Dalai Lama remained out of Chinese custody there was some chance that he could exercise at least a moral influence over the affairs of the country. (Despite his personal feelings for his homeland, the Dalai Lama has on these grounds so far refused to return to Tibet.) On May 23, 1951, a Tibetan delegation in Peking signed, under duress, a treaty with the Chinese which if its provisions had actually been adhered to would have meant the continuation of something like traditional Tibetan life. It included a promise that the Chinese would not "alter the established status, functions, and powers of the Dalai Lama," and

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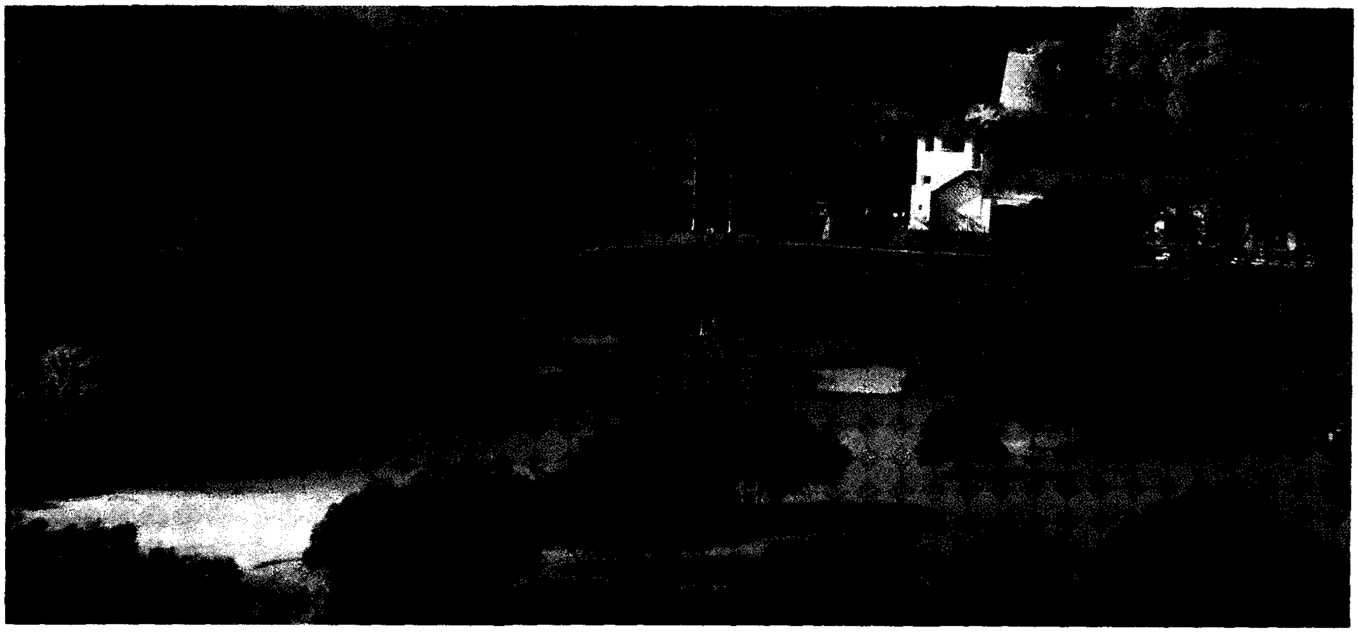

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that the monasteries and the "religious beliefs, customs, and habits" of the Tibetans, so important to them, would be unchanged.

It is not clear whether the Chinese ever intended to abide by this agreement. In the beginning, the Tibetans thought they would, and the young Dalai Lama returned to Lhasa on August 17, 1951. Like his predecessor, he made an attempt at land reform; curiously, it was opposed by the Chinese. Perhaps this was part of their plan to reduce his authority. Despite the agreement, their attacks on him began almost at once. Although at first the Chinese took no direct action against the monasteries—that would come later—they made little secret of their contempt for the religious side of Tibetan life, which Mao Zedong referred to as "poison." More telling was the havoc the Chinese wreaked on the fragile Tibetan economy. As anyone who has ever visited the country can testify, the opportunities for agriculture are very limited. There are over thirty-two million acres of grazing land but only about half a million acres of arable land. Most of Tibet is a desert, with a population density of something like one person per square kilometre. Though the Tibetan diet, consisting largely of *tsampa* (often taken in a thick tea), and occasional yak meat, had always been spartan, there had been no outright starvation in the country. The population and the food resources were in a delicate equilibrium. This was destroyed when the Chinese began moving in thousands of troops and settlers from heartland China and taking food resources from the Tibetans to feed them. Widespread starvation followed. In addition, the Chinese began building strategic roads for the rapid movement of troops, and Tibetans were pressed into road-construction gangs, where many of them lost their lives. Part of the country's gold and silver reserves were "borrowed" by China and shipped out of Tibet. By 1954, much of the road building was completed, and the occupation began in earnest, with an Indian-Chinese pact declaring that Tibet was an integral part of China; thus any remaining constraints on Chinese behavior in Tibet were removed.

By the spring of 1956—in response to ever-tightening Communist control, including the execution of several lamas—armed resistance had begun in eastern Tibet. The very Khampas who had fought alongside the Chinese now undertook a campaign of sabotage

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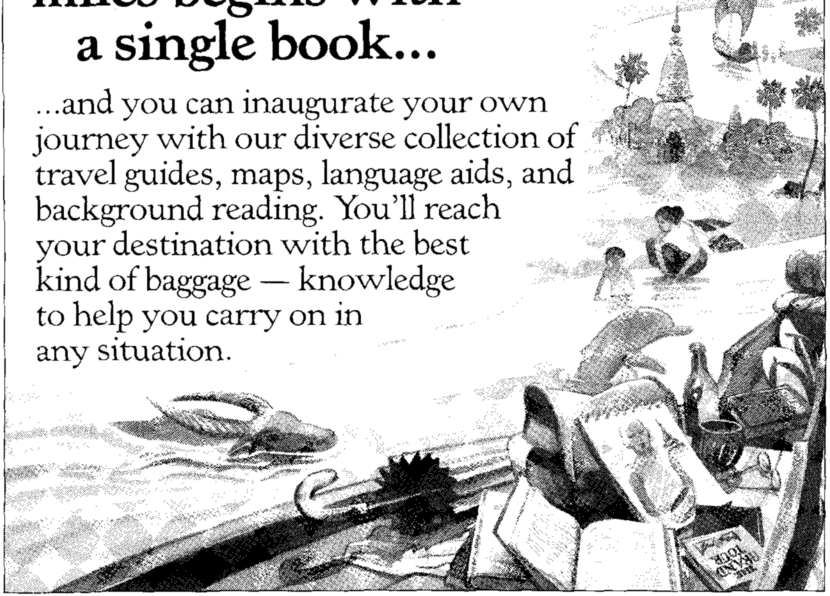

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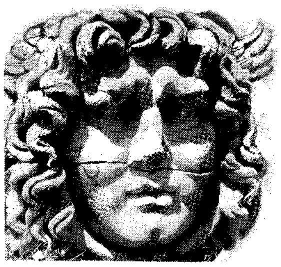

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and guerrilla warfare. As Hugh Richardson points out in "Tibet and Its History," this led to terrible reprisals. He quotes from a report published in 1960 by the International Commission of Jurists:

> Eye-witnesses have described how monks and laymen were tortured and many killed, often in barbarous ways; women raped and others publicly humiliated; venerated Lamas subjected to brutal and disgusting degradations; other monks and Lamas compelled to break their religious vows; men and boys deported or put to forced labour in harsh conditions; boys and girls taken from their homes ostensibly for education in China; children incited to abuse and beat their parents; private property seized; monasteries damaged by gunfire; and sacred images, books and relics carried off or publicly destroyed.

The Dalai Lama, in his book "My Land and My People," reports that rebellious Tibetans were "beaten to death, crucified, burned alive, drowned, vivisected, starved, strangled, hanged, scalded, buried alive, disemboweled and beheaded." All this incited the Khampas to even fiercer guerrilla activities. Some historians estimate that a million Tibetans lost their lives in the ravages of the early years of the occupation. Many, of course, fled when the Chinese took over, and the present population of Tibet is reportedly a little less than two million—of which perhaps half are Han Chinese.

Four kilometres west of Potala there is a park. In this park, in 1755, the seventh Dalai Lama began construction of a summer palace, the Norbu Lingka ("precious jewel island"). Each spring, he and subsequent Dalai Lamas rode in an elaborate procession, accompanied by an entourage of lesser lamas and nobles, from the Potala to the Norbu Lingka. It was a great occasion, for which a police guard of specially chosen, very tall monks wielded long, thin saplings to clear a path through the crowd. In early March of 1959, the fourteenth Dalai Lama made the accustomed journey to the Norbu Lingka. After his arrival there, he received an invitation from the Chinese commander in Lhasa to come to the Chinese barracks without his usual escort, to witness some sort of cultural performance. Whatever the motive of the Chinese commander, once the people of Lhasa heard about this invitation they concluded that the Chinese intended to seize the Dalai Lama. During the next few days, some thirty thousand people assembled in front of the Norbu Lingka to prevent the Chinese from entering. On the seventeenth of March, the Chinese

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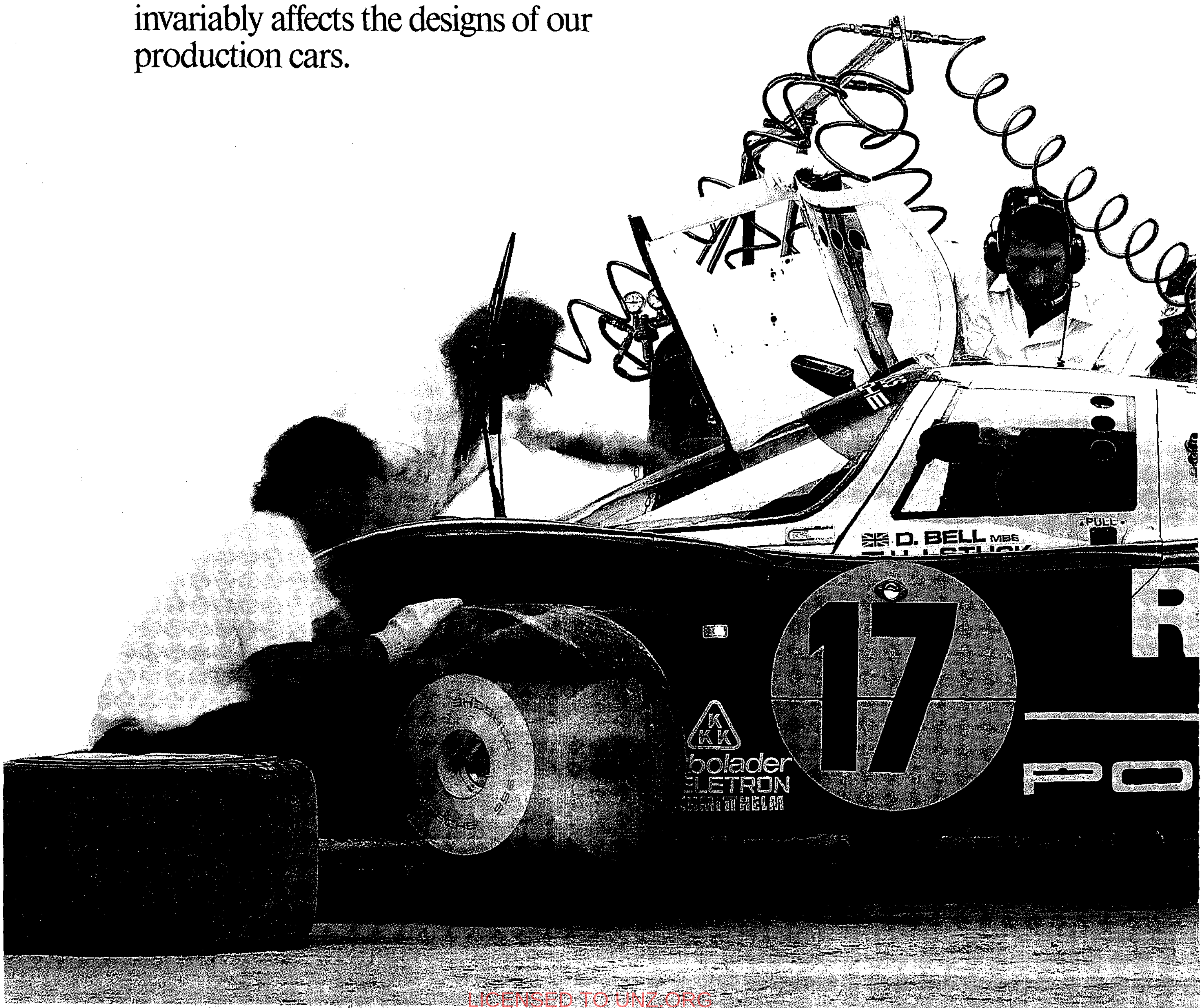

ur most important ce in under a minute.

advancements in fuel injection. Engine management. Aerodynamics. Brake-systems. Turbocharging.

It is a list that proves the validity of what Professor Ferry Porsche has been saying for over forty years: at Porsche, we don't race just to win, we race to learn.

Winning merely proves that what we learn, we use effectively.

So what may appear to some as a preoccupation with achieving victory after victory, is really nothing more than our pursuit of a long-term goal. The goal of building the perfect sports car.

It's a goal we set for ourselves from the very first day. And an objective our customers have come to respect.

Which is why, in pursuit of that goal, we have never hesitated to cover the same ground over and over.

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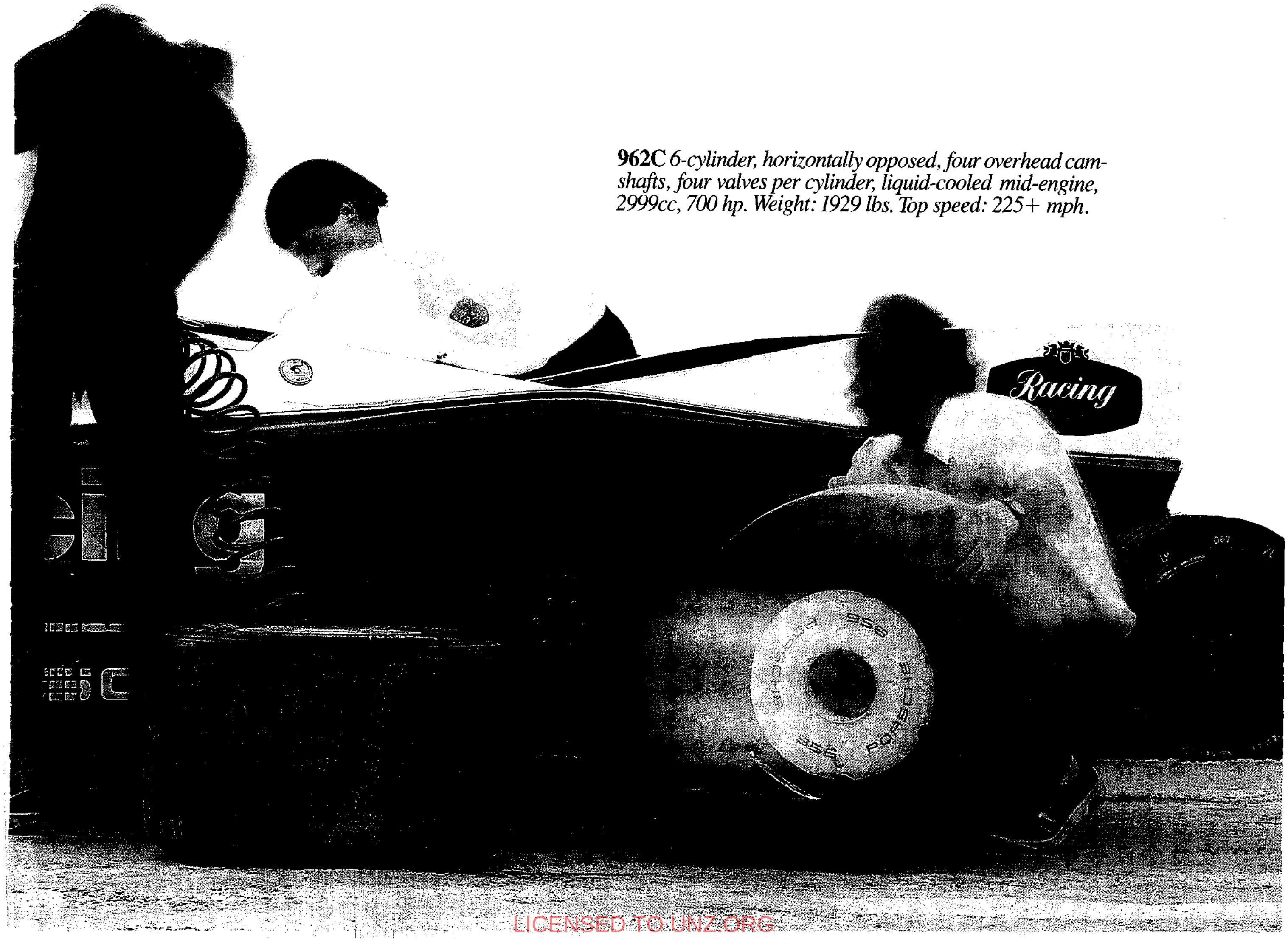

962C *6-cylinder, horizontally opposed, four overhead camshafts, four valves per cylinder, liquid-cooled mid-engine, 2999cc, 700 hp. Weight: 1929 lbs. Top speed: 225+ mph.*

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It was in pursuit of this goal that we built the 911 Carrera® RSR Turbo. A car that, in its first season, captured seven national and three international championships. A car which, even now, wins its class with astonishing regularity.

We were very pleased with the RSR Turbo. But we were also convinced that the 911 design could be taken still further.

Which led us to the 935, a dedicated racing version of the 911. A car that won

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911 Carrera RSR Turbo *6-cylinder, horizontally opposed, two overhead camshafts, air-cooled rear engine with turbocharger, 2142cc, 500 hp. Weight: 1653 lbs. Top speed: 185+ mph.*

an enduring car
ng its endurance.

first overall at what many consider to be the ultimate endurance race, the Twenty-Four Hours of Le Mans.

Having achieved this, we began looking for more ways to extend the capabilities of the car. Which is how we came to the most recent development of the 911, the 959.

As a four-wheel-drive, cross-country rally-racer, the 959 won the rugged Rallye Paris-Dakar, driving from sun-up to sundown in terrain that would brutalize even the sturdiest off-road vehicle.

Our racing reputation grew, to a great extent, out of our commitment to finding the limit of what the 911 could endure. A limit we still have not reached.

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911 Carrera *6-cylinder, horizontally opposed, two overhead camshafts, air-cooled rear engine, 3164cc, 214 hp. Weight: 2756 lbs. Top speed: 149 mph.*

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The car on the left is the 944 GTP.

In 1981, we entered it in the Twenty-Four Hours of Le Mans where it competed against cars with engines more than twice the size of its own in-line four.

Cars which no amount of modification could turn into legal production automobiles.

Skeptics doubted it would finish, let alone place in the top ten. It was, after all, a David among scores of Goliaths.

Nevertheless, it came in an astonishing seventh overall. And spent less time in the pits than any other car in the race.

It was this car's superb racing performance that led, in 1982, to the introduction of the production 944. A car which our engineers, heedless of the praise given their initial design, have continued to scrutinize, to amend, to push, to mold into the car on the right.

944 GTP *4-cylinder, in-line, two overhead camshafts, four valves per cylinder, liquid-cooled front engine with turbocharger, 2479cc, 410 hp. Weight: 2094 lbs. Top speed: 185 + mph.*

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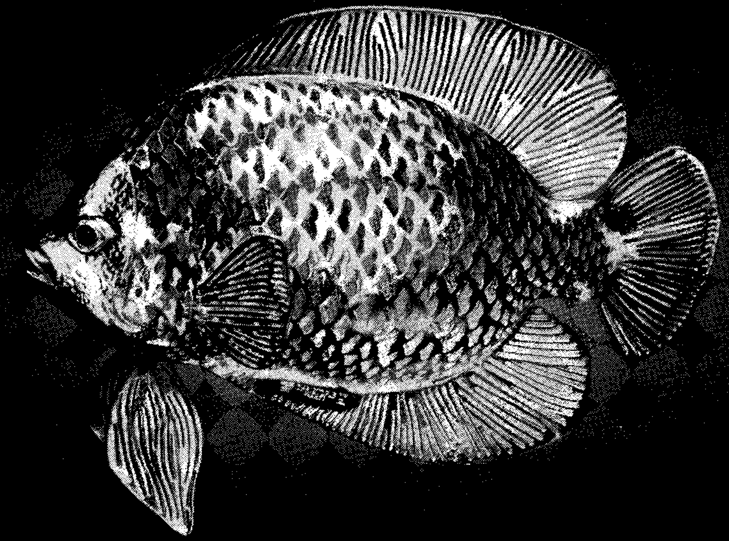
man, and my work was always with real things," Harry, who is now eighty-five, explained not long ago. "I wanted to see what was *really* happening at the track. Within a short time, I could see that all the 'experts' were losing money. I looked at the information in the *Racing Form*, and it just wasn't good enough. Besides which, I had a very bad memory, and it was too much work. I had to have something very specific—something to let me know what was going on with an individual horse."

Like everyone else, Harry wanted to know which horses were fastest. Unlike most people, however, he didn't care who had won in the past. The winner, he reasoned, might have been lucky enough to skim the rail, or might have raced with less weight that day, or faced some unusually slow competition. But what would that winner do *today*, when the variables had changed? At first, Harry consulted the *Racing Form's* speed ratings, which show by how many fifths of a second a horse has trailed the track record, represented by the figure 100. The rating of a horse that runs two seconds off the record is 90; if the horse's speed is three seconds off, the rating falls to an 85. Harry quickly decided that for his purposes these figures were useless. Some tracks' records are better than others: the mark for the mile at Belmont is far more imposing than the record for some odd distance (say, a mile and seventy yards) at a minor course like Keystone, in Pennsylvania. A horse that rated a 75 and finished fourth at Belmont might actually be faster than one that rated a 92 and won in Pennsylvania. The *Form* offered no way of comparing times for different distances or different tracks, to say nothing of gauging daily fluctuations in the weather or the track condition.

So Harry hired a statistician from Columbia to analyze the finish times of hundreds of races at the major Eastern tracks. He concentrated on claiming horses—the lowly beasts that fill more than half of the average track's racing card. The claiming race evolved early in this century as a mechanism for boosting bettor interest and allowing owners to share the wealth. Without some controls, after all, the five or ten fastest horses on a track could run away with all the purses. But a claiming race works as an invisible hand. By fixing a set price at which any horse may be purchased, it forces owners and trainers to classify their



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During his lifetime Grant was a member of many prestigious clubs and societies such as the National Academy of Design, the Society of Illustrators and the Salmagundi Club to name a few. Today works by Gordon Grant may be seen in the collections at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the New York Historical Society.

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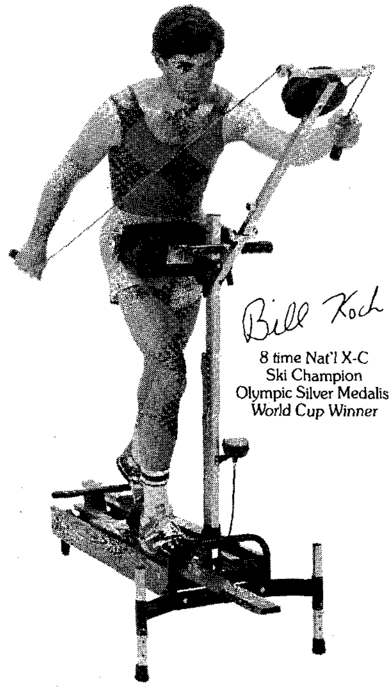

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own stock. In New York, the claiming levels range from twelve thousand dollars to a hundred thousand (with rare exceptions), and the horses run a little faster at each step up the ladder. Run a horse too high (to avoid losing it to a claim) and you'll never take a purse. Run a horse too low (to increase your chances of winning) and it will be claimed at less than its true value.

Harry used this self-regulating device for his own purposes. He assumed that the trainers' self-interest would insure that a group of twenty-thousand-dollar claimers, say, would run at the same level from week to week or from meet to meet. Any notable variation in their finish times as a group would say next to nothing about the horses and almost everything about the conditions under which they ran. By relying on the group's average time, rather than on a track record, Harry could calculate an accurate speed norm for any distance at any track. When he was through, he had the best speed chart of his era—a legitimate tool for measuring a six-furlong time at Pimlico against the time for a mile at Belmont or a mile and a quarter at Saratoga.

Harry Ragozin wasn't the first speed handicapper. In the nineteen-thirties, the fabled Speed Boys of New York ruled the homestretch—buccaneer bettors like Al (the Brain) Windeman, an ex-cabdriver, who would put thirty thousand dollars on a long shot's nose and make the clubhouse bookies tremble each time he approached. But no one had ever had Harry's claimer-based comparisons, and they produced a profit from the start. He'd send Sarra, whom he had met while she was a math major at the University of Wisconsin, to bet on any horses whose odds were favorable on his charts, and she'd come home with a bundle.

Ragozin became interested in racing while still at Harvard, and he set to work to improve his father's figures during a stint with the Army in the Korean War. In 1952, he joined *Newsweek* as a mail boy. The following year, he made his office reputation when he touted Dark Star, a 25–1 shot, to upset the unbeaten Native Dancer in the Kentucky Derby, and the outsider prevailed in a stiff stretch drive. But the horses were a sidelight then, and the figures were just a hobby. Ragozin won a promotion to writer-researcher, and he had his sights set on an editing job. He seemed destined for a comfortable, conventional life in journalism, until the Red Scare intervened, in 1954.

"I was in line for an opening in the business-news department," Ragozin recalls. "The editor was a Southern gentleman who liked my work, and also liked me, because I didn't swap dirty jokes, like all the other young whippersnappers. Monday came around and he couldn't face me—he was obviously in great distress. Finally, he said, 'I don't know what happened, but I got orders from the publisher not to give you this job'—which was *unheard of* for such a minor position. I knew what had happened. The F.B.I. had been around a month before. They wanted me to name this one and that one who had been active on the left in my college days. When I told them I didn't want to talk, they said they'd queer me on the job—and they did it."

Suddenly, it made sense to find a career path on which he would be beholden to no one, and Ragozin threw in with his father full time. By then, the format of the speed sheets was fixed. Every active horse had a card. Every race a horse ran was filtered into a number. (As if to stand *Racing Form* tradition on its head, Len later set 0 as the best figure; a stakes winner would race in single digits, an allowance horse in the teens, a hobbled claimer in the forties.) Ragozin worked the figures compulsively, never quite satisfied. He made adjustments for wind direction and velocity, and devised a reliable, claimer-based formula for how daily track conditions helped or hindered final times. The figures were fast approaching his ideal: a gauge of how horses would have run on AstroTurf on a windless day carrying equal weight and with the same racing luck—in other words, with no variables in their running conditions.

In 1962, his father had a second bold idea—to plot each horse's figures on a graph. Better performances were set to the left, lesser ones to the right. When the figures were connected, once-isolated races formed living lines of development, like stock-market charts. These graphs advanced a breakthrough the younger Ragozin had made earlier: his evolution from a speed handicapper into a *condition* handicapper. To compare a horse with its rivals was secondary, he decided; the essential comparison was between

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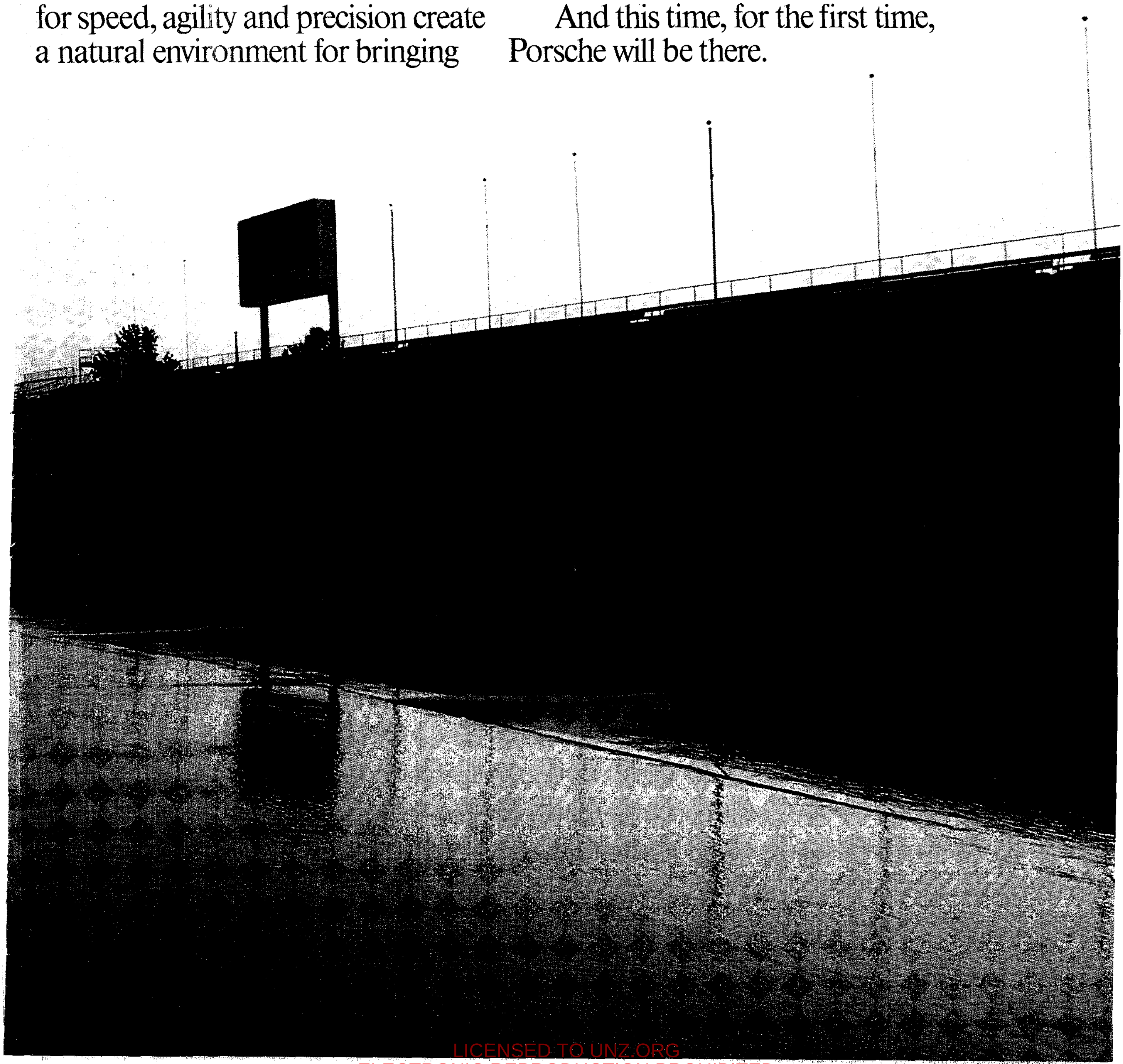

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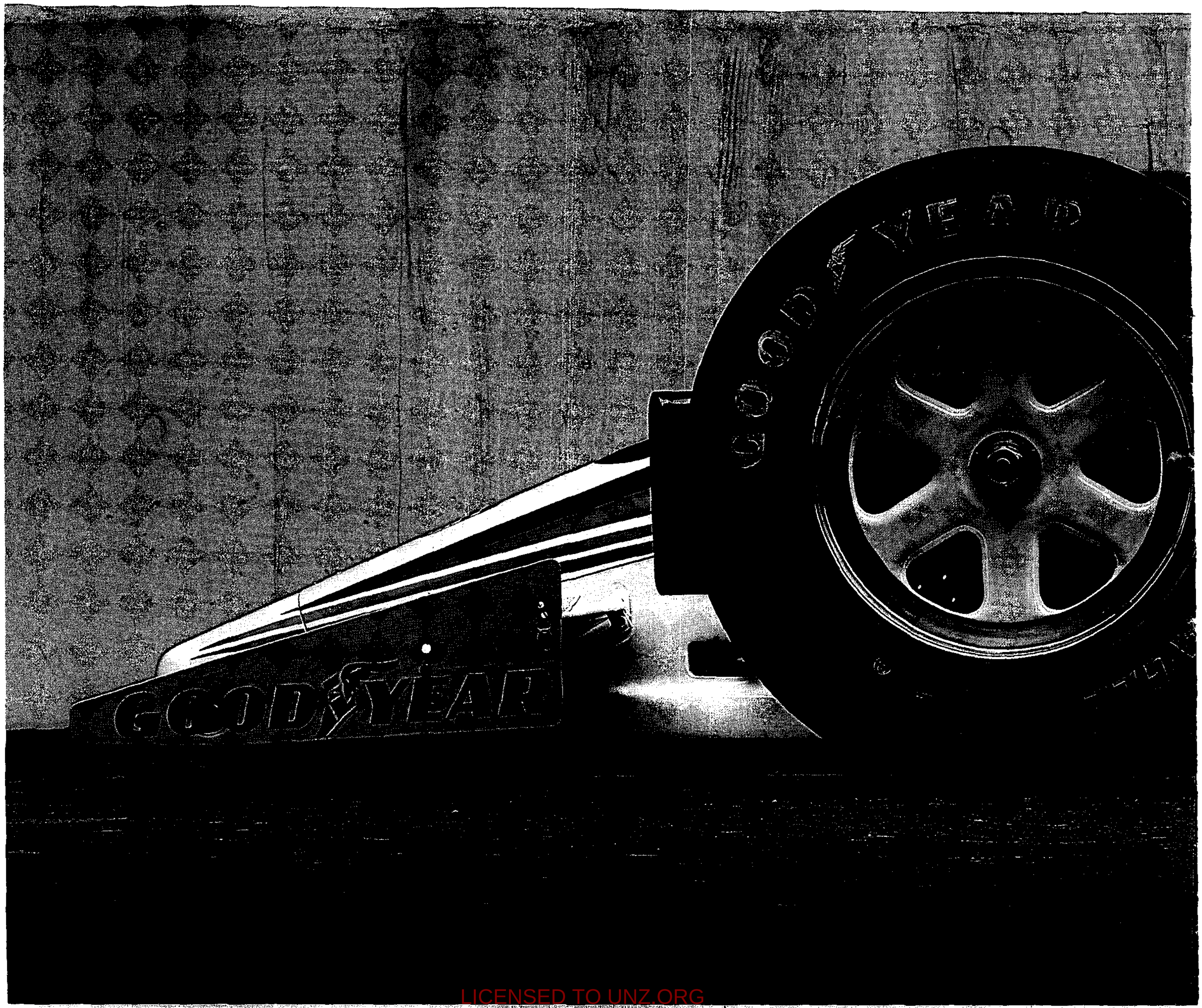

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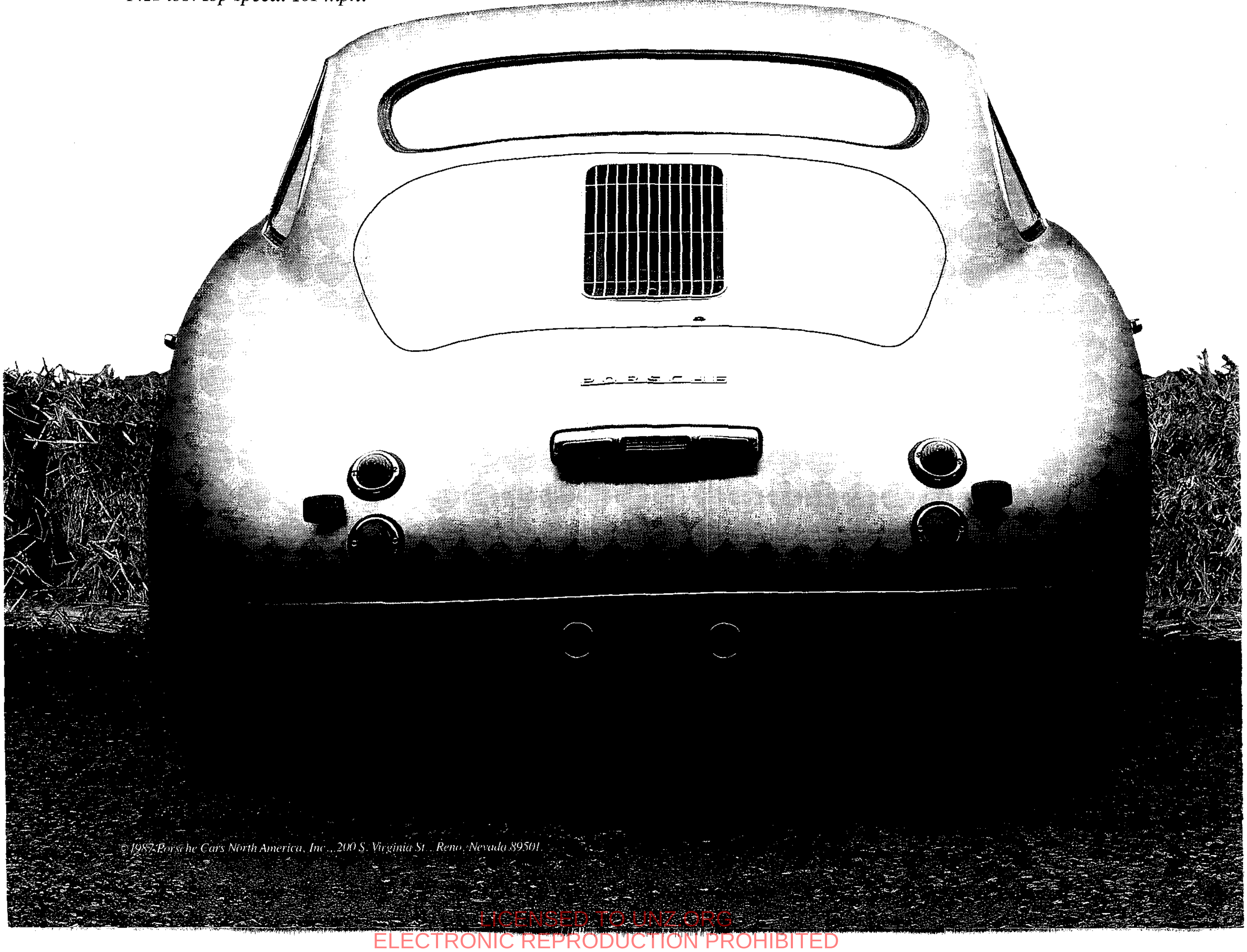

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fired two shells into the palace grounds, and that night the Dalai Lama left, in secret, for India, and an era of Tibetan history came to an end. For two days, neither the Chinese nor the Tibetans surrounding the palace knew that the Dalai Lama was gone. When the news was announced, the thousands of Tibetans who had been guarding the palace turned their anger on the Chinese garrisons, and in the resulting melee several thousand Chinese troops were killed or taken prisoner.

Over the next two decades, the Chinese attempted to destroy the traditional culture of Tibet. The Tibetans were, even at this late date, untouched by most of modern life. There were virtually no radios or cars, and to this day there is no railroad. A little less than half the Tibetan population consisted of nomadic herders living in small self-contained groups; their black rectangular tents, made of yak hair, can still be seen scattered here and there in the countryside. Like most Tibetans, they were illiterate, and their religious life was everything to them. The noted Tibetologist Giuseppe Tucci, in his 1967 book "Tibet," describes as well as anyone the confrontation of this antique way of life with Chinese Communism:

> The encounter between Marxist rationalism and the Tibetan's ingenuous blend of myth, fantasy and magic brings two entirely different conceptions face to face: an inflexible abstract scheme, all figures and duties, on the one hand, and on the other the fundamental anarchy of invisible presences that control us but which we can dominate, if we know their secret. Facts on the one side; imagination on the other. . . . Millennia of religious experience, supported by the innate archetypes of the Tibetan spirit, are hard to root out; but the very complications of a great deal of Lamaism, the bizarreness of some of its symbols, cannot long, I think, resist the disenchanted cold-bloodedness of the new principles.

What Tucci did not know—what no one outside Tibet really knew—was that by 1967, as an aspect of the Cultural Revolution, only a handful out of a total of six thousand two hundred and fifty-four monasteries in Tibet had escaped either total or partial destruction. Among the monasteries that had been totally destroyed was the great Rongbuk monastery, where prewar British climbing expeditions to Mt. Everest had sought and received the blessing of the abbot.

IT was in 1967 that I finally realized my childhood dream of seeing Mt. Everest, but I saw it from Ne-

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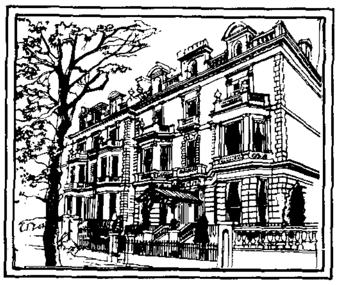
pal. Tibet was closed—by this time, it had become an Autonomous Region of China—and, indeed, Nepal had banned climbing, because various climbers had made illegal and sometimes widely publicized forays into Tibet. The Nepalese were having their own problems with the Chinese, which they did not want aggravated by unauthorized transgressions of the border. In 1960, the Chinese had claimed *all* of Mt. Everest and the surrounding region down to the Sherpa community of Namche Bazar, in Nepal, as part of China. The Nepalese had countered by also claiming all of Mt. Everest, extending to the ruins of the Rongbuk monastery. The matter was settled in April of that year, when Zhou Enlai came to Kathmandu and agreed that the boundary between Nepal and Tibet would run across the summit of Everest.

The trek I made in 1967 was from Kathmandu to the base of the mountain. As trekkers, we were allowed to approach within a few miles of the Tibetan border. All we could see of Tibet was what appeared to be distant mountains, over passes like the Lho La and the Shangri La. In 1979, I actually went all the way to the border. I hired a taxi in Kathmandu and took the five-hour drive to the border checkpoint in the town of Kodari, along what is known as the Chinese Road. At the border, the so-called Friendship Bridge spans the Sun Kosi River (called the Po Chu in Tibet). One could see, on a distant hill, the Tibetan town of Zhangmu (Khasa to the Nepalese). By 1979, *organized* guerrilla activity in Tibet had ended. From the time of the fourteenth Dalai Lama's flight to India, in 1959, until Nixon's visit to China, in 1972, the Khampas, aided by the C.I.A., continued to fight the Chinese. One of the conditions the Chinese laid down for the opening of diplomatic relations with the United States was that this country stop aiding the Khampas. At the same time, they put pressure on the Nepalese government to disarm the Khampas, who were operating from the region of Mustang, in western Nepal. It took the Nepalese Army, and a good deal of bloodshed, to do so.

To someone who, like me, has followed both the climbing history of Mt. Everest and the political history of Tibet, it was clear that certain changes had taken place in Tibet when, in 1980, it was announced that a Japanese climber, Yasuo Kato, had climbed Everest from the Tibetan



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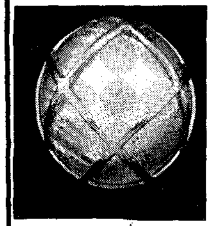

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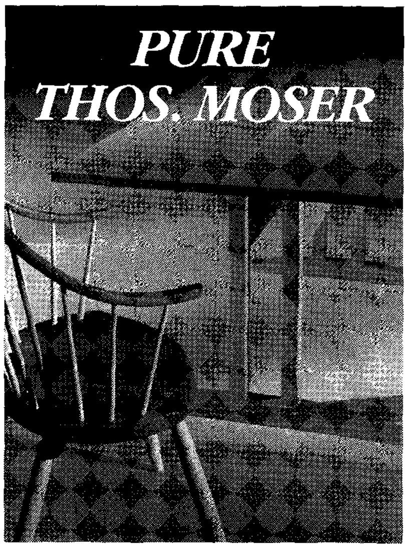

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side. The country's Chinese governor at the time was a general named Yin Fatang, who initiated a program of liberalization; part of this program was the development of tourism in Tibet. Various package tours to China began to include a flying visit to Lhasa from Chengdu, the capital of Szechwan Province, adjacent to eastern Tibet. Chengdu is four hundred and twenty feet above sea level, while Lhasa is at an altitude of almost twelve thousand feet, which means that the average tourist arrives in the city breathless and probably in no condition to do a great deal of sightseeing. Fascinated though I was with Tibet, this kind of visit did not appeal to me at all, and I decided that if there was no other way to visit the country I was simply not going to go there.

In April of 1985, however, the Chinese announced that they would soon begin issuing visas to tourists to cross into Tibet from the border town of Kodari. The road to Lhasa is blocked by snow during the fall and winter, and tourist travel along it did not begin in earnest until the spring of 1986. The following fall, I went trekking in Nepal and encountered all kinds of people, mostly young, who had just come back from Tibet. Listening to them talk reminded me of the sense of adventure and romance that I had had in Nepal in 1967, when I first went trekking there. One could walk for days then without seeing other trekkers. Now, twenty years later, I had encountered on the western side of the Annapurna range a trailside restaurant that featured Mexican food. The new place to go, these young people told me, was Tibet.

While I was in Nepal, I asked an old friend of mine named Elizabeth Hawley, a principal in a trekking agency called Mountain Travel/Nepal and is undoubtedly the world's greatest expert on the contemporary history of Himalayan mountaineering, if there was a way to drive from Kathmandu to Lhasa, visiting as much of the intervening countryside as possible, and trek in to the base of Everest from the Tibetan side. In short order, she produced a mimeographed sixteen-day Lhasa/base-camp itinerary. The trip looked perfect for me, since it involved some days of camping and trekking in the Everest region and also several days in Lhasa. With the various side trips in Tibet, the whole excursion would cover nearly two thousand miles. Mountain Travel required a minimum of five people to make the

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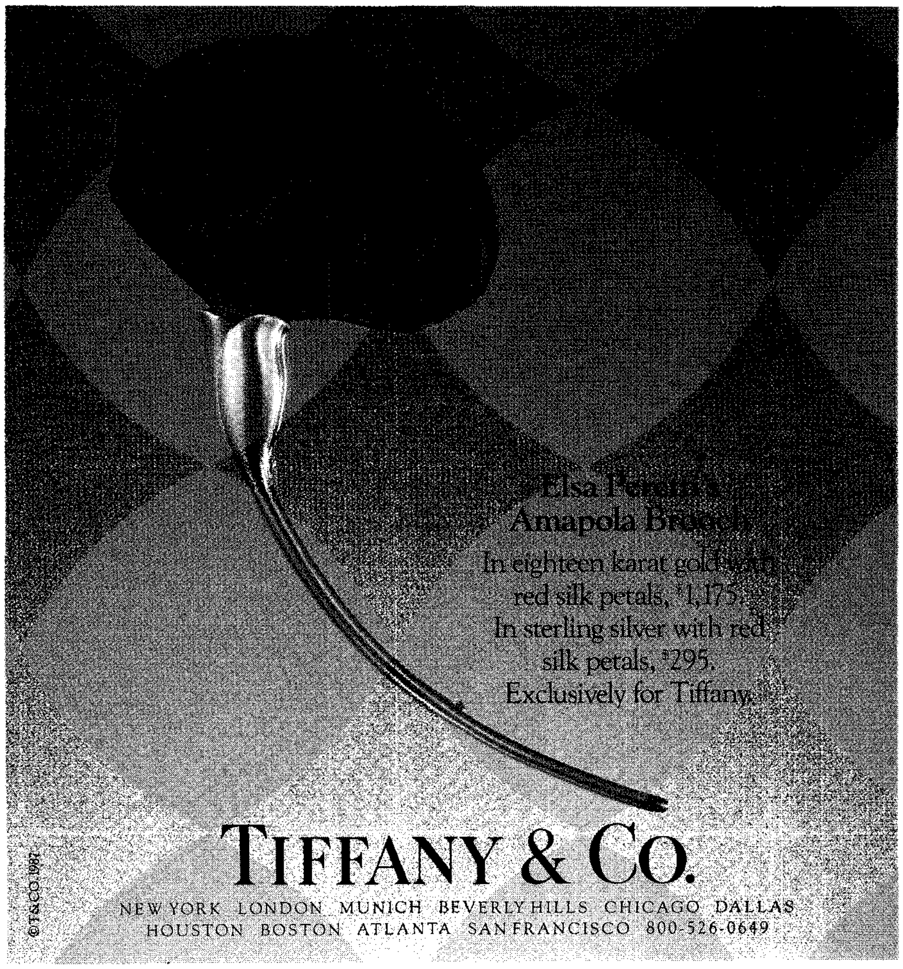
trip, so I returned to the United States and set about trying to recruit at least one volunteer, while the people at Mountain Travel began doing likewise. Our tentative date of departure was to be the first of May. By early spring, Mountain Travel informed me that three clients had been recruited. I, too, had found a recruit—Bil Dunaway, the owner and publisher of the *Aspen Times*, in Colorado. He had climbed mountains all over the world, and had been a downhill-ski and automobile racer; and each Saturday during the previous ten summers we had hiked together in the mountains around Aspen. Dunaway, who is in his early sixties, had never seen the Himalayas, and this would be a pilgrimage for him. Toward the middle of April, we headed for Kathmandu.

Mountain Travel was founded by an ex-Gurkha officer and has various former military people working for it, so a certain amount of soldiering terminology is used in its operations. Thus, all participants in our trek were instructed to appear at the agency's headquarters on Wednesday the twenty-ninth of April, at 1500 hours, for a "briefing." Our three co-travellers were young American petroleum engineers. All three had been on several treks in Nepal; they were bearded and hardy. There were four Sherpas—unbearded and *very* hardy. In addition, Mountain Travel's office manager, Sonam Gyalpo, would be coming along—good news, since Sonam is a Tibetan, born in Kalimpong, in Bhutan, near the Tibetan border. Unlike the great majority of Tibetans, Sonam is fluent in English. Rounding out the group was a droll former British Army helicopter pilot named Garry Daintry, who specializes in iron-man feats such as bicycle trips through the world's deserts.

The region had been drenched with unusual pre-monsoon rains, and a good part of the briefing was devoted to a discussion of landslides. There had been two near the Tibetan border, and they had cut the border town of Zhangmu off from the roads that lead to it from Lhasa and from Nepal. Under normal circumstances, we would have driven in a Nepalese bus to the Friendship Bridge, where we would have been met by a Chinese bus (no foreign cars are allowed in Tibet), which would have taken us up the fifteen-hundred-foot rise to Zhangmu



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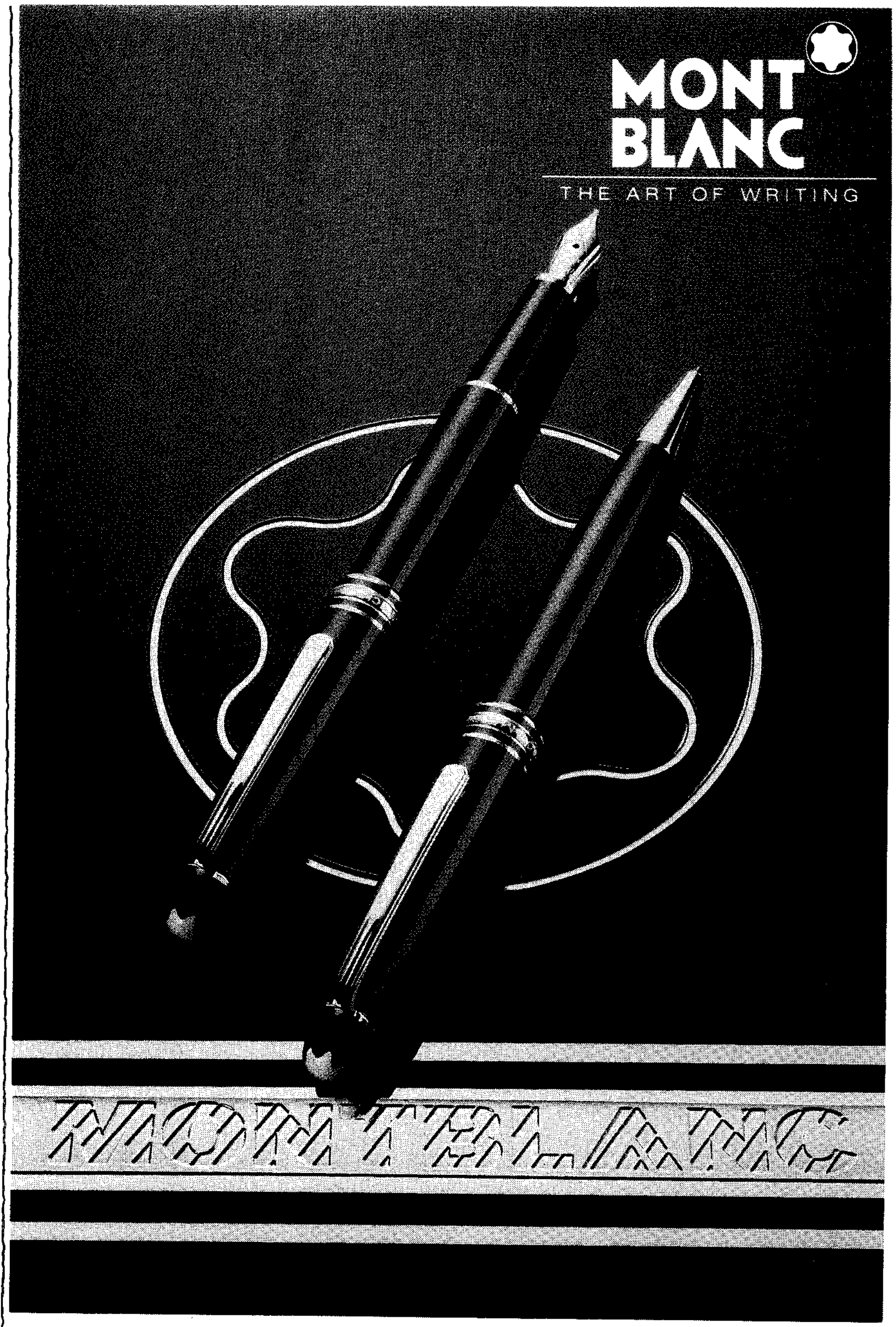
and then, the next day, on in the general direction of Lhasa. As things stood, we would be dropped off at the border, where we would hire porters for a two-hour walk on a trail that ran below the first landslide and up to Zhangmu. The next day, we were to hire more porters, who would take us across the second landslide and up to the Lhasa road, where the Chinese bus would be waiting.

Most Tibetan hotels and guesthouses have no hot running water or, for that matter, indoor bathrooms. Since we would be carrying tents anyway—for the Everest portion of our trip—it struck us that from every point of view, hygiene included, we would be much better off sleeping in our tents, away from civilization, than staying in a hotel. It was decided that until we reached Lhasa, where there is (of all things) a Holiday Inn, we would camp out. This brought up the matter of the Chinese drivers. The China Tibet Tourism General Corporation employs only Chinese drivers to drive its buses and land cruisers—an example of the secondary role that Tibetans play in their own country. Chinese drivers, we were warned, do not like the idea of camping out, and, despite previous understandings, were perfectly capable of depositing their charges willy-nilly at the nearest hotel. With that, we were told to have our gear ready Friday morning at 700 hours, when we would be picked up by a minibus and taken to the border.

The drive to Kodari was much as I remembered it from eight years before. We arrived in Kodari in the early afternoon—that is, early afternoon in Nepal. All of China, including Tibet, is on Beijing time—which meant that the minute we stepped across the border it was three hours and fifteen minutes later. One consequence of this arrangement was that for the next sixteen days we would be getting up in pitch darkness and going to bed long before sunset.

The Chinese had been blasting the blocked roadway above the hiking trail to Zhangmu in an effort to reopen it, and as a result the trail was strewn with boulders; nevertheless, a stream of porters was descending it, carrying everything from sheets of plywood to bales of wool. (Tibet's major export is wool—yak, sheep, and goat. Yak wool is very strong and a bit coarse for sweaters; it was at one time widely used in the West for Santa Claus beards. Much of the wool goes into the



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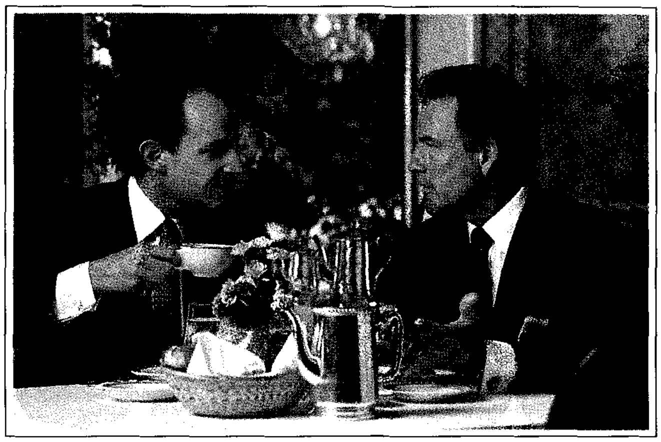

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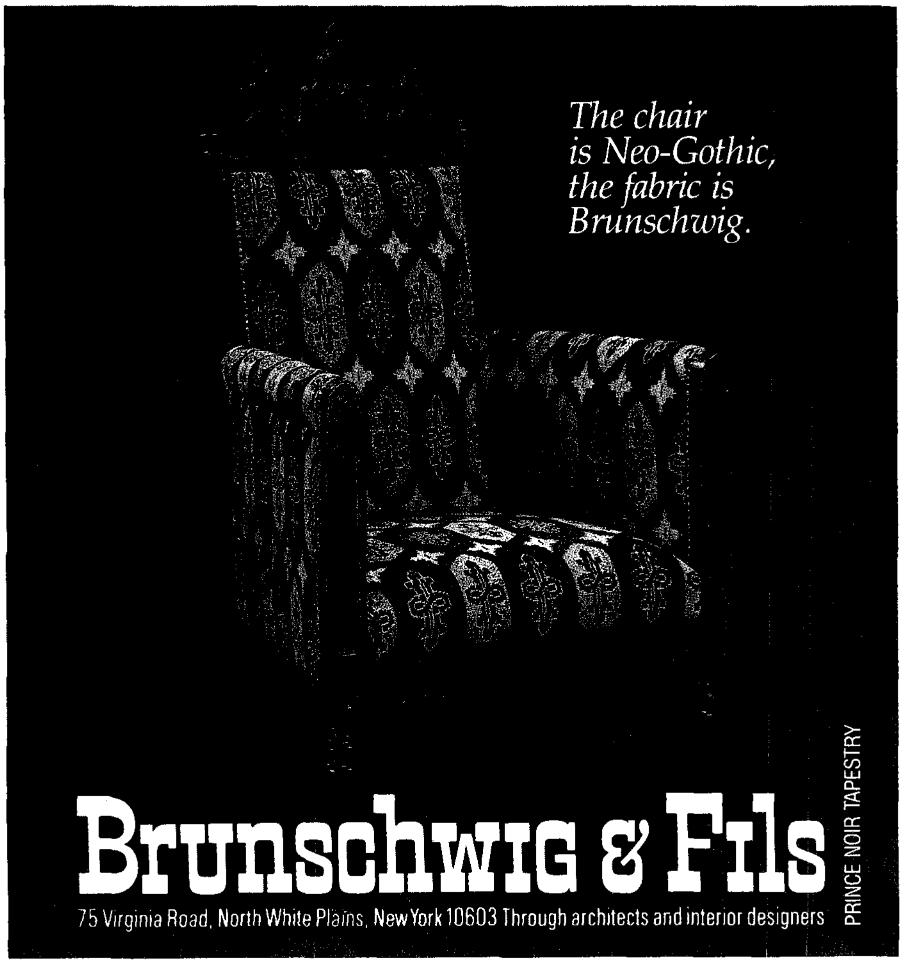

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manufacture of "Tibetan" carpets. With the flight of so many Tibetans from Tibet, the carpet industry also left the country. Now all the high-quality Tibetan carpets are made in Nepal and India, of Tibetan wool. The Chinese have been trying to tempt emigrants, including the carpet weavers, back to Tibet by offering them special advantages if they set up business there. To receive these advantages, however, the Tibetans must acknowledge that they are "overseas Chinese" and that the Chinese have a sovereign status in Tibet—something that most of them refuse to do.) Fortunately, it was May Day, and the Chinese were not blasting, so we could climb to Zhangmu without worrying about rocks tumbling down on our heads.

We arrived at the Zhangmu Hotel, a dimly lit, cavernous place, about four o'clock Nepalese time (seven-fifteen local time). Our Chinese guide, a diminutive, pink-cheeked eighteen-year-old girl named Kun, was waiting for us. She was to lead us across the second landslide the next morning, and up to our Chinese bus and an accompanying truck. The truck was crucial, since it would be carrying all the food, tents, and other camping equipment. Without the truck, there would be no camping. "Unfortunately," Kun began, in musically accented but very serviceable English, "the truck is broken down." Freely translated, this meant that there was no truck, that very likely there never had been a truck, and that until we headed for Everest in land cruisers nearly ten days hence, we would be sleeping in the dreaded Tibetan hotels.

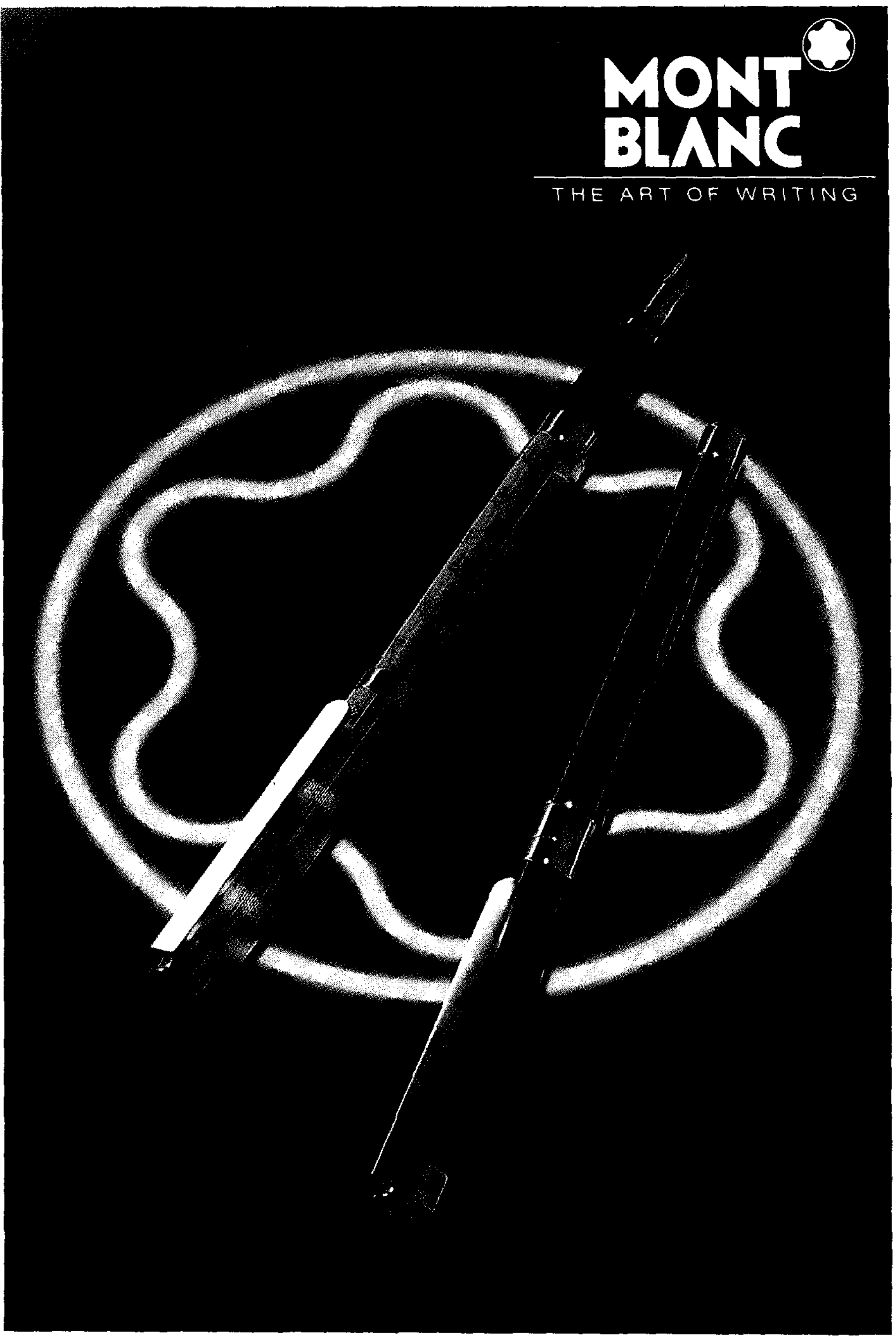
The next day began about 6 A.M.—2:45 A.M. Nepalese—in the dark. After a breakfast of brown bread and tea, we started out in the direction of the landslide. Whatever a typical Tibetan village may be, Zhangmu is not it. The population looks as if all the races of central Asia had been put in an urn, shaken up, and drawn out at random. The area is low, and at that subtropical latitude the inhabitants live mainly out of doors. The snow-covered mountains rising over the trees are in striking contrast to the hodgepodge squalor of the town, which is set on the side of a steep hill.

The beginning of the slide was signalled by white prayer flags, which Tibetans display to attract favorable attention from the gods, and in the middle was the shell of what must once have been a substantial building.

Because of the recent rains, the slide was oozy mud, which sucked at our feet as we tried to move across it, as fast as possible. Then there was a steep walk uphill for about an hour to a kind of shelf, where the road was still in one piece. The bus was waiting for us—a new and comfortable-looking Mitsubishi with a Chinese crew of two. With all the gear, we fit in snugly but comfortably. Our destination was Shigatse, the home of the Panchen Lama (on the rare occasions when he visits Tibet from China). We had been told that it would take about twelve hours to get there, although the distance is only a little over three hundred miles.

For the first few hours, the scenery was magnificent. The road was perched on the side of a deep gorge that the Po Chu has cut through the Himalayas. Waterfalls made their way from somewhere in the snows. The road was unpaved, but it was a marvel of construction. One could see why it cost a good many lives to build—it seemed to teeter over the river like a tightrope walker. After some twenty miles of climbing, we reached the Tibetan plateau, and would stay there for the rest of the trip. That day, it was not at its best. Although, generally speaking, Tibet is dry—it averages about eighteen inches of precipitation a year—the unusual April rains in Nepal had left dark menacing skies over the plateau. We had been promised spectacular views of the mountains—including Everest—but clouds were where the mountains were supposed to be.

Winds raged outside the bus. I tried to imagine Alexandra David-Neel walking day after day through that semi-desert in the winter, and failed. We could see the black tents of nomads dotting the landscape, and the inevitable collections of grazing animals. Just as I was wondering how anyone—Chinese or not—could control this country, we came to a military checkpoint near Xêgar. Since we had all the necessary documents and were on a prearranged tour, passing this post should have been routine. However, Kun began what appeared to be a cheerful flirtation with some of the soldiers at the post, and ended by asking us if we would mind giving a Chinese soldier a ride to Shigatse. Very shortly, one soldier became two soldiers. Before we had a chance to remonstrate, Kun said, "Unfortunately, we have no choice." Someone in the group remarked that if we were



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not careful the soldiers would simply commandeer the bus and leave us at the checkpoint. They wedged themselves in, young and unsmiling, with their gear, which included a brace of pistols and a guitar. Nothing was heard from them for the rest of the trip. Hour after hour went by, and the sun began to set. Dust came into the bus seemingly from all sides, even with the windows closed. We all had dust masks on now, which created an odd operating-room atmosphere. The bus was equipped with a cassette player, and there was apparently only one tape, which our driver played over and over—it included, among other things, the theme music from "Love Story." Shortly before midnight, we arrived at the Shigatse Hotel, ate a cold midnight meal, and went to bed showerless.

Shigatse, a town of some forty thousand, is a microcosm of everything that has happened to Tibet since the Chinese takeover. It is, as has been noted, the seat of the Panchen Lama. That unfortunate soul at first decided that the Chinese were good for Tibet; then, after being asked to denounce the Dalai Lama and refusing, he was brought to trial and beaten into a state where he was once again able to see the merits of the occupation. His status with the Tibetan people is perhaps best indicated by the matter of the pictures. Before coming to Tibet, we were told to go into the bazaars in Kathmandu and get as many photographs of the Dalai Lama as we could lay our hands on. Among us, we must have bought well over a hundred. Every Tibetan, it seems, knows how to say something that sounds like "Dalai Lama pichu," meaning that he wants a photograph of the Dalai Lama. By the time we left the country, all our pictures were gone, and we could have given away ten times as many. No one ever asked us for a picture of the Panchen Lama. As for the city, the Tibetan quarter, which is near the entrance of the Tashilhunpo monastery, is completely dwarfed by the ugly Chinese city surrounding it—concrete-block house after concrete-block house, most of them with tin roofs.

The Tashilhunpo itself is a microcosm of what has happened to the Tibetan monasteries. Like all the monasteries, it is run by the Bureau of Religious Affairs, which decides how much money shall be allocated to its restoration. The Tashilhunpo suffered considerable destruction during the Cultural Revolution, but—perhaps because of the Panchen Lama's association with it—it now seems fairly well restored. The Bureau of Religious Affairs also decides how many monks there will be and what they will do. Relatively few monks are allowed to practice a purely contemplative life; most of them work—on monastic farms, for example—so as not to become "parasites." There were four or five thousand monks in the Tashilhunpo before the Chinese occupation; there are now around seven hundred. The Bureau of Religious Affairs also sets prices, one presumes. Monasteries are perhaps the principal tourist attraction in Tibet, and tourism has rapidly become big business. In 1986, an estimated twenty thousand visitors spent an average of six days in the country—four in Lhasa, and two in Shigatse, where there is only one thing to see: the Tashilhunpo. This year, before the riots caused the Chinese to cease issuing visas, the count was some forty thousand. Foreign visitors are the country's main source of foreign exchange. The monasteries, as a rule, charge nominal entry fees; the money is made on photography. When

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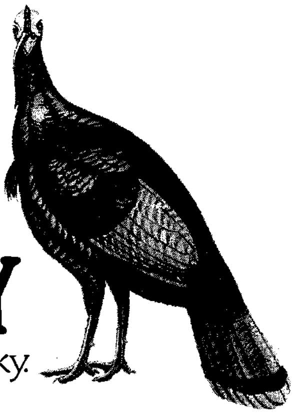

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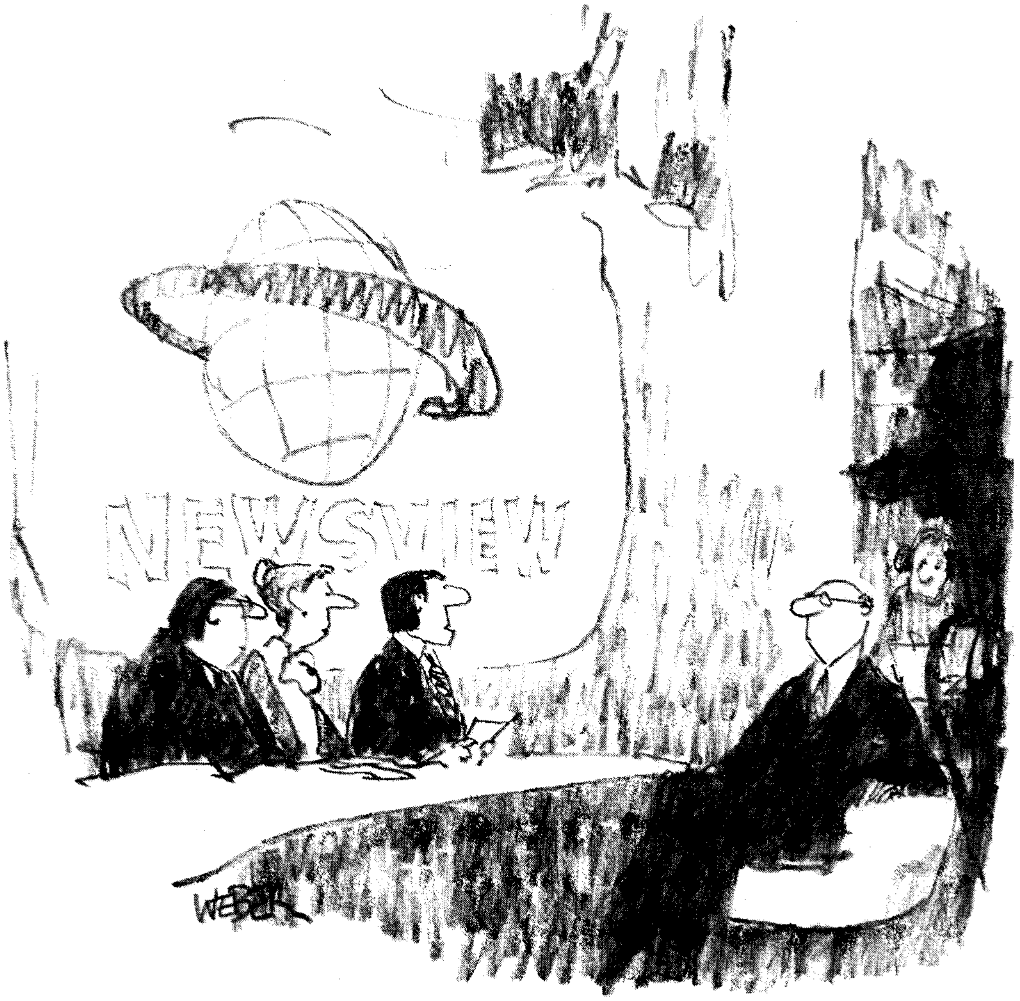
I was there, the better-known monasteries were charging tourists about twenty yuan—seven dollars—per camera *per room.* This meant that in a large and magnificent monastery like the Tashilhunpo a determined photographer could easily spend close to a hundred dollars taking pictures.

The next morning, we left for Lhasa—a trip of no more than two hundred miles, but we were all day at it. There are two routes, each involving a pass over sixteen thousand feet high. The northern route, which we would take on the way back, goes through some breathtaking mountain scenery and links up with the road to central China. The southern route, which we took now, overlooks Lake Yamdrok Tso, which is the third-largest lake in Tibet and on a sunny day resembles a turquoise scorpion. The weather was still overcast, and very cold, so instead of turquoise the scorpion lake was seabird gray. Most remarkably, as we were circumnavigating it, we encountered a bicycle tour, supported by its own flotilla of vehicles, wending its way painfully in the direction of Shigatse. By late afternoon, the desert had given way to cultivated land, and the road had become paved. It was clear that we were nearing Lhasa.



"Senator, we've just been advised that your car is blocking the delivery entrance to the building. Would you care to comment?"

• •

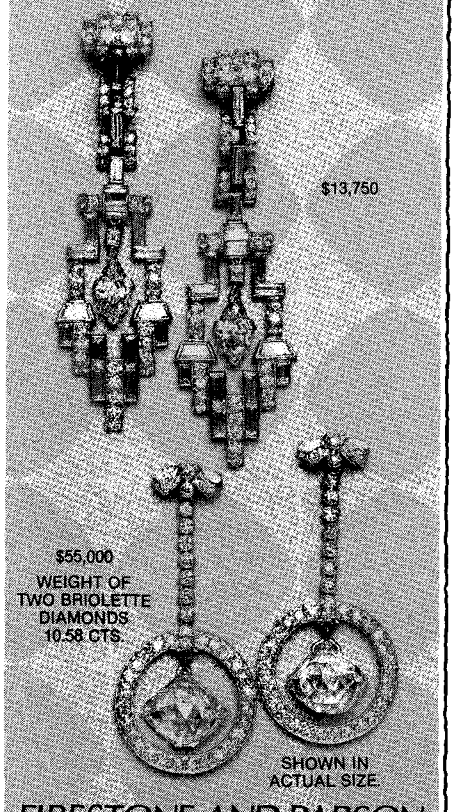
The city is set in an amphitheatre of mountains, and from a distance it has just the aura of mystery and romance that one hoped for. First, one sees the gilded roofs of neighboring monasteries, and then, fulfilling every expectation, the haunting vision of the Potala itself. It is only when one enters the city that it becomes apparent that the Chinese have turned Lhasa into a lumpen provincial capital. Of its hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, the vast majority are Chinese, and they live in characterless modern blocks of apartment houses with facilities much superior to those enjoyed by the Tibetans. The sense of disappointment that one feels upon actually setting foot in Lhasa seems to be common to most foreign visitors. The British expedition under Younghusband found the city piled high with garbage and laced with open sewers, and in 1949 Lowell Thomas, Jr., visiting Tibet at the invitation of the Dalai Lama, wrote, "Nothing is known of modern plumbing. Refuse piles up on all corners. . . . Once a year these offal heaps are transferred to the fields to stimulate crops. The odors are not entirely pleasant. The nobles hold scented handkerchiefs to their noses as they ride along. . . . Dead animals are tossed in refuse piles to be fought over and devoured by the city's scavengers—thousands of mangy dogs and ravens!"

This only thirty-eight years ago. The feeling one has today is, I think, quite different: just as the British brought free trade to Lhasa at the point of a bayonet, the Chinese have brought modern amenities, including a higher level of sanitation. In its own way as remarkable as the Potala is the city's Holiday Inn. Here we were, four days without a hot shower, come dust-clad off the Tibetan desert to find ourselves in front of a hypermodern structure claiming to have four hundred and eighty-six twin-bedded guest rooms and suites, each with its own color TV and its own bathroom (with hot and cold running water); two restaurants; a cocktail lounge with a string quartet whose repertoire includes Mozart and Beethoven; and enough bottled oxygen to supply the needs of those guests who have trouble breathing. The hotel, we learned, opened in September of 1985, as the Lhasa Hotel. The first six months were a disaster of such proportions that the Chinese decided to enter into a ten-year management agreement with Holiday Inns. The new manager is Swiss, and he and three other Europeans run the hotel. The staff varies in size from some six hundred during the winter to about twice that in the summer, the height of the tourist season. Forty-seven employees are from Beijing, and the rest are local—which must present some problems for the managerial staff. In a country where forty-eight per cent of the local population are nomads, sleeping in a bed Western style, let alone making one, smacks of the exotic.

Then, there is the problem of English, which is a much deeper matter: it goes to the heart of what the Chinese occupation of Tibet is all about. Tibetans speak little or no English. (Needless to say, Kun, our Chinese guide, spoke no Tibetan, and if we had not had Sonam Gyalpo and the Sherpas with us we would have been in a linguistic vacuum.) English is taught in Tibetan schools, but only by Chinese-speaking teachers. All secondary education is given in Chinese, so a child whose primary education has been in Tibetan cannot go further. This means that a Tibetan who does not want to be educated in Chinese cannot learn English, or any other foreign language, in school. One result of this is that, as far as I can make out, there are no Tibetan tour guides, and no Tibetan hotel employees working in jobs where a knowledge of foreign languages is essential. (Another result, I was told, is that English-speaking people who want to learn Tibetan in Tibet have a very hard time finding teachers.) The impression one has is that the Chinese, having failed to wean the Tibetans away from their religion, are trying to wean them away from their language, in order to increase the bonding of China and Tibet.

Kun managed to come up with what she called "the No. 1 bus in Tibet." It was a beautiful black Japanese-made vehicle that trundled us around Lhasa as we visited the sights. She also taught us to chant in unison a Chinese phrase that sounded something like "Toddley-ba" and meant, she explained, "We are all here." Each morning we would board the No. 1 bus for our daily tour and chant, in unison, "Toddley-ba." The next few days went by in a haze of Buddhas, lamas, and yak butter. In every monastery, there were rows of perpetually burning votive lamps—often the only source of illumination—filled with yak butter. Burning yak butter has a singular and penetrating smell that permeates one's clothes. My down jacket still exudes a light miasma of yak butter which, I think, it will have forever.

In visiting a monastery or other historic building in Lhasa, one is never quite sure whether one is visiting a museum or a shrine. It is clear that the Dalai Lama's former summer palace, the Norbu Lingka, is a museum. It must have been lovely when its gardens were carefully tended and people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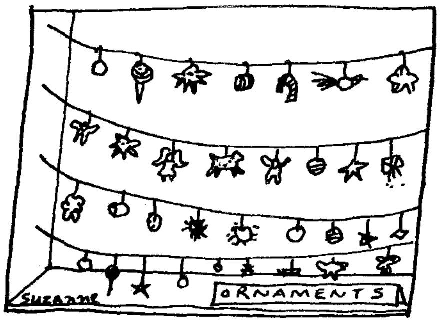
were living there. Now the grounds are shabby, and the small zoo, with its huge and mournful black bear, is an eyesore. The buildings are well preserved and gaily decorated, but very cold. The only thing that moved me was the young fourteenth Dalai Lama's room, from which he must have heard the sound of the Chinese shells exploding near the palace in March of 1959. One wondered whether he was listening to the Victrola that sat intact in the room. There was an old RCA "His Master's Voice" record, entitled "Tibetan Songs," on the turntable.

The Potala, too, was more of a museum than a shrine. The monks who attended it—if they *were* monks—seemed more concerned with seeing to it that we paid our photography fees than with anything else. It is at the Jokhang temple that one sees at first hand the profound and powerful feeling that Tibetans have for their religion. Nearly forty years of Chinese occupation does not seem to have made a dent in that. It is true that in front of the temple the Chinese have cleared away the old Tibetan quarter that used to surround it, and laid out a Soviet-style mall lined with dreary Soviet-style Friendship Stores. But the pilgrims who come from all over Tibet to worship at the Jokhang have converted this area into a kind of religious park. There were groups of pilgrims prostrating themselves in front of the Jokhang, and when we made the traditional clockwise tour of the exterior of the temple, passing through the Barkhor ("eight corners"), Lhasa's outdoor bazaar, we saw people circumnavigating the building on their hands and knees. We also saw pairs of Chinese soldiers, arms linked, walking ostentatiously through the Barkhor counterclockwise—the wrong way.

The Sera monastery, which we visited on our final day in Lhasa, is noted as a site of what are called "sky burials." In Tibet, because of the shortage of fuel, cremation is a luxury only the rich can afford. W. Y. Evans-Wentz,



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who has translated the Tibetan Book of the Dead—the text that is read to a dying Tibetan to prepare him or her for the forty-nine days of *bardo*, the state after death, when the next life is approached—describes in an introduction the Tibetan attitude toward burial:

> Tibetans generally object to earth burial, for they believe that when a corpse is interred, the spirit of the deceased, upon seeing it, attempts to re-enter it, and that if the attempt is successful a vampire results, whereas cremation, or other methods of quickly dissipating the elements of the dead body, prevent vampirism.

Since cremation is not commonly practiced, Tibetans of a low caste, called *domdens*, reduce the dead body to morsels, which are then eaten by birds of prey—vultures, ravens, and kites. There is an isolated rock formation (not open to visitors) near the Sera, where this ceremony is practiced at dawn. It was midmorning by the time we got to the monastery, and the only trace of whatever ceremony may have taken place earlier was the wheeling of a few isolated birds. It was an eerie sight.

We left Lhasa the next day in a pair of land cruisers. On our way out of the city, we passed a new athletic stadium built by the Chinese. In front of it was a sculpture of what appeared to be a pair of lightly clad male and female athletes, presumably Chinese, throwing something. The stadium's reason for being was something of a mystery; perhaps it could be turned over to the *lung-gompa*—the Tibetan mystics who used to put themselves into a kind of trance and run at high speed sixty miles or so at a clip across the Tibetan plateau. Alexandra David-Neel reports seeing one from time to time on her trek to Lhasa. Soon we began to encounter convoy after convoy of Chinese soldiers on the highway. Lhasa had been full of rumors about yet another renewal of the dispute between the Chinese and the Indians over the McMahon line, with the putative front said to be two days' drive from the capital. People told us that the local hospitals had been cleared, the better to receive the possible casualties, and that the tourist flight from Chengdu was now operating only on alternate days—the other days being used to fly in military personnel. On one of our rambles in Lhasa, we had met up with an entire squadron of Chinese fighter pilots, who told us they had come to Tibet "for a vacation." Each day, on Garry

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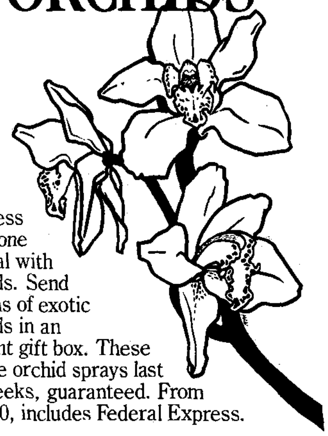

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Daintry's shortwave radio, we listened to Chinese and Indian broadcasters announcing, in tones to make one's blood run cold, that everything could be settled by "brotherly" conversations. And now we were encountering truckloads of soldiers. But we reached Shigatse without incident, and after another dreary night in the hotel there we headed southeast, in the direction of Nepal. By now, all of us were eager to get into the mountains. Toward evening, the land cruisers came to a bend in the highway, near a river. Out the window, I could see a delightful tent camp. The rest of our Sherpas had somehow got hold of a truck, and had already set up camp and made tea. It was like coming home.

THE next morning, our caravan set out for Everest. The road was a superannuated jeep track that climbed in the general direction of the Pang La—a pass at seventeen thousand feet. The terrain was bleak and fairly monotonous, and nothing prepared me for the view from the top of the pass. I have spent a good deal of my life in and among mountains, but I have never seen anything like the panorama from the top of that pass. It may be the only place on earth where the ordinary traveller—as opposed to the mountain climber—can see four eight-thousand-metre mountains in one sweep. From left to right one sees—completely unobstructed—Makalu, Lhotse, Everest, and Cho Oyu. When one sees Everest from Nepal, it is usually obscured by lesser, closer mountains. Here Everest dominates the horizon, and it is perfectly evident that it is the king of the range.

The road then descends into a broad valley, and the mountains disappear. There is a river, the Dzakar Chu, which has to be forded, and can be impossible to cross. We managed to cross it, with one of the land cruisers, which had four-wheel drive, towing the truck. The road became worse and worse, and we jounced along, hoping the vehicles would keep to it. Suddenly, with almost no warning, we were at the Rongbuk monastery—or, at least, what is left of it. The first thing one notices is a bright-colored stupa, and the second thing is, of course, Everest. Everest filled the skyline, and we could make out all the features—such as the yellow bands streaking the north face—that climbers, beginning with Mallory, have written about. The north face looked unclimbable, but we knew that there

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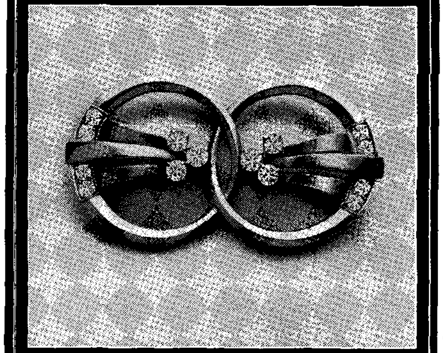

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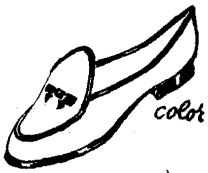

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were several expeditions on it. The road soon became little more than a track through the bleak moraine, and there came a point where the vehicles could go no farther. This was what was called the Everest base camp. It was at about seventeen thousand feet.

We set up our tents, and the wind began to blow. The winds on Everest are notorious. The summit of the mountain is in the jet stream, and a plume of snow blows perpetually from the top. The Sherpas got a fire going, and over tea we plotted our next move. The idea was to make a high camp in the snow, at about eighteen thousand six hundred feet, from which the fittest could spend a day trying to get to the Lho La, the high pass that leads into Nepal. That was the plan. However, everything was coming unstuck, because of the yaks. Yaks were to carry our gear up to the high camp, but all the yaks in the Rongbuk seemed to have been commandeered by a huge Swedish expedition, whose neat tent camp was a few hundred yards from ours. The Swedes had been on the mountain for weeks, and had taken the yaks with them. Sonam Gyalpo made several forays among the yak drivers and each time returned crestfallen. Just when we thought everything was lost, a remarkable compromise was reached. The yak drivers themselves would, for a high price, carry up most of our stuff. We went back to our tents in the howling wind and got ready for the next day.

The walk up to the high camp had an unearthly beauty. The trail followed the moraine, alongside the Rongbuk glacier. In my mind's eye, I could *see* the map in Ullman's book—that map I had looked at so often as a child. We were, for the time being, walking where Mallory must have walked. To our right, on the glacier, we could see the strange ice formations that look like monks at prayer—the French call them *pénitents*. From time to time, we caught a glimpse of the north face of Everest. The British route branched off to the East Rongbuk glacier, and we continued up into the snow. I was beginning to feel the altitude dramatically. Everyone was ahead of me, and by the time I reached the camp the Sherpas had set up our tents in the snow. I flopped into mine, too exhausted to move. The next day, the weather was beautiful, but I was done for. The altitude had got me. While my colleagues tramped off in the direction of the Lho La, I clambered up to where I could see

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Everest and then came back and sank gasping into my tent. Late that afternoon, the party was back, exhausted but exhilarated, and we turned in for the night. The next day, we made the long walk down to where we had left the vehicles. As much as I love the mountains, I was glad to see our base-camp tents and the rest of the group. Kun had spent the three days in her tent. "Unfortunately, I do not feel well," she said. We asked her if she planned to come back to Everest. "No," she said. "Never."

Early the next morning, we began the drive back to Nepal. The return part of the journey was even more unreal than the start of it. The weather, for one thing, was perfect, and while we were gone the Tibetan desert plateau had acquired a light tinge of green. Green, turquoise, and brown—those were the colors—with the great white mountains hovering surrealistically on the horizon. Then the road suddenly dived between the mountains, and we dropped into the lush tropical landscape of Nepal. Tibet was still only a few miles away, but it had vanished utterly, as if it were nothing but a hallucination.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

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[*From the Detroit Free Press*]

Baldrige suggests tossing one of Birmingham hostess Ricki Nederlander's more unique affairs, called the "Handcuff Party."

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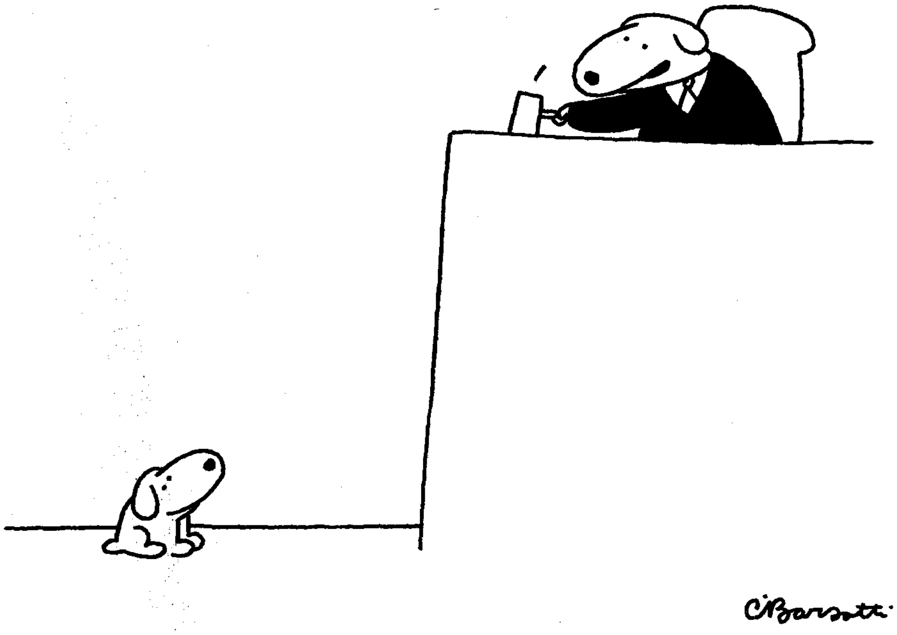
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

Keshcarrigan Bookshop, 90 West Broadway, is just at the top of the stairs leading to the Chambers Street stop on the Seventh Avenue I.R.T., so a visit to the shop begins with the sudden appearance of its door as soon as you emerge from the dusk and roar of the subway. Perhaps because you are inside before you've become acclimated to the street, Keshcarrigan seems to have the aura of serendipity that augurs the find of a surefire Christmas present. The shop is owned by Angela Carter, who named it after her native village, in County Leitrim, in the west of Ireland, and she sells only items directly related to Ireland—books, mainly, but also, for example, a bodhran, which is a goatskin-covered drum used in Celtic traditional music. Having scanned what is to be found on the cluttered green shelves, we can begin by reporting that, for a bookshop, Keshcarrigan has a large stock of audio gifts.

On a Caedmon cassette (SWC 1063), Siobhan McKenna reads Molly Bloom's soliloquy—a definitive performance. The actor E. G. Marshall reads Leopold's thoughts aloud on the other side, and, also on the Caedmon label (CDL 5-1340), James Joyce himself reads the Aeolus episode from "Ulysses" and, from "Finnegans Wake," "Anna Livia Plurabelle." Each of the tapes is $9.95, and $10.95 will buy a Spoken Arts audiocassette of "The Poems of William Butler Yeats" (SAC 45-1), read by Yeats, Micheál Macliammóir, and Miss McKenna. A book, "The Yeats Country," by Sheelah Kirby, with drawings by Ruth Brandt (Dolmen; $7.95), identifies for the traveller the places mentioned in the poems. "Like Cuchulainn," Miss Kirby writes, "we can stare on the horses of the sea, from the shore at Strandhill." Someone who likes ruckus might be pleased with "The Traditional Irish Tin Whistle Tutor," by Geraldine Cotter (Ossian Publications; $10.95), which comes with two instruction records. The tunes to be learned include "Dingle Regatta" and "The Burnt Old Man." For someone who would rather sit back and listen, "James Galway & The Chieftains in Ireland" (RCA 5798-4-RC) is $10.95. This collection of traditional Irish melodies includes "Down by the Sally Gardens," a jig called "The Red Admiral Butterfly," and Mr. Galway's solo "She Moved Through the Fair." The Stone Street Press has issued a three-volume collection by Malachi McCormick called "Irish Traditional Cooking;" the volumes are titled "Bread and Cake," "Traditional Soups," and "Festive Fare." At $15.95, they are letterpress books, handmade, signed, and numbered, and, to our mind, are best consulted outside the kitchen. The last volume gives a recipe for Whiskey Punch (the ingredients include a bottle of Irish whiskey and six cloves), and one for Black Velvet. This is half Guinness and half champagne, and a glass of it might be raised to toast a book called "Rachel Giese: The Donegal Pictures" (Wake Forest University; $29.95), which is also on sale here. Mrs. Giese has produced a beautiful narrative in photographs of the landscape and people of Donegal County. The book is a portrait of an era that is coming to an end. (A boy washing out churns wears a Springsteen T-shirt.) Cathal Ó Searcaigh has translated the English titles of the pictures into Irish, which is still spoken in Donegal; both languages appear, so that the already mysterious "Moonset Over Fanaboy" becomes "Dul Faoi na Gealaí os Cionn Fana Bhuí." The introduction is by the Ulster poet Ciarán Carson.

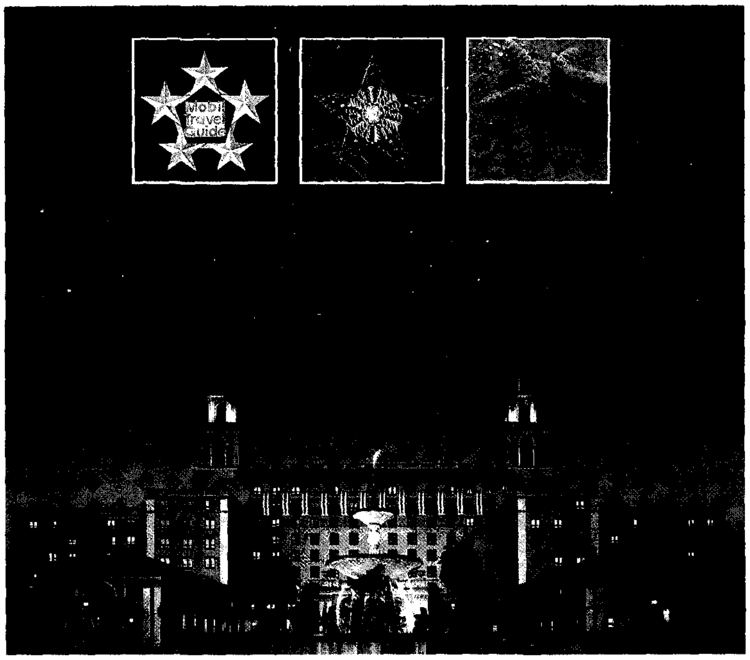


"Not guilty, because puppies do these things."

New York Bound Bookshop and Urban Graphics, which are under separate management, are roommates three flights above street level at 43 West 54th Street. Both businesses are devoted to collecting documentation of this city's past (and, in lesser proportion, the history of its surrounding counties) and relinquishing bits of it, for a fair price. Here it is perhaps wise to be guided even more than usual by knowledge of the recipient's tastes. At New York Bound, one might, for instance, be cautious about choosing "You Gotta Be Rough: The Adventures of Detective Fiaschetti of the Italian Squad" ($20), written by Michael Fiaschetti in 1930, and settle instead on "Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street," by Henry Clews, which was published in 1888. The first chapter begins, "My advent in Wall Street was on the heels of the panic of 1857." Mr. Clews goes on to relate that that particular panic was known as the Western Blizzard, because "its destructive power and chilly effects . . . surpassed all other financial gales." The book is $100. "Lights and Shadows of New York Life; or, The Sights and Sensations of the Great City," written by James McCabe in 1872, is $35. It promises "full and graphic accounts of its splendors and wretchedness, its high and low life; its marble palaces and dark dens." Or, for a city gardener, one might pick up "Trees and Shrubs of Prospect Park," by Louis Harman Peet (American Printing House, 1902), for $25. And for a man who has chosen to commute on the PATH train rather than ride in from Park Slope, here is a 1929 poster-map of Hoboken, produced by Christopher Morley when he bought a theatre there. The price is $25, and the legend describes its subject as "New York's Last Seacoast Bohemia."

The stock at Urban Graphics is a trove of visual aids to individual and collective New York memories. Photographs on sale include both the posed and the epiphanic; an example of the latter is a picture, by Berenice Abbott, of an empty baby carriage left out in the snow by a brownstone stoop (the price is $325), and, of the former, a three-foot-long-by-eight-inch-high team picture of the Brooklyn Dodgers in San Antonio on March 31, 1922, which was taken by E. O. Goldbeck ($75). Linda Voorsanger, who runs Urban Graphics, is fond of views of the 1939 World's Fair—unmatted prints start at $35 each—and of company pictures of old factories such as a framed engraving of the W. J. Wilcox & Company lard refinery, also $35. Available here, too, is a series, sold separately, of nineteen-thirties photographs of the amusement park at Coney Island. They have red mattes and black frames, they are $100 each, and it is hard to imagine anyone whose Christmas would not be brightened by a print of Luna Park at night.

For those on a roller coaster through space, rather than time, Banana Republic, at 130 East 59th Street and three other locations, which is itself a kind of theme park (the fantasies it plays to being foreign rather than domestic), can supply a travel diary that is bound in sturdy pigskin. Inside the front cover is a pocket. Then come ninety-six pages, which can be ordered lined or, for watercolorists, blank. The diary measures four and a half inches by seven and a half, has a foldout world map, and costs $19. In past years, Banana Republic has indicated that its products were intended for use on intercontinental treks that involve trips over gorges on muleback; this message seems to have been toned down, and the staff now often suggests that its shoulder bags and knapsacks can be used just as well to take things to and from the office. A cotton twill canvas briefcase trimmed with leather has leather handles and also a shoulder strap; the canvas is khaki and the leather tan. There are four roomy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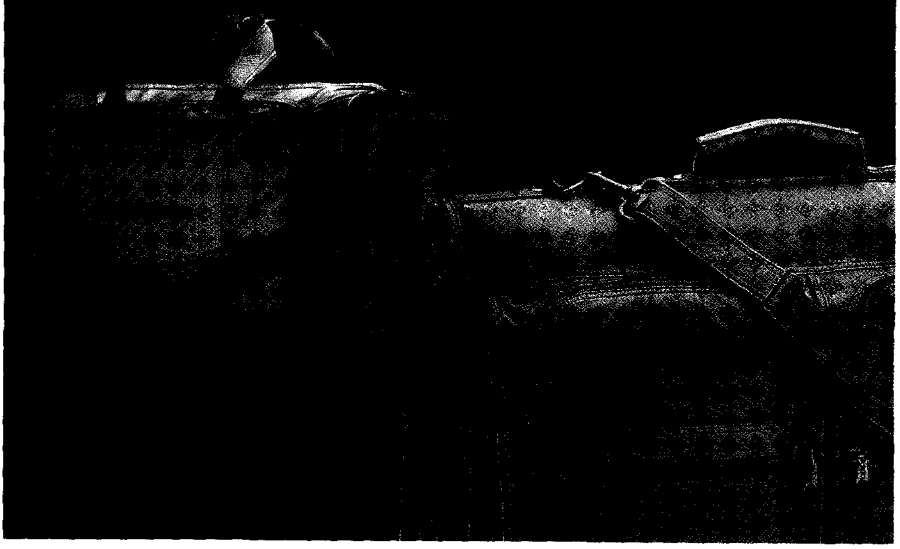

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pockets, and the exterior dimensions are three and three-quarters inches by eleven by seventeen. The price is $129.

Men whose global travels disallow the informality implied by shoulder bags and pigskin would surely not object to a gift from Bottega Veneta, 635 Madison Avenue (59th). A calfskin attaché case with Canovesque rounded edges is $590, and owes its air of distinction to both inner and outer beauty: it is lined in bisque suède. The measurements are three and a half inches by twelve by sixteen, there are two file compartments inside the lid (the top one is outfitted with two holders for business cards), and the hardware, which includes two combination locks, is brass. A classic briefcase with two gussets and a brass lock and key is $550. And $240 is the price of a zippered portfolio that opens on three sides, so that its contents may be looked at in situ. It measures eleven inches by fifteen. The prices given are for Bottega Veneta's signature leather, pressed (embossed) calfskin; woven calfskin is also available (and more expensive), and the color choices are black, brown, and burgundy. Other leathers (smooth calf, lizard, crocodile) and colors (red, pale tan, deep green) augment the shop's collection of small leathergoods. A breast-pocket wallet with three pockets for cash and receipts and eight spaces in which to park credit cards is $110 in pressed calf or $255 if it is ordered in lizard. A billfold that will fit into a back pocket is $130 in woven leather, and a high-visibility red leather key case, with six metal key rings, is $50. Backless, woven-leather slippers with suède soles are dyed navy, dark chocolate, burgundy, or black; $175.

CINDY FANELLI, a partner in Fanelli Antique Timepieces, Ltd., now in its second year at 1131 Madison Avenue (84th), likes to tell a story about her husband, Joe, in the early days. Eighteen years ago, the Fanellis opened a clock store on the West Side, and word got around that they were terrific at fixing up big clocks. One day, at another dealer's, her husband asked the price of a clock and was told that it was $300. Too high. The dealer said, "Take it to Joe Fanelli, he'll give you $400 for it." "I *am* Joe Fanelli," her husband replied. Three hundred dollars thrown around today makes less of a clunk when it lands; *watches* at Fanelli now start at $450 and go up to $9,500—$1,600 buys a suave-looking 18k.-gold Swiss stopwatch with a sweep second hand which times as much as twelve hours—but the main thing here is tall-case, or grandfather, clocks. The prices are high, starting at $4,800, and giving a friend such a clock is the equivalent of buying him a backbone for his house. We ourself have always been fascinated by moon-phase calendar clocks, on which the dial is set to coincide with the phases of the moon, and a cutout moon travels across the forehead of the clock face. Fanelli has one that was made in 1775 in England. The dial is brass, with a silvered chapter ring, it is signed by John Powell, the engraving above the dial depicts "high water at Bristol Key," and the case is mahogany; $9,500. And, for a devotee of Early Americana, here is a rustic clock by Silas Hoadley. It dates from 1815, and it still has the original label in the interior which pledges that the clock is "warranted to perform equal to any of the kind made in the United States, if cared for, and well used." The clock is of pine stained to look like rosewood, and its wooden works have ivory bushings, which are the equivalent of jewels in watches; $4,800.

An interesting pair of sterling-silver cufflinks can be found at Macklowe Gallery & Modernism, at 667 Madison Avenue (61st); the gallery, which also sells Art Nouveau and Art Deco furniture, moved here from farther uptown in September. The cufflinks, which are double-sided, were made around 1900 by Unger Brothers, of Newark, New Jersey, and bear a relief sculpture of an owl gazing at the crescent profile of a slumbering man in the moon. The price is $500, and, for the angler who has been persuaded to attend a soup-and-fish evening, $700 will buy a set of cufflinks from the nineteen-twenties which features portraits of trout flies on a backing of mother-of-pearl and topped by half orbs of reverse-carved rock crystal. Also attractive is an Art Nouveau pair of gold repoussé cufflinks molded in the shape of a mermaid who is holding up a giant conch shell; they are $350. For those in search of cufflink-and-stud sets, the gallery can supply either European or American sets. (European formal shirtfronts require two studs; American bibs demand three.) In one European set, an 18k.-gold lion holding a diamond in its mouth—"instead of a bird," Barbara Macklowe explained—appears both on single-sided links and on the studs. The set was made in France in 1910, and the price is $2,000. American sets include one of onyx cabochons mounted in gold, circa 1925, for $975, and one in which an entourage of star sapphires seems to sing a little ode to the gaming table and bathtub gin: the studs are blue; the cufflinks are pink and lavender; each stone is circled by a band of pavé diamonds set in platinum; and the backs are gold. The price is $3,400.

ASCOT CHANG, who has worked as a custom shirtmaker in Hong Kong for thirty years, during which he gradually extended his operation to three sites—the Peninsula and Regent Hotels and the Princess Building—has recently opened a store at 7 West 57th Street, which is run by his son Tony Chang, and is a good place to go for quiet service and superior quality, if one is on the lookout for a shirt. In the ready-to-wear line, prices range from $39.50 to $80. Materials include hundred-thread-count, two-ply striped Sea Island cotton ($68.50), hundred-count two-ply Sea Island solids ($49.50), and solid-color broadcloth in an array of unusually clear candy-box colors ($39.50). Details include all single-needle finishing (with twenty-two rather than the customary sixteen stitches per inch), French seams, handpicked mother-of-pearl buttons, Swiss or English collar interfacing, French or button cuffs, and wing, straight, button-down, modified-spread, or tab collar. All these features, separately or together, can be repeated on a custom-made shirt, in a choice of two thousand fabric samples. The most expensive—$155.50—is a hundred-and-seventy-thread-count two-ply Sea Island cotton (not available in ready-to-wear), which feels like spun silk. There is also cotton voile, silk charmeuse, and every possible weight of cotton, including one dyed ivory and printed with a herringbone pattern that looks like bird wings rather than fish bones. Prices, which include a fitting, of course, start at $52.50. Monograms are $5.50 extra, and Ascot Chang will also copy, for a reasonable price (the exact figure depends on the style), any shirt that a man has grown fond of, or a new one by another designer.

Shirts by Gina Ferrigno, which can be seen by appointment if you call 983-6398, have little to do with reason; instead, they hobnob with pizzazz and high-priced fun. For the past half year, after a short period of private experimentation (a friend wore a shirt designed by Miss Ferrigno to a party,

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where he was surrounded by hordes crying, "*Where'd you get that shirt?*"), Gina Ferrigno has been selling couture shirts to the public. A few of her designs are the result of brainstorms. Under that heading falls a clever tuxedo shirt with a white cotton piqué bib which has a red silk bow tie already attached to the collar. The bib is piped in the same bright silk, and the tie can be untied, for the purpose of entrance and egress. The shirt is $425. A second white cotton shirt for formal wear has a wing collar, and the bib is made of a piece of black-and-white striped silk organza. The organza has been tucked in such a way that the vertical stripes create a holographic effect, and this is heightened by horizontal stripings of ivory silk ribbon. It sounds dreadfully busy, but it is in fact stunning, and the shirt looks like something that Albrecht might wear for a visit to Giselle's grave. The price is $450. Less formal are a black linen shirt with a Watteau pleat in back and a covered placket ($300) and a white cotton shirt, with a shirred back and nineteen-thirties green-and-ivory Bakelite-inlay buttons ($225). A shirt that Miss Ferrigno (who on the day we visited her was dressed from head to foot in black) calls the Universe costs $490. The fabric is silvery-gray silk spattered with blue dots; the shirt has a left breast pocket, and closes with antique glass buttons, which are also covered with tiny galaxies of blue dots. And $400 is the price of a taupe wool shirt with antique ivory-colored oval buttons that are carved with a diamond shape and resemble an eye. The button stitch forms the pupil. The shirts are handmade, and while the standard cut here is roomy—the style that used to be called "poet's blouse"—they can be scaled down in size.

To our mind, there is no guidebook for gentlemen which surpasses Baldesar Castiglione's "The Book of the Courtier," written between 1512 and 1516, while Castiglione was in attendance at the court of the Duke of Urbino. Concluding a two-page discussion on proper dress, he writes:

> I would only add further that he ought to consider what appearance he wishes to have and what manner of man he wishes to be taken for, and dress accordingly; and see to it that his attire aid him to be so regarded even by those who do not hear him speak or see him do anything whatsoever.

A bit before that, on the subject of masquerades, Castiglione writes, concerning the behavior of princes, "It would not be proper for a prince to elect to play the part of the prince himself, for the pleasure which comes to the spectators from the novelty of the thing would be wanting for the most part, since it is nothing new to anyone that the prince is the prince; and when he is seen to wish to play the prince as well as be the prince, he loses the license of doing all those things that are beneath a prince's dignity." The book is in print—an Anchor/Doubleday paperback. The translation is by Charles Singleton, and the price is $6.95 at Doubleday, 724 Fifth Avenue (57th).

A gift-wrapped copy in our brimming bag, we pored next over a display of neckties at Hermès, at 11 East 57th Street. It would be impossible, it seemed to us, to discover a tie here that would not meet with Castiglione's approval. This Christmas marks the end of Hermès' hundred-and-fiftieth-birthday celebration; last January, to inaugurate it, the Paris headquarters built a pavilion out of a thousand Hermès scarves and strips of wood, lit it from within, like a Japanese lantern, and sent it out on a barge into the

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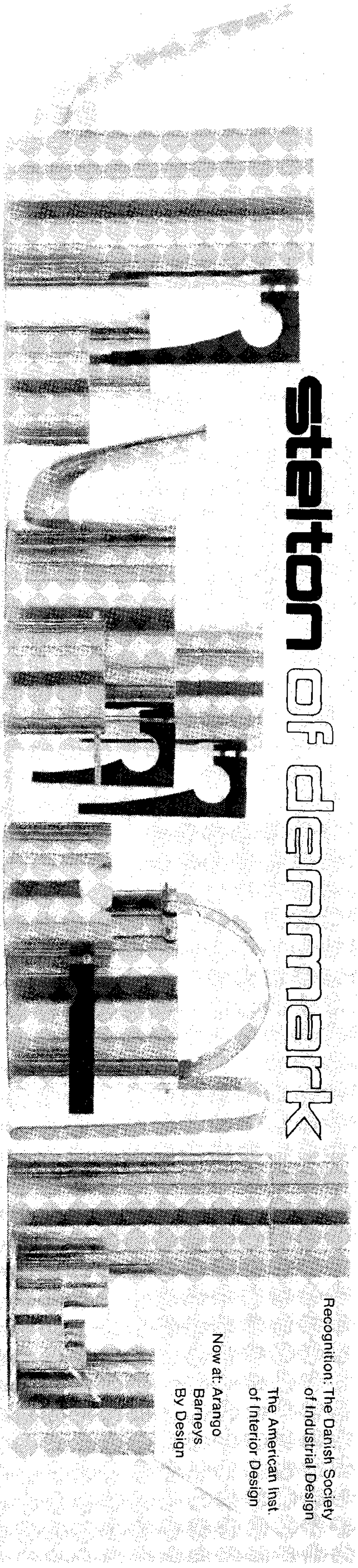
middle of the Seine. That same evening, students from the National Circus School of France performed on the Quai de Conti, a horse show took place on the riverbank, and the spectacle ended only after cannisters inside the pavilion shot off twenty-five minutes of fireworks. A tie printed with a motif commemorating this event—a multicolored picture of a medieval figure holding in each hand a torch of exploding light—is $65, which is the price at Hermès this year for any silk twill four-in-hand tie. (Bow ties are $55.) The new pattern is stamped, bottle-cap size, on handsome shades of silk. Other designs include Hermès' signature equestrian motifs; porpoises bobbing amid waves; and atomlike diagrams and particles. We especially liked a pattern of pleached vines enclosing a multitude of small deer, each in a separate glade. Hermès also has on hand various practical implements for odd jobs. A pair of stainless rose shears that might also be used on poultry has pigskin handles and costs $325; a heavy horn-handled knife with three folding blades (one is five inches long) and a corkscrew is $245; a three-piece manicure set that includes a small scissors and folds up into a horn case is $295; and $435 is the price of a tortoiseshell cigar cutter.

A man who might like such a cigar cutter would most likely look well in, and be equally pleased by, a wool-challis or silk smoking jacket from A. Sulka & Company, at 430 Park Avenue (55th). In keeping with the abstemious times, Sulka now calls these garments "reading jackets." They are hand-cut and handmade; have one breast pocket, two patch pockets, and a shawl collar; and close with a sash. The prices are $475 for one in heavy English silk twill, and $375 for one in wool challis. These are jackets of disarming beauty. "You can look at one for hours and you won't find a fault," Claude Petit, a Sulka salesman, said, as reverently as a deacon showing off a clerestory of stained glass. The prints include subdued foulards and an extravagant floral with philodendron-like green leaves. An extraordinarily appealing fir-green knee-length cashmere robe, with one breast pocket, a sash belt, and two pockets that one hates to describe as "slash," is piped in garnet satin. The price is $750. A longer robe, of silk satin in a William Morris-style wallpaper print in tones of slate and brown, is $650. And, for a particular sybarite, a shopper whose pockets are lined with cash might



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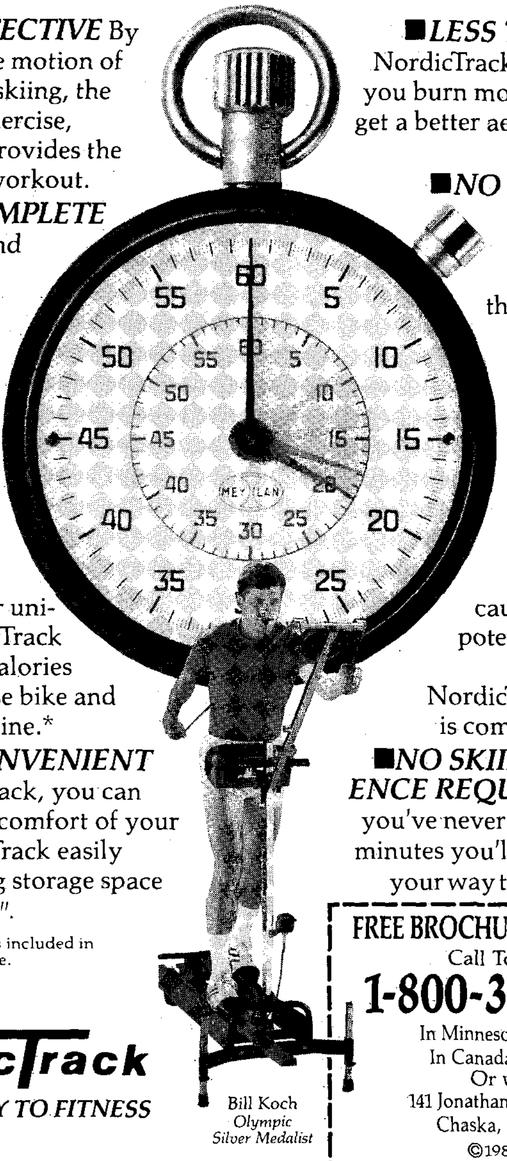

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choose between one of Sulka's Arabian Nights full-length silk-brocade robes with quilted-satin lapels ($2,000) and a cashmere-and-silk paisley robe, mid-calf length, and dressed up with satin lapels and cuffs and satin piping ($2,500). Both robes, being fully lined, are warm.

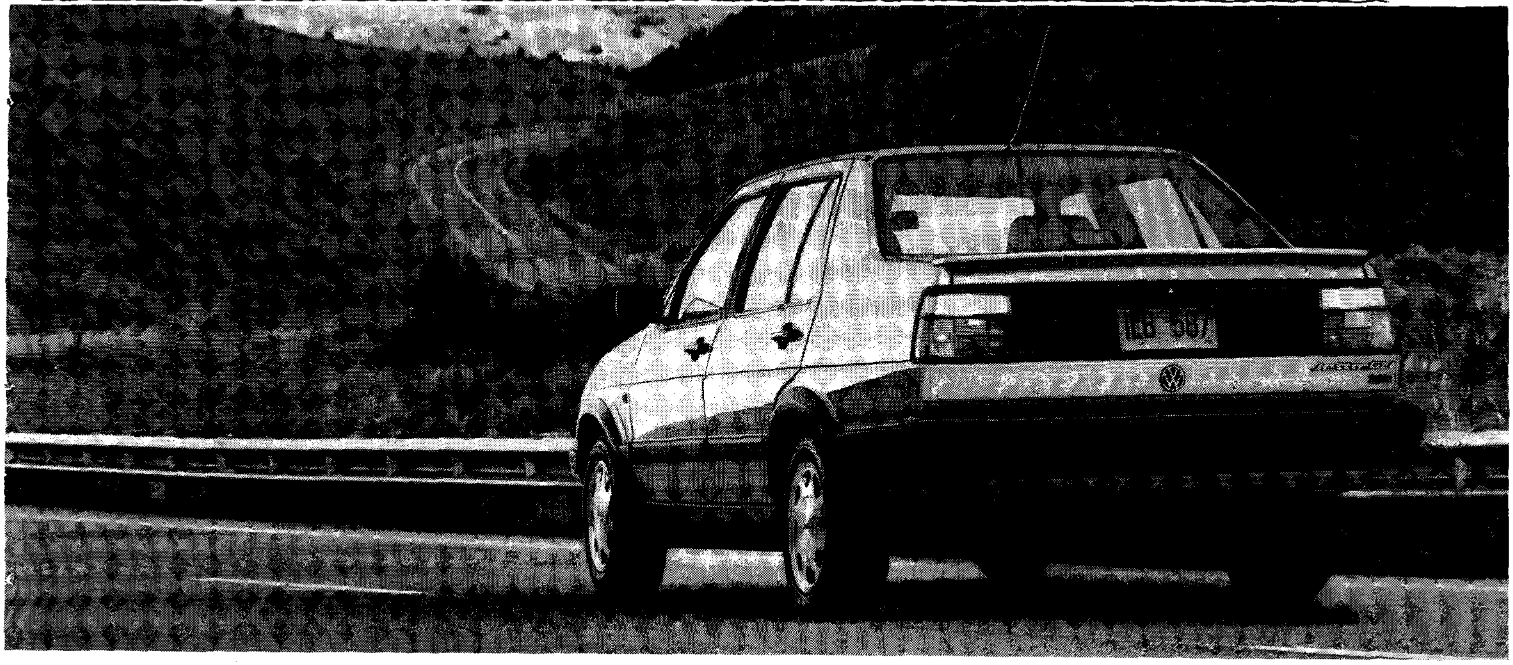
F. R. TRIPLER, half a mile south, at 346 Madison Avenue (46th), has among its furnishings some English silk paisley ascots. Colors include rose and Mediterranean blue, and they are $65 each. Black, burgundy, or navy pin-striped cotton-lisle socks from France are $17.50 a pair, and $100 is the price of a pair of zany pajamas by Derek Rose, of Savile Row. The spirit of Mr. Rose's collection has been siphoned from the British "regimental" array: the Merchant Navy pajamas are navy blue with narrow green, red, and white stripes ("the issue of the badge jealously reserved to genuine sea-farers who can prove their war service," we read on the tag); the Royal Marine pattern is navy with claret, green, and yellow stripes; and Brigade of Guards is maroon with wide navy stripes. The jackets have one breast pocket and two patch pockets, and the pants have a drawstring or an elastic waist. It is a fact that some men prefer terry cloth to silk brocade when it comes to robes. Some good terry-cloth robes here, priced from $125 to $195, carry the label "Egeria." We found one with white and pearl-gray awning stripes especially pleasing. A stoic who has given up on the idea of receiving a sweater knitted just for him might settle for one handmade by strangers in Ireland. Of such sweaters on sale at Tripler, some have tweed-stitch yokes, others hand-knit cables, and the rugged yarn has been dyed to resemble moss and peat. The prices are $115 for a ribbed turtleneck and $120 for a crew. An unusual paisley sweater in rich, dark colors (which has in fact been imported from Uruguay) is $77.50 in a long-sleeved, crew-neck version, and $57.50 with a V neck and no sleeves. A diamond-patterned intarsia sweater from Scotland which plays off the idea of Argyle is hand-knit in shades of charcoal and heliotrope on a tartan-green background; it's lamb's wool and costs $92.50. Cashmere vests from the same firm (McGeorge of Dumfries) are $180, and the colors available include a distinguished purple.

Down three blocks, around a corner, and up a flight of stairs, Chipp, at 342

Madison Avenue (the entrance is on 43rd), has laid in a supply of knock-around-town haberdashery in Shetland wool, also imported from Scotland. Thick socks with contrasting color accents at the top and the toe—pink on a cobalt shank, for example, or camel on charcoal—are $19.50 a pair, and a mint-green or heather-gray crew-neck sweater is $52. Chipp is primarily a source of sober custom-made suits, but it is also a fount of original and often successful ideas for creative dress. For instance, Chipp has made up a few blazers from a woollen worsted, milled by Atkinson's of Belfast, that is ordinarily used for regimental-striped ties. The jacket—not custom, but made to individual measure in Chipp's factory—is $425, and the question of whether it looks debonair or clownish seems to depend more than such things ordinarily do on the wearer. It is also possible to choose here a hand-printed silk lining for any jacket. The choices include a pretty blue-and-turquoise stripe, paisleys, pheasants, or one patterned with dice, and such a lining will add between $100 and $125 to the total price, which ranges from $400 to $1,500. Lately, some men of our acquaintance have been wondering where to get a Norfolk jacket. One answer is Chipp. The store has a display model hanging up, with matching trousers. The moss-green herringbone fabric is nineteen-ounce thornproof woollen worsted, and the jacket is lined in cream-colored challis decorated with sailboats. The suit has the look of something that will one day be eyed covetously by a grandson, and the heirloom price is $1,350. (*Sans culotte*, the jacket is $325 less.) The average price of a custom-made suit, which Chipp considers a good investment, is $1,250.

Charivari for Men, at 2339 Broadway (85th), is no stranger to clothes invested with interest. Here, for $420, one can pick up a supple brown leather jacket by Avirex Limited. It has raglan sleeves, and an ivory taffeta lining printed with an old map of Europe. Here, too, are some acceptable black cotton shirts. One by Flag, in twill with amber-colored buttons, costs $80, and, for purists, and bearing Charivari's own label, there are fine black broadcloth shirts with black buttons and a fuller cut, for $135. The Italian company Byblos designs clothes that look sprightly but not outré. A spruce-green wool-flannel jacket has an overlay cranberry plaid, and costs $480. Navy-and-green small-houndstooth pants, to wear with it, are $155, and also by Byblos, for $480, is a blazer in a black-and-shimmering-violet wool jacquard weave. Kenzo, the Japanese whiz who works in Paris, has decided this season to run up a man's jacket of navy-blue wool woven with the wintry snowflake pattern usually seen on ski sweaters. The price is $490. At the accessories counter, near the door, braces made of black crocodile, which are something we have not seen elsewhere, are $165 a pair, and $10 is the price of a pair of cotton-blend socks, by Studio Tokyo, with an image of the Frankenstein monster woven into the ankle. White wool-and-nylon socks—the texture is that of old counterpanes—are from England. The designer is Paul Smith, and the price is $20 a pair.

"We don't have a bottom-line hat," said Scott Zegas, the manager of Worth & Worth, at 331 Madison Avenue (43rd). He was standing near the register, under a sign that read "Felt hats may be steamed & brushed between the hours of 9:00 A.M. & 10:00 A.M., while you wait." Worth & Worth is a serious place, where one might go



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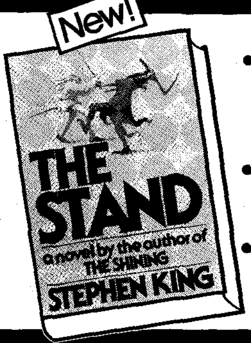
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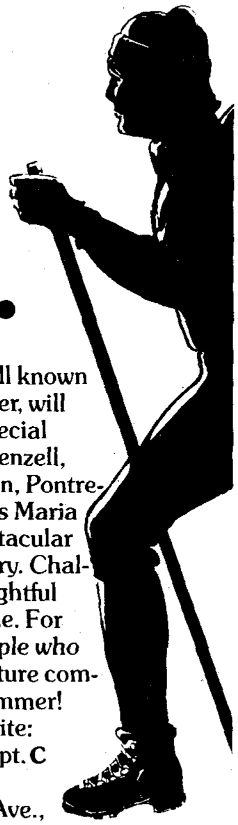
in search of a serious hat. A good fedora has a hand-stitched snap brim, as does the traditional Borsalino, made in Italy and constructed so that it may be rolled up for packing without losing its shape. The band is leather, and the colors available are navy, gray, charcoal, dark taupe, and black. The price is $100 and up. A suède-finish hat made under Worth & Worth's supervision bears the mark of Cavanagh; the price ranges from $100 to $125, and Harry Rose, the store's proprietor, goes down to Garland, Texas, himself to pick out the felt. The Bogart, which Mr. Zegas describes as "an easy first hat," is $55; bowlers, handmade by Christys' of London, are $135, and black satin opera hats are $145. Old-fashioned non-collapsible top hats with a beaver finish are $250. The store also has bins of caps. Silk-lined ones from Scotland, made from one piece of tweed, are $25; eight-section Irish tweed caps, called Copperfields, which resemble the one Babe Ruth used to wear, are $37.50; and cashmere caps, in plaids, or camel, gray, or navy, are $75. Lamb's-wool caps are $50, and English deerstalker hats—the favorite headgear of Sherlock Holmes—are $25, and their weaves include houndstooth.

Having, we hope, amply dressed the gentleman from nearly the skin out (ivory silk boxer shorts at Sulka are $50), we close the closet and head for the door, allowing but a brief pause at the dressing table. Nancy Marshall Ltd., at 145 East 62nd Street, is well stocked with serviceable silver and crystal objects, most of them previously employed by Victorians. Sterling-silver razors cost $110 and up (and can be used with Schick Super II double-headed blades); sterling-silver comb backs fitted with new tortoiseshell-type combs that are made in Italy cost from $100 to $125; and men's silver-backed hairbrushes with natural boar bristles cost from $100 to $175. The price of a silver bottle opener is $110. A shoehorn rendered in silver which somehow makes one think of Brancusi is $100. And a sterling-and-lead-crystal Victorian humidor shaped like a miniature gazebo is $400.

A Pen-and-Ink sketch of a pillbox, with stars embossed on its gold-wash lid, can be found at Stubbs Books & Prints, upstairs at 835 Madison Avenue (69th), which specializes in the historically complementary arts of architecture and decoration. The

Hike the Alps.



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drawing is from the now defunct Parisian jeweller G. Keller, which in its heyday employed former Fabergé artists, and the price is $100, unframed. "The House of Coalport, 1750-1950," by Compton Mackenzie (Collins, London; $25), was published in 1953, and it is a history, more Byzantine than might be expected, of the firm that produced the famous willowware china pattern. The penultimate page reproduces runic-looking long-ago china marks, and on the frontispiece, under a photograph of a blue-and-white plate, is the verse

> The willow pattern that we knew
> In childhood, with its bridge of blue
> Leading to unknown thoroughfares.

Sir Compton says that it is possible, on a visit to the old factory site, to find shards of pottery stuck in the ground. Considering the current price of Stickley pieces, a book called "Mission Furniture: How to Make It" might be useful. Published in Chicago in 1909, it was the first in a series of twenty-five-cent handbooks put out by *Popular Mechanics* magazine. The price is now $35. Stubbs also has an extensive collection of architectural prints. A copperplate engraving of the dimensions of Doric columns, by T. Müller, sculptor, was published under the jurisdiction of an Act of Parliament in 1753 and sells here for $150. Selling for $110 is a lithograph by Victor Petit, from his series of manor houses and follies: it is a picture of a rustic pavilion, with an observatory deck whose thatched roof looks like a coolie hat. A framed set of three Dutch watercolors of Gothic ruins is $800.

MEN whose idea of greensward is the felt covering a billiard or pool table might be pleased with a tangible result of one's visit to Blatt Billiard Corporation, at 809 Broadway (11th). Prices start at $1,100, for a standard table. The selection, which is huge, includes a Brunswick table, circa 1875, inlaid with mahogany, bird's-eye maple, ebony, walnut, and rosewood. The pockets, like those of all old tables, are made of latticed leather. The price is $35,000. An antique oak table with restored ebony inlay is $7,000. Those who would like to present billiard-parlor habitués with tokens that are smaller in both scale and cost might consider two-piece cues of Canadian maple variously inlaid with rosewood or zebrawood. The price ranges from $80 to $650, and for a price ranging from $659 to $800 one can buy cues handmade by Richard

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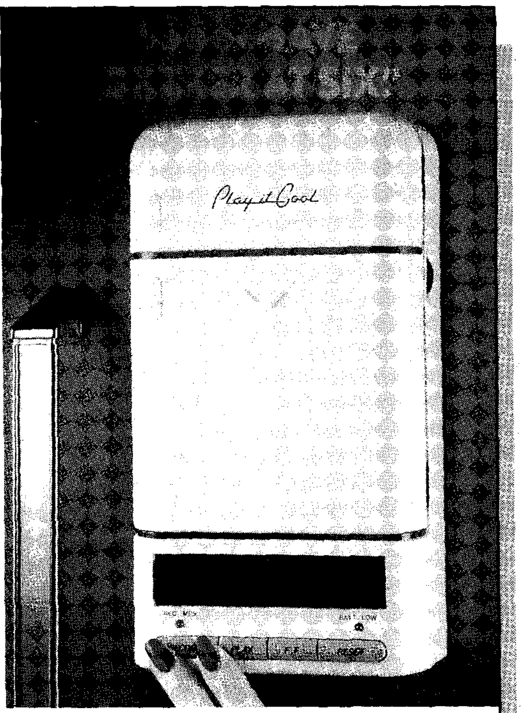

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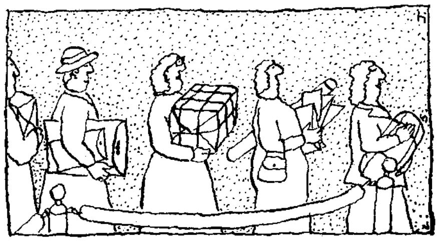
Helmstetter, in England, that are inlaid with ivory, tulipwood, ebony, and iridescent abalone. Decolite billiard balls, from West Germany, which are supposed to be perfectly balanced, are made of phenolic resin, and cost $250 per set. Blatt also carries domino sets. One made of red-and-white molded plastic comes in a wooden case and costs $25, and miniature black-and-white wooden sets are $2.

The vast interior of Urban Archeology, at 137 Spring Street (Greene), has the quality of a dreamscape: neon bar signs crowd the walls, hanging above genteel parties of white wrought-iron garden chairs. The store and everything in it are owned by two partners, Gil Shapiro and Len Schechter. In 1961, when Mr. Shapiro was seventeen, he sold his parents' living-room set in order to pay for the interior fixtures of a neighborhood soda fountain—an act that resulted in an immediate family-imposed sentence of two years of psychotherapy. Mr. Shapiro nevertheless went on to turn his hobby into a career, and he now sells, among many other things, a good number of refurbished Wurlitzer 1015 jukeboxes, at $10,000 apiece. Fifty-six thousand such jukeboxes were made by the Wurlitzer company between 1947 and 1949. Known as "the kind with the bubbles," the 1015s set a standard of sorts, and, according to Mr. Shapiro, they are the type that everyone wants. The model is distinguished by plastic tubes of undulating colored light that arch over the record box, the undulation being caused by a combination of ether, alcohol, and gravel in the tubes: when the light bulb at the bottom of a tube is switched on, it warms the gravel, and that gives off just enough heat to make the ether and the alcohol (which have low boiling points) bubble. (Mr. Shapiro's young daughter brings her friends by after school to watch the jukeboxes, and he reports that they can sit entranced for as long as an hour.) Another advantage the 1015 has over other jukeboxes is that because so many were made it is easy to get replacement parts. The machine holds twenty-four records (78s or 45s), and Urban Archeology can supply vintage lists of Top Forty recordings, on stiff cardboard, to stick into the front of the machine. (One card listed "Hound Dog" and "Don't Be Cruel" in first and second place, and then "Blue Moon," by the Marcels, and "Earth Angel," by the Penguins.) The store also has a lineup of slot machines from the nineteen-forties. The prices average $2,500, and models include the Gold Award Mills Roman Head and the canary-yellow Bird of Paradise Rollertop (with a twin jackpot). "Everybody wants a story," Mr. Shapiro says in reply to a question about the popularity of his stock of old brass doorknobs. The knobs are embossed with the imprints of the vanished Biltmore Hotel, the old Equitable Building, and the public schools of the City of New York. They sell for $35 to $150 a pair.

Men who in their youth shone on intramural chessboards might be given this Christmas, in honor of past glories, a chess set from the Village Chess Shop, at 230 Thompson Street (Bleecker), which is now the only store in the city devoted wholly to chess. It is open every day from noon to midnight, and half the floor space is given over to tables set up with boards. A lull means that only half a dozen games are going on. (Even then, though, it isn't quiet. From a half hour's observation, it seems that chess, New York style, involves a lot of hand-waving and yelling.) Chess sets here range from $1.98 to $4,000, and boards and sets of pieces are sold separately. A three-and-three-quarters-inch ebony and boxwood double-weighted set, in a rosewood box, is $160. (The measurement refers to the height of the king.) An ebony and ivory set from Kenya, in which the pieces are carved with African motifs—the castle is a thatched hut, for example—is $900; an elk-horn set from Finland is $250; and an Italian brass set is $128. For serious playing, a set of standard Staunton pieces—rosewood and boxwood, three-and-three-quarters-inch, weighted, in a rosewood box—is $70, and to go with it one might choose a board made out of walnut and maple with a mahogany frame ($42.50). A dark- and pale-walnut board that is held together by means of tongue-and-groove joints is $88, and a useful rule of thumb for coördinating a set and a board is that two-inch squares fit three-and-three-quarters-inch pieces, and two-and-a-quarter-inch squares supply enough space for most taller pieces.



For winter hours spent indoors, the reliable mail-order company of L. L. Bean (Freeport, Maine 04033) will send off, in exchange for a $45 check, a Pendleton wool throw. It measures fifty-two inches by seventy, and comes in a choice of two tartans—Prince Charles Edward Stewart (predominantly red) and Black Watch. L. L. Bean also sells a device to help with the chore of bringing in logs from the woodpile. The logs are carried in a leather-handled canvas tote that is reinforced with a dowel at each end. Once indoors, the tote can be fitted into a supporting frame made out of kiln-dried oak, which has rubber feet to save wear on polished floors. The inclusive price is $58. Bean stocks a solid-oak rocking chair, with a Malaysian-rattan seat and back, that is a copy of the one once recommended to President Kennedy to ease his back trouble. It would be as good a place as any from which to offer opinions on the coming year's campaign, and the price is $189. A man who spends a good deal of time outdoors likes to get as much advance information as possible about the day's weather. For him, $48 will buy Bean's Weather Center. Among its many features are a clock, a thermometer, a hygrometer (which measures humidity), and a barometer, with a reset key. It can stand on a desk or hang on a wall. L. L. Bean also has a few implements to speed a man on his way once he's out. A packable snow shovel, which comes apart to fit into a car trunk, has what the catalogue calls "a fast-cutting anodized aluminum blade, [which] resists snow build-up." It measures twenty-eight inches long, assembled, and ten by twelve, folded; the weight is one pound nine ounces; and the price is $30. An auto emergency kit ($55) includes five pieces of equipment: orange jumper cables, a tire inflator that creates a permanent seal, a reflective triangle, fluorescent yellow-and-green light sticks, and an instruction pamphlet. For watching the activities of others outdoors, there's a seven-by-three-by-four-inch clear-acrylic bird feeder with suction cups that fasten it to the outside of a window; $9.50.

THIS year, for the first time, we sent away for the Marmot catalogue (3098 Marmot Lane, Grand Junction, Colorado 81504), at the urging of a friend—a skier who had been impressed because when he returned a "guaranteed waterproof" jacket that had begun to leak after seven years of wear Marmot sent him a new one, free, by return mail. When the catalogue arrived, we found in red, on the cover, the phrase "The Power of Dreams," written in the air above the Khumbu Icefall, next to Mt. Everest. Inside we read that Marmot's Alpinist Series of climbing gear "is for people who deliberately—and enthusiastically—seek out the harshest conditions on earth." An example of such gear is a black-and-red "8,000m." Gore-tex down parka. (Eight thousand metres is a magic number among mountain climbers, for only fourteen peaks in the world reach that dizzying height.) The parka, we read, is filled with seventeen and a half ounces of six-hundred-fill-power goose down, the elbows are articulated *and* baffled, and two each of exterior and interior cargo pockets are twelve inches deep. The price is $395. Polarlite neck gaiters, which can be drawn up to protect the chin and mouth, are $10 (the colors include French blue and wintergreen), and Gore-tex ski pants lined with a fabric called Dryline, which is knitted from a combination of "hydrophilic" and "hydrophobic" fibres, and serves to draw accumulated moisture away from the skin, are $185. They have full-length covered side zippers and a zippered back pocket, and come in black or crimson. A hooded all-weather Gore-tex parka, with a Dryline torso liner, an elastic drawstring waist, and underarm ventilation zips, is $250. There are four colors—French blue, wintergreen, crimson, and a sort of gray, called cadet blue.

THE Craftsbury Nordic Ski Center, in Craftsbury Common, in the Northeast Kingdom region of Vermont, offers a three-day-long cross-country ski tour, which is so arranged that the participants sleep at a different place each evening. The planned daily run is approximately ten kilometres, though you may do as much more as you wish, and the tour starts with a night at the Center. The next night, skiers stay at the nearby Inn on the Common, and the last night is spent at the 1850 Craftsbury Inn. Scenery to be skied past includes a presumably snowcapped Mt. Mansfield and a presumably frozen Black River, and rates, including room, dinner, and breakfast, are $276 per person, double occupancy, or $306 for a single skier. The rental cost of ski equipment for the duration of the circuit is $21, and lodgings may be reserved for any three consecutive nights between January 5th and March 31st, except for Washington's Birthday weekend.

Someone who would like to underwrite a bout of athletic activity but shrinks from the thought of Vermont's winter cold might consider presenting instead—depending on the recipient's sport of choice—a week at the Craftsbury Running Camp or one at the Craftsbury Sculling Center. The week at the running camp costs $270 in June or July and $290 in August, and that includes an analysis of the participant's running form and an individual training program, though not a treadmill test to determine his aerobic capacity; the test is an extra $95. The week at the sculling center, which is open from May until mid-October, is $430 ($490 in August). A weekend is $245, and the ages of those who have attended in the past range from nine to seventy-four. The address for all Craftsbury Center programs is P. O. Box 31, Craftsbury Common, Vermont 05827, or telephone 802 586-7767.

A yachtless man living in the lowlands of the Eastern Seaboard would probably be more than pleased if someone saw his or her way clear to giving him a Beetle Cat boat this Christmas. Such boats, which are twelve feet four inches long and are made of wood, have been produced by the Concordia Company, of South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, near Apponagansett Bay, since 1946. Before that, they were made by the Beetle family, of New Bedford. The sail measures approximately a hundred square feet, and the boat weighs about four hundred and fifty pounds. The beam is six feet, the draft with board is two feet, and these are the boat's specifications:

Frame	—Oak
Planking	—½" Cedar
Fastenings	—Bronze
Ceiling	—Cedar
Deck	—Canvas-covered cedar, painted reddish buff
Wash Rail	—Oak, varnished
Spars	—Fir, varnished
Hull	—Painted white
Bottom	—Painted green
Hardware	—Brass

There are active Beetle Cat fleets up and down the seaboard, including one in Islip, on Great South Bay, and the New England Beetle Cat Boat Association sponsors six championships every summer: Mitey Mite, Junior, Men, Women, Tired Parents, and Leo J. Telesmanick. (Mr. Telesmanick began his personal association with Beetle Cats in 1930, when he

"Seed for the sower and bread for the eating."
Isaiah 55:10

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AFSC helps them level the land; build dikes to hold rain and flood waters; install animal-powered water pumps; dig wells for drinking water; and plant sorghum, millet, and rice. As these herders begin tilling the earth and seeking self-sufficiency, we must assure them of seeds and other help for their next planting.

Frankly, we need your help with seed money. You may find yourself agreeing with William Penn's idea: *"To help mend this world is true religion." AFSC*, a Quaker agency, was founded in 1917 for that purpose in this broken and hungry world.

Give a gift to contemporary shepherds this Christmas. Clip this column and send it with your check, payable to *AFSC*, marked *"For Mali nomads."* Please do it today. We'll send you our thanks and theirs.

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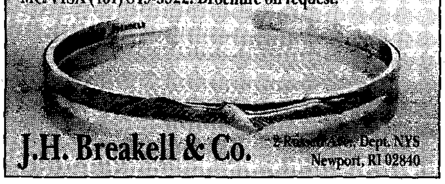

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went to work in the Beetle family's boatyard.) The price of a Beetle Cat is $4,950; it does not include the cost of the sail, which is $385, but does include spars, rigging, rudder, tiller, boom crutch, and sail track. (The sail price includes slides, reef points, hoop fasteners, a sail bag, and stops.) A four-pound Danforth anchor is $25 (it could be used on other types of boats as well). An adult-size kapok life jacket is $8, and Corcordia will install a name on a Beetle Cat stern in two-inch brass letters for $4.50 per letter. P. O. Box P-203, South Dartmouth, Massachusetts 02748; 617 996-9971.

"YOU ever seen a joint like this?" asked Bill Bender, a former advertising executive, who left Madison Avenue in order to open Grove Decoys. The store, at 49 Grove Street (Bleecker), sells a fine array of antique decoys. "Here's sculpture, here's painting, here's Americana," he continued. Mr. Bender's handsome store, being open and light, is completely without the dank knotty-pine aura that often surrounds decoys. The birds are shown to splendid advantage on white shelves. An old squaw drake that was carved in Massachusetts in the nineteen-twenties has a rare inset leather tail and original white markings. It costs $395; other antique decoys, all under $400, and averaging about $250 each, include a green-winged teal, carved on Long Island, Canada geese, mallards, and merganser drakes. A well-turned-out merganser—sleek, elemental, and very rare—is $4,500; it is by Joe Lincoln, whom Mr. Bender calls "the Rembrandt of decoys," and who died in 1938. To protect next summer's vegetable plot from crows, here is a Herter's owl decoy, from the nineteen-forties. Its nose is a bear claw, and its price is $1,500. Mr. Bender also sells decoys made by contemporary carvers. They are somewhat less expensive, and many are shorebirds.

Mr. Bender's wife, Carol, shares his interest in wooden decoys, but her passion is fish, rather than waterfowl. Fish decoys, which measure from three to ten inches long, were once dangled in the water in the hope that fish would come close in order to get a better look at their cousins. Prices start at $80. The decoys are brightly painted with decorative stripes, zigzags, and polka dots; each has a hole in its dorsal fin where a line was attached, and a fish could swim from a bough of a Christmas tree.

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THE THEATRE

Family Portrait

At Louise Page's "Real Estate," an English import at St. Peter's, the audience spends around two hours in the presence of a couple of stubborn, seemingly heartless women and their kind, importunate men. Lest this sound too discouraging, it must also be said that we are in the presence of Sada Thompson and Roberta Maxwell, and of Charles Cioffi and Lewis Arlt as well. We open, in a suburban garden near London, with an encounter between an elderly woman named Gwen (Miss Thompson) and a woman in her late thirties named Jenny (Miss Maxwell). They stare at each other in silence. They are mother and daughter, and they have not seen each other in the twenty years since Jenny disappeared from home without a trace. There is some conversation between them, clearing up the mysterious departure and supplying a few facts, and suddenly Gwen says to Jenny, "You're pregnant." Jenny is unmarried, and although the father of the child, a very nice fellow named Eric (Mr. Arlt), divorced and with a ten-year-old daughter, offers to marry her if she will live with him in London, she refuses. She doesn't love him, and, it later turns out, she feels that her mother's suburban house is the ideal place to raise an infant. Dick, her stepfather (Mr. Cioffi), an excessively softhearted fellow, is delighted at the idea, but Gwen, immediately seeing herself in the role of built-in babysitter, is against it. Gwen herself has, in a sense, left home; she spends most of her time in her office selling real estate, while Dick attends to the cooking and the other domestic chores. The play boils down to a contest between shrewd, determined Gwen and shrewd, determined Jenny.

I've gone into the story in such detail because, as far as I can see, that is all there is. If Miss Page has anything to say of a general nature about mothers and daughters or, for that matter, husbands and wives, I missed it. She is experienced at her craft, scene by scene and line by line, but in this instance what she was unable to do was to set her characters free, to conceal for one moment her playwright's hand and allow us the illusion that they are on their own—though they're portrayed with great skill by Miss Maxwell and Miss Thompson. When Jenny is given her comeuppance by Eric, near the end (he withdraws his offer of marriage and leaves to spend his allotted time with his daughter), I felt that she was more the victim of Miss Page's scorn than of his regretful jilting. Miss Page, you may remember, wrote the moonstruck and spellbinding "Salonika," which was done at the Public a couple of years ago. A play far superior to this one, it, too, was concerned with a strong bond between mother and daughter, among many other things, and again her own intentions were somewhat mysterious, but that mystery was in keeping with the mood of the evening.

The acting in "Real Estate," under Brian Murray's capable direction, is, as I say, strong and exactly right. The especially eloquent scenery was designed by Desmond Heeley and lighted by John Michael Deegan; the good costumes were designed by Muriel Stockdale. —Edith Oliver

Business As Usual

You get a tougher take on Wall Street from the *Wall Street Journal* (or the *Financial Times*) than you do from Caryl Churchill's "Serious Money," the comedy in verse that opened at the Public Theatre last Thursday for a five-week run. "Serious Money," which comes to New York from the Royal Court Theatre, in London's fashionable Sloane Square, takes a satiric look at the post-deregulation world of high finance and comes to such whopping great conclusions as that there is money in the world, that money is bad, because it makes people greedy, and that insider trading is carried on by grasping, aggressive people without passion or proper feeling, who don't know what honor means. The action, which moves between London and New York (among other places), is largely set in and around the London International Financial Futures Exchange, LIFFE (pronounced "life"). The convoluted plot centers on a young corporate spy named Jake Todd (Scott Cherry), whose mysterious death seems to stem from a conspiracy to take over a company called Albion. When Jake is shot, near the beginning of the evening, his sister Scilla (Joanne Pearce), a LIFFE dealer, decides to investigate—not because she cares much but because she wants to find out where his money is. Possibly involved in Jake's death are a banker named Zac Zackerman (Paul Moriarty), an arbitrageur named Marylou Baines (Linda Bassett), and a corporate raider named Billy Corman (Daniel Webb). We never do find out for sure whether or not Jake was murdered, but we are given to understand that if he was, he got bumped off by someone in the Tory government who, wanting "five more glorious years" of free enterprise, hoped to avoid scandal in an election year.

REPERTORY THEATRE
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Most of the satire is lodged in the device of having the characters talk in rhyme, for doggerel is naturally funny.

Scilla: I had been wondering if you killed Jake, but now I hardly care.
It's not going to bring him alive again, and the main thing's to get my share.
They left me out because I'm a girl and it's terribly unfair.
You were Jake's main employer so tell me please
How did you pay him his enormous fees?
Did somebody pass a briefcase of notes at a station under a clock?
Or did you make over a whole lot of stock?
Did he have a company and what's its name?
And how can I get in on the game?
You'll need a replacement in London who knows their way round the businesses and banks.
Can I suggest somebody?
Marylou: No thanks.

British acting, like the French language, can make anything sound like poetry. The above is a pretty fair representation of Churchill's verse—except that she isn't always so fussy about rhyme scheme. The form, which moves around more than Churchill's high-flying financiers, jets between couplets, quatrains, blank verse, and free verse. The rhymes are, for the most part, predictable ("lazy" with "crazy," for example), a cheat ("assistant" with "instant," "greed and" with "freedom"), and heavily reliant on non sequiturs.

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superb cast, directed by Max Stafford-Clark and led by Miss Bassett, Miss Pearce, Mr. Cherry, and Allan Corduner, who plays the father of Jake and Scilla. Most of the actors play several parts, some of them American. (Meera Syal is particularly charming as a Cockney floozy and as a Peruvian heiress given to saying Marie Antoinettish things with a great big smile.) In the best tradition of British cast-doubling, there has been an attempt to have actors play characters that differ as much as possible from one another. Unfortunately, though, Miss Churchill hasn't given her cast a lot to work with: because she has created cartoons rather than characters, there isn't much difference between Mr. Webb's corporate raider and his gilts dealer, for instance, or between Mr. Corduner's old Mr. Todd and his cabinet minister. Moreover, only Burt Caesar, who plays an American banker as well as a Third World mogul and Marylou's personal assistant, manages a plausible Stateside accent.

It's easy to see why this play was such a big hit in London. (It broke box-office records at the Royal Court, then moved to the West End, and it is running still.) It combines the spectacle of actors misbehaving (using bad language, pulling down one another's trousers, pretending to vomit, or simulating defecating horses) with a confirmation of many of the British intelligentsia's most dearly held beliefs: that privatization and free enterprise are bad things, that "the British Empire was a cartel," that foreigners buy Burberrys, that money is somehow something that one is better off yearning for than having, and that while various hidden vices may be permitted in good society, open ambition is unpleasant and impolite. I don't think American audiences are so likely to be snowed by Miss Churchill's play. I think it will be pretty clear to everyone that the satire is rather tame and serves to glamorize rather than to ridicule the world of high finance, by making money look sexy and exciting—which, of course, it is. In fact, I think it will be pretty clear to most people that Caryl Churchill and the Royal Court Theatre (and, by extension, the Public Theatre) are cashing in on eighties ethics and yuppie fashion. (Your average Wall Street whiz kid is far more likely to be amused than chastened by Jake's cynical "Greed's been good to me!")

A number of aspects of the production seem to look wistfully back to a more gracious past. The evening begins with a snatch of Handel's "Water Music" and a brief scene from Thomas Shadwell's 1692 comedy "The Volunteers; or, The Stock Jobbers," played before the curtain, at the end of which trumpets blare, the curtain opens to reveal Peter Hartwell's technology-laden set (three clocks, eight computer terminals, forty-nine wall phones), and the actors march ceremoniously upstage. This all makes for quite beautiful and impressive theatre, but it has little purpose other than to establish that high finance has been around for a long time and once had charm. (The inept post-punk pop songs, which end both acts, and in which actors rhythmically shout jargon mixed with obscenities at the audience, pushing and jostling each other out of the way, likewise seem to cast a cold eye on the ugly modern world.) The most vivid and moving speech in the play is a description of what London's financial district used to be like before deregulation:

> The stock exchange was a village street.
> You strolled about and met your friends.
> Now we never seem to meet.
> I don't get asked much at weekends.
>
> Everyone had a special name.
> We really had a sense of humour.
> And everybody played the game . . .

Nicknames, houseparties, playing the game—these are the graces and accoutrements of the old-boy network.

The fact is that, for all the hipness and topicality of "Serious Money," the whole production reeks of nostalgia. But that's the irony of so much British left-wing theatre: it's such a funny mixture of groping radicalism and Old World values. One sees this in Miss Churchill's earlier work. "Cloud 9"—a play about how women have feelings, too—used elaborate cast-doubling and time-warp tricks to make the point that the British Empire was a very bad thing. "Top Girls" discovered that careerist feminism is not compatible with good socialist principles. These are conflicts that could absorb only an audience of Englishmen lost in the ideological mists of time. Still, in contrast with my feeling about "Top Girls," which I found trivial, I'm genuinely glad Joe Papp imported "Serious Money." It's salutary, I think, to see first-rate acting of a sort that the American stage tradition provides no basis for; also to learn how very little it takes to impress the British politically. —Mimi Kramer

MUSICAL EVENTS

Visions

THE musical adventure of the season so far has been Jonathan Harvey's "Bhakti," given its American première last month by Parnassus, in Merkin Hall. It was composed five years ago, to an IRCAM commission, and was first heard in Paris, in 1982. It is a big piece—fifty minutes long, twelve movements, scored for fifteen players and four-track tape—and, though not as demanding of space, instrumental forces, and electronic equipment as Harvey's "Madonna of Winter and Spring" (1986), which I wrote about earlier this year, it is as large in its vision. The title means "devotion"—to a God loved, surrendered to, worshipped personally rather than through ritual formulas. To each movement is appended a passage from the Rig-Veda: not sung or recited but provided as a key to "a transcendent consciousness." The lines trace a progress: a state of "neither non-existence nor existence," stirred by a spirit into sentience, becomes a world where there are dancing, singing, sensuality, ecstasies of love and joy—and beyond them a mystery. The work begins with a single note, a G, which for some three minutes—establishing the long scale of the piece—shimmers, hovers, stirs, changes register, color, dynamics. (There is a parallel with the "primeval" E-flat from which all the "Ring" grows.) One becomes aware of the natural harmonics of this fundamental note; the tape at last makes them explicit, with glittering benedictions that shower down through the harmonic series onto the G. And the first movement closes with a vivifying trumpet solo. The second movement begins with a kind of transfigured dawn chorus, on tape, and becomes a trio for tape, clarinet, and piano, with touches of percussion. The third movement ("She of the waters flashed lightning like a falling lightning-bolt and brought me the pleasures of love"), for instruments only, is an erotic hymn. The fourth is a web of trills and tendrils.

The tape material derives from the sounds of live instruments which have been analyzed, atomized, and reconstituted by IRCAM's wondrous machines until they become the utterances of superinstruments, unlimited in color, range, and agility. Tape sounds and live instruments are distinct but related. The fifth movement begins with a long melody sung from the tape by some mysterious, full-bodied wind instrument never heard before. The ninth movement hangs upon three huge G's that span the aural spectrum ("The whole universe exists through the undying syllable"). In the tenth movement, a horn of this world and a "transfigured" horn, on the tape, engage in dialogue ("Dawn has opened up the darkness. . . . Her brilliant flame has become visible"). In the seventh movement, the intricate harmonies of bells, with their strike notes, hum notes, and galaxies of erratic partials, are refined and controlled. (Harvey's first international hit was the tape piece "Mortuos Plango, Vivos Voco," composed from the sounds of a bell and a boy; it is recorded on Erato STU 71544.) In the last movement, actual tubular bells and imitative peals from other instruments ring out, while the tape sings the tune from the seventh movement. The tape starts and stops, as instruments do, not imposing temporal rigidity on the work as a whole but calling at times for split-second coördination from conductor and players. The big tunes, the strong, rich colors, the joyful dance episodes—and, of course, the subject matter—suggest a parallel with Messiaen. The combination of careful, lucid structure with abundant decorative detail suggests one with Boulez. But "Bhakti" is not exactly "like" anything else. It's a new enterprise, and one of the most exhilarating works to be inspired by the new musical resources of our day.

Anthony Korf and his Parnassus players thrive on high challenges. They met this one with what seemed to me a very fine performance—committed, technically sure, elevated in spirit. "Bhakti" is not a work that can be tackled lightly or by players of less than expert accomplishment. Performances are likely to be rare, special events. But a cassette of a Spectrum performance will soon be available from the Society for the Promotion of New Music (10 Stratford Place, London W1N 9AE).

"Bhakti" resists the charge often brought against IRCAM compositions (Boulez's gorgeous, glittering "Répons" has not escaped it; most recently, George Benjamin's "Antara" has incurred it): that the musical results attained, however attractive, don't really justify the elaboration of computer and electronic apparatus employed in their making. I'm not sure how to assess such matters. IRCAM is a costly institution, to be sure, but in its products there is seldom such disparity between means and results as that between the extravagant paraphernalia of many grand-opera productions and the meagre artistic rewards that they offer. In any case, one can admire the movements of even a mouse—if it is sleek, spry, perfectly formed—though mountains labored to produce it. More and more good—and far from mousy—IRCAM pieces have been coming our way. I wrote last year about Barbara Kolb's "Millefoglie," done at a Music Today concert. Tod Machover's "Soft Morning, City!" (1980), for soprano, double-bass, and a computer-generated tape realized at IRCAM, had its New York première in a New Music Consort program at Weill Hall earlier this year. The concert began with Luciano Berio's alluring, arresting "Call (St. Louis Fanfare)" (1985), for a brass quintet stationed around the audience. "Soft Morning, City!" is a long scena from the closing pages of "Finnegans Wake," in which the forms and flow of Anna Livia Plurabelle's most musical speech are excellently captured. The double-bass provides accompaniment or counterpoint, and the tape seems to sound inner echoes. The vocal line is devised for a modern-music soprano of wide range, sure and steady pitch, and rapidity in sudden, Boulezian ornament: the first words are sung pianissimo on a high C, and the next phrases ("Lsp! I am leafy speafing. Lpf! Folty and folty all the nights have falled on to long my hair") stay mainly above the staff. Karol Bennett, with Donald Palma as the bassist, gave a limpid performance. "Soft Morning, City!" is recorded on CRI SD 506 (by Jane Manning and Barry Guy, its dedicatees), coupled with Machover's earlier IRCAM piece "Light," for fourteen players and tape. Two later, lusher Machover works (both 1984)—the very pretty, almost "new age" "Nature's Breath," for an ensemble of thirteen, and the romantic, somewhat overextended "Spectres Parisiens," for seventeen players and computer sounds—are recorded on a Bridge compact disk, BCD 9002.

A Sixteenth-Century exemplar of *bhakti*, the poet Mirabai, instead of joining her husband on his funeral pyre, devoted herself to Krishna and sang songs at once erotic and mystical in his praise. John Harbison's glowing "Mirabai Songs" (1982), translations by Robert Bly, set for soprano or mezzo and piano, were sung in New York last year by Dawn Upshaw. At a Music Today concert in Merkin Hall last month, Janice Felty (to whom the first song is dedicated) gave the New York première of a version Harbison has made for voice and eight players. Once upon a time, composers made piano reductions of orchestral works in order to secure wider circulation for them. Today, when song recitals are rare but chamber-ensemble concerts are common, composers must score their songs if they are to be often performed. Harbison transcribed his piano writing for alto flute and bass clarinet, violin, viola, cello, and double-bass, harp, and percussion. Miss Felty was eloquent, but the ensemble, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, was a poor substitute for a pianist's keen partnership.

Voice-and-ensemble has become the dominant song form of our day; many examples of it besides those already noticed in these columns have been performed in New York this year. When the Boston Musica Viva visited Weill Hall in April, it brought as the second half of its program Nicholas Maw's lovely cycle on Italian Renaissance poetry "La Vita Nuova" (1979), for soprano and ten players; Jane Manning was a soloist not always pleasing in tone but emotionally and musically more substantial than Nan Christie is on the Chandos recording, ABR 1037. Jon Garrison, the first American interpreter of Elliott Carter's rich Lowell cycle "In Sleep, in Thunder" (1981), for tenor and fourteen players, repeated his assured performance with Speculum Musicae in Merkin Hall in October. (A recording of the cycle made by Martyn Hill and the London Sinfonietta, conducted by Oliver Knussen—the first performers—has appeared, on Nonesuch 79110.) Jonathan Harvey's Tagore cycle "Song Offerings" (1985), for soprano and eight players, was new to this country; Carol Webber introduced it at a Music Today concert in Merkin Hall in October. This is a set of four rapturous love songs, with verbal imagery somewhere between Mirabai and the Song of Solomon, and musical imagery that moves from tense, quiet urgency to full-throated ecstasy over dancing accompaniments. The vocal writing, unlike that of "Soft Morning, City!," is humane, not extravagant, and Miss Webber is a discovery: a soprano with a true, focussed tone, very clear words, and the ability to swell into forte without harshness or strain. Jacob Druckman's scena "Lamia" was composed in 1974-75 for soprano or mezzo-soprano and full symphony orchestra; this concert brought the New York première of a version for voice and chamber orchestra (sixteen players). It remains vivid, and Cynthia Rose was a colorful protagonist. The nonvocal items on the bill were Bern Herbolsheimer's "In Mysterium Tremendum" (1987), which the composer calls "mountain music" (it starts impressively, with long, deep chords, but turns into something like movie music), and Richard Wernick's bright, clean, intelligent "Introits and Canons" (1976-77), a contrapuntal suite interesting to follow.

Early in the year, Miriam Gideon's "Steeds of Darkness," for high voice and five players, had its première, in Symphony Space, at a concert of Musicians' Accord, which had commissioned it. A setting of a (metaphorical) wild ride—a poem in Italian by Felix Pick ("Sovra un destrier dalle fumanti frogie") followed by a poem in English by Eugene Mahon, conceived as a desperate coda—it is an exciting piece, and would be even more so in a bolder performance. Plácido Domingo should look at it. Speculum has billed a performance for its February concert. (Is it just my nineteenth-century-attuned ear that jibs at Gideon's avoidance of vowel elisions: "destrier" as three syllables, not two; "temeraria" as five, not four? Pick's hendecasyllabics no longer scan.) The Musicians' Accord concert included a revival of Laura Kaminsky's "A Dream Revisited" (1984), for amplified flute and percussion (Katherine Flanders Mukherji and William Trigg), which is delicate and imaginative, and otherwise it was largely vocal. Peter Lieuwen's "Star" (1986), text by Joanie Whitebird, and Richard Kassel's "Riddles and Waiting" (1986), to Anglo-Saxon poems translated by Michael Alexander, received their premières. "Star," for soprano (Susan Owen), cello, piano, and percussion, is slight, dependent on dainty sound effects, and attractive. "Riddles and Waiting," for soprano, clarinet, violin, and piano, proved fascinating. The musical invention could be called elegantly lean or perhaps just plain slim, but there was the fun of trying to guess the answers to the Anglo-Saxon riddles (for "Two ears it had, and one eye solo, two feet and twelve hundred heads," Kassel proposes "a one-eyed garlic seller"), and as singer there was Christine Schadeberg, an artist who could chant from the Yellow Pages and hold listeners intent.

Miss Schadeberg sang Gideon's "Rhymes from the Hill" (1968)—five of Christian Morgenstern's "Galgenlieder" set for soprano, clarinet, cello, and marimba—and Zemlinsky's Six Songs, Opus 13, for voice and piano, at a Guild of Composers concert in Christ and St. Stephen's, and made much of them. This chamber-ensemble concert—at which vocal pieces outnumbered purely instrumental ones by two to one—was the third of a three-concert Guild series in the church paying special tribute to Gideon and to Arthur Berger. The second of them was distinguished by three exquisitely wrought choral compositions—Elegies I and II and "Tränen des Vaterlandes" (all 1978)—by Jacques-Louis Monod: a fastidious composer some future age may discover as one underrated and underperformed by his contemporaries. The first concert was distinguished by Aleck Karis's account of Carter's "Night Fantasies" and Chris Finckel and Mr. Karis's of Gideon's Cello Sonata (1961).

Aaron Jay Kernis's "Love Scenes," for soprano and cello, was given its first performance, by Dawn Upshaw and André Emelianoff, at a Music Today recital in Merkin Hall in April. The text is poems by Anna Swir, translated from the Polish by Czeslaw Milosz and Leonard Nathan. The moods—voluptuousness, erotic frenzy, anger, despair—recall those of György Kurtág's "Messages from the Late Miss R. V. Trussova," and there is a

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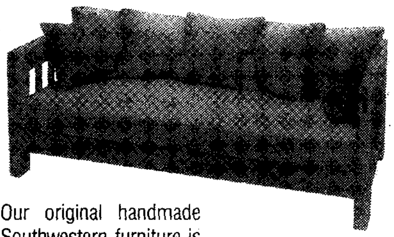

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similar directness and intensity of vocal gesture. Kernis's invention is exuberant. Unlike Kurtág, he has not pared and refined his utterance until every note tells and every structure is taut and self-sufficient; but this is a striking cycle. (Kurtág's keen, trenchant economy could be enjoyed in two sets of miniatures played this season: the Twelve Microludes, for string quartet, at Speculum's October concert, and the Six Bagatelles, for flute, double-bass, and piano, played by Judith Pearce, Donald Palma, and Elizabeth DiFelice at Miss Pearce's Weill Hall recital last month.) Miss Upshaw concentrated on *singing* the music, which she did beautifully; she did not throw herself into the passions or give life to the words.

Ned Rorem's "Last Poems of Wallace Stevens" (1972), for soprano, cello, and piano, lights the poems and is also an excellent example of song setting for voice and ensemble which remains lyrical, songlike, being (in the composer's words) "a cycle for three voices." Although only one of the three is verbal, all create beautiful imagery, responsive to the preciseness of Stevens' lines and the clustered emotions behind them. (Rorem's "Ariel," a Sylvia Plath cycle for soprano, clarinet, and piano, has the same quality.) There is a recording, with Rosalind Rees the singer, on Leonarda 116. Lorraine Hunt, Emil Miland, and Robin Sutherland joined in a tender, sensitive performance of the cycle, at a Merkin Hall recital in June. Three cello sonatas completed the program: an elegant one by the young Robert Casadesus, George Perle's (played more coolly than it is by Mr. Emelianoff, its dedicatee), and Rachmaninoff's.

This catalogue of voice-and-ensemble music heard recently is far from complete. I hope to return to compositions by Ursula Mamlok, Susan Blaustein, and Mario Davidovsky. A final word for a masterpiece of the genre: Shostakovich's Seven Romances on Poems of Alexander Blok (1967), composed for the soprano Galina Vishnevskaya, the violinist David Oistrakh, the cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, and the pianist Sviatoslav Richter. Each of the seven songs is differently scored; the full quartet joins only in the last. This poignant, beautiful, sometimes violent and bitter cycle was movingly performed by Miss Upshaw, Philip Setzer, David Finckel, and Charles Wadsworth at three Chamber Music Society concerts last month.

—ANDREW PORTER

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 6

A YEAR from now, we will have elected a new President—a prospect that we can view only hazily at present. One of the many men running for the office will have won it—unless, of course, the victor is not yet in the field—and there will probably be, as there usually is, much analysis that tells us why his victory was inevitable. But nothing seems inevitable at the moment. By this time next year, we will be looking over pictures of the new President and his family, acquainting ourselves with a new set of White House aides and Cabinet officers, and, probably, enjoying a spell, however brief, of innocence and hope once again. We like to start over. The President-elect will be given a line of credit on which to draw support from the public, from other politicians, and from the press. But the next President is likely to face daunting difficulties with the economy. Many people assume that a recession is coming, and the only question is when—the timing of the recession may be the most important factor in the election. After the stock-market crash on October 19th, one prominent Republican economist here quietly moved up the odds on a recession before the election from thirty-seventy to fifty-fifty. A labor leader said to me recently that he didn't think it much mattered who the parties' nominees were, because the most important factor next November would be the rate of growth of the gross national product. This unromantic view of Presidential elections is widely shared among political practitioners. Other than the potential issue of the economy, there is as yet no great issue in this election. Reagan may well have achieved more than one arms-control agreement before he leaves office, and have made his meeting with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev the norm—and thus removed arms control as a political issue. Still, Presidential elections are often affected by exogenous and unpredictable events, and issues, important or otherwise, always develop.

Ronald Reagan's legacy will be much debated for a long time. People often talk in terms of what "history" will say about Reagan's Presidency, but there is no such unanimous opinion on Presidencies: as in the case of other Presidencies, opinions on Reagan's will be shaped by the views of those who offer them, and the historical view will change, be subject to revision. Reagan will undoubtedly be seen as a major figure, a President who had a major impact on his country in terms of his policies and his persona. The debate will be over the nature of that impact.

For now, the question is what choice we make as a country for the post-Reagan era, and how the election and the next Presidency will be shaped by the Reagan years. The next President may have already been taken hostage by the incumbent one. Reagan will leave office with a national debt of close to three trillion dollars (having inherited a debt of a trillion dollars), and because of the debt his successor's choices will be limited. The current efforts to reduce the debt, between a reluctant President and bipartisan congressional leaders after the stock-market crash, are aimed only at reducing the rate of growth of the debt, not at reducing the debt itself, and they don't deal with long-run budget realities. The next President will inherit a country that is the largest debtor nation in the world; it was the largest creditor nation when Reagan took office. Reagan gave the American people—or many of them—a whale of a good time; we borrowed and spent our way into the longest peacetime period of economic growth (though the growth was lower than the average during the postwar period), and enjoyed the delusion of prosperity while the debt mounted. The income gap between rich and poor widened, and the poverty rate is higher than it was during the last three Administrations. Americans are facing a lower standard of living; despite tax cuts and the creation of about thirteen million jobs during the Reagan Presidency, real net per-capita income is declining. And though the tax cuts were supposed to spur investment and savings, investment has been minimal, and the savings rate has dropped sharply. Black Monday, the day when the stock market went down five hundred and eight points, may have at long last pierced the bubble, but it is not clear yet that even the crash has brought us back to reality. Meanwhile, conditions in the inner cities are such that we are turning out an increasingly less educated and less trainable work force. There's reason to wonder why anyone would want to be the next President.

"Now let's turn to the business of us."

BETWEEN now and next November, there will be a plenitude of predictions about who will be the parties' nominees and who will ultimately be elected, but they will mostly be guesses. The most obvious fact—that each election is different and has its own dynamic—is largely overlooked each time. The predictions tend to run in fashions, and, like fashions, they change. The essential unpredictability of elections—short of a landslide in the general election, and even that can be late in materializing—stems from many things, but does not inhibit people from predicting. Each contest can be affected not only by unexpected events but also by blunders by some candidate. (In every election, someone makes a fool of himself.) Even the weather on the day of a primary or caucuses can affect the outcome. Polls are temporary and shaky indicators. Most of all, there is the mysterious chemical relationship between a candidate and the public—a relationship that cannot be predicted. That relationship, in turn, does not necessarily foretell the relationship between the new President and the public, which is the most important of all. So as we watch the aspirants it is useful to try to judge as best we can how any one of them would do in office—not at first, when the dew is still on him, but after, say, a year, when the going is likely to have got harder.

Often, this country counterprograms its Presidents. We elected Jimmy Carter because, it is believed, after Richard Nixon we wanted "an outsider" and a man who sounded idealistic about government. After Carter, we turned to Reagan in reaction, it is believed, to Carter's absorption in detail and his worried mien (and a troubled economy). Reagan offered hope, optimism, morale—and a good time. Now, it is widely believed, we are back to wanting a "hands-on" President—we're in the market for competence. This year, no serious candidate is running an anti-Washington campaign. One buzzword in this campaign is "vision": it's stated as a given that a candidate must show us his "vision" for the future. This assumption probably grew out of some successful campaigns for the Presidency that set forth (however vaguely) a "vision": John F. Kennedy, Carter (sort of), Reagan. But maybe what we need is not a spellbinder but someone who can get us through the day.

ANOTHER unromantic truth is that the arithmetic of the electoral college has made it progressively easier for the Republicans—and more difficult for the Democrats—to elect a President. As the population shifts to the South and the Southwest, where, broadly speaking, the voters have tended to vote more conservatively than they have in the Democrats' old stronghold, the New England and Midwestern industrial states, the Democrats' job has become harder. Those states have not had a sufficient number of electoral votes (two hundred and seventy) to elect a President since 1968, when Humphrey failed to carry some of them. In fact, only Minnesota (except in 1972) and the District of Columbia have voted for the Democratic ticket steadfastly since 1964. The Democrats haven't carried California, the most populous state, with seventeen per cent of the electoral-college votes needed to win, since 1964. By contrast, thirty-two states have voted fairly consistently for the Republicans. Since 1932, no Democrat has won the Presidency for the first time without a Southerner on the ticket. Some think that even a Northern liberal's picking a Southerner as his running mate might not necessarily help (barring an economic crisis). Robert Teeter, a Republican pollster (now working for George Bush), says that in recent times the South has consistently voted in the general election for the more conservative candidate, and that it thought Carter was more conservative, at least on social issues, than Gerald Ford. In less than a year, we'll know whether recent patterns still hold true.

The shape of this particular election campaign has many people puzzled—or should have them so. This will be the first election in twenty years when neither Party has had an incumbent President for a candidate. (It is also pointed out that the last two incumbent Vice-Presidents who ran for the Presidency—Nixon and Humphrey—were defeated.) No one really knows what will be the effect of so many Southern states' having moved their primaries up, to March 8th, in order to have more of an impact. The Democrats in these various states were behind the move, on the theory that this could break their party's habit of nominating someone who couldn't carry the South in November. The theory went that the change would force candidates for the nomination to spend more time in the South and to shape their positions to appeal to Southerners. We won't know until it's over, but the theory might turn out to have large flaws. It's usually the case that the Democrats who vote in the Southern primaries are more liberal than those who turn out for general elections; the Democratic turnout in the primaries is smaller than it is in the general election, and is more representative of especially interested constituency groups—blacks, labor, and the

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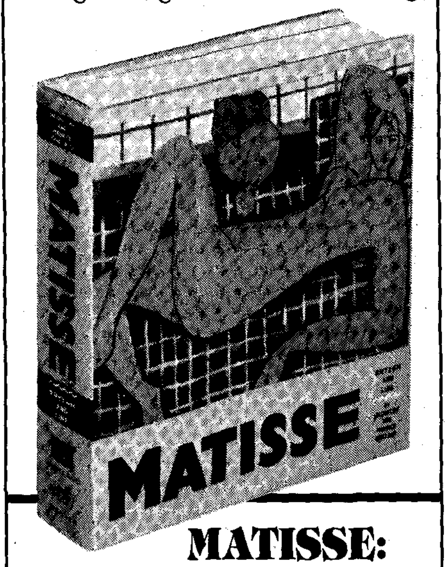

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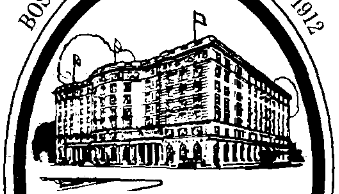
like. As of now, it is widely expected that the greatest Democratic beneficiary of the "Southern primary" will be Jesse Jackson, but the benefit may not be as great as many think. Not all the states with primaries or caucuses on March 8th are in the South—Washington, Massachusetts, Hawaii, and Idaho, among others, also hold elections on that date—and not all the Southern states are alike. Some Southern Democratic leaders regret the bunching of the contests on March 8th, because they see that it won't give the South a voice later in the contest. Frank Fahrenkopf, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, couldn't be more pleased with what he sees as the fix the Democrats will be in as a result of March 8th. (He hopes to lure conservative Democrats into Republican primaries on that date, to make the Democratic outcome even more liberal.) And it's possible that the bunching of so many contests on March 8th will have the effect of making the Iowa caucuses, on February 8th, and the New Hampshire primary, on February 16th, even more important than they were before—the opposite of what was intended. This would happen if victors in the first two contests get so much free publicity and attention that they are like projectiles shot from those two states, and unstoppable. And the results in Iowa can affect what happens in New Hampshire. Five states have primaries or caucuses between New Hampshire and March 8th, and they can be part of the acceleration—or the slowing down—of various candidates. One can get perfectly reasonable arguments from people who are expert in these matters that the Southern primaries make Iowa and New Hampshire more important and less important than before.

The Democratic candidates are just now starting to come into sharp focus, and to define their differences—and to start slugging. Many Democrats express disappointment with the current field, and one senses among many of them something of an inferiority complex—a feeling that their party has become proficient at blowing it. The term that had been used to describe the field—"the seven dwarfs" (this when Joseph Biden was still in the race)—has begun to recede, but among many Democrats the feeling remains that their party has no giants in the field. That one of the candidates might take off, might acquire "winnerness," which would change the public perception of him, does not yet seem a



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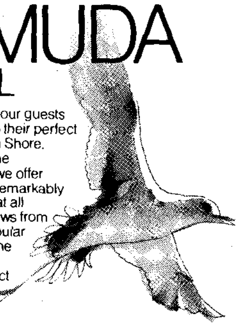

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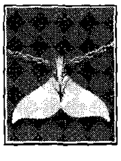

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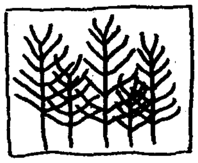
reality to many Democrats, a large number of whom assume that Robert Dole, or even George Bush (they assume, perhaps incorrectly, that Bush would be the weaker candidate in the general election), will win. Some of the Democrats' discouragement comes from the fact that none of their candidates have played in the major leagues —unlike Bush and Dole—and from embarrassment over the indignities that have befallen some of their potential candidates, forcing them out of the race or keeping them from entering. The fact that some of the Party's stars—Bill Bradley, Mario Cuomo, and Sam Nunn—have for various reasons chosen not to run, and are still pined for by numerous people, casts a doubt over those who are running. This town has been awash with rumors at various stages about the reasons certain other possible candidates never entered. And the fact that two candidates who were considered quite strong—perhaps incorrectly—had to drop out is taken by many as an embarrassment to the Party (though in this context there is no such thing as "the Party").

Yet there was a certain justice in Gary Hart's and Joseph Biden's having to drop out, because they both faltered on character traits that probably would have knocked them out later on. A great many people knew that Hart seemed incapable of exercising self-control in his sex life, and many believed that his campaign would eventually run into trouble on this score. The only surprises in the whole thing were that Hart took the hit so early in the campaign (last May) and that he was caught, by the Miami *Herald*, in such a reckless adventure. Biden, too, was knocked out by a weakness that was going to catch up with him anyway—a kind of intellectual barrenness. Biden is a nice guy who hasn't demonstrated much depth or mental or verbal discipline. So when he was caught appropriating the biography of the British Labour leader Neil Kinnock—without attribution a couple of times, but that wasn't really the point—and inflating his academic credentials, he was hit in the area of his greatest vulnerability. Biden's campaign hadn't been making a lot of sense anyway: it was based on his reputation as a great orator, but oratorical skills don't count for much in television-era campaigning. And Biden was basing his campaign and his oratory on the odd premise that the election was about a generational change—as if all members of a certain generation think alike. He pulled out graciously, in the midst of the hearings on the doomed nomination of Robert Bork for the Supreme Court.

It is clearly the case that some people have stayed out of the race at least in part because of the ridiculous and brutal demands that it makes on a candidate. It is possible to come out of such a campaign with one's body and soul and dignity intact—but not many do. The demands seem to grow with every election: however long the last nominee spent in Iowa, the next candidates spend longer. This election will be notable for the large number of debates (especially on the Democratic side, where straw polls are out). Having a certain number of debates is good, but things have gone overboard this time, debates being the latest form of self-promotion—and a way to bring pressure on the candidates, with everyone getting into the act. The Democrats are beginning to look like punch-drunk contenders being forced to go too many rounds. Though "pandering" went out of style with the disastrous Mondale campaign in 1984, debates sponsored by various interest groups invite pandering by the candidates, most of whom comply.



The result is long lists of promises. The Democratic candidates heap blame on Reagan for the deficits but for the most part remain vague about their solutions. Most—with the exception of Bruce Babbitt—are loath to talk about raising taxes. The debates tend to enlarge the differences among the candidates, and to force them to find issues that wouldn't otherwise be there. This compounds an old problem for the Democrats. Meanwhile, the six Democrats and the six Republicans offering themselves to us deserve some careful scrutiny, particularly on the matter of how they might hold up as President. One of them might be elected.

BRUCE BABBITT is a nice, intelligent man who no one thinks is going to be the Democratic nominee. He has simply been unable to establish himself as a credible candidate: having been governor of a sparsely populated state (Arizona) doesn't help, nor does his remote personality. And the television camera is unkind to him: though Babbitt has been working on his television presence (and shaking his head less than he did in his disastrous appearance in the first Democratic debate, in July), he and the camera don't take to each other, and that's that. Television technology is a ruthless arbiter. In person, Babbitt has considerable charm and a wry, self-deprecating sense of humor. His lack of self-pity and his ability to joke about his situation are attractive. Babbitt is cerebral—perhaps too cerebral for politics—and he sees issues in their complexity, and is not as adept as others at simplifying them. He takes iconoclastic positions (only in part because he can afford to): he is the only Democratic candidate calling for a means test for entitlement programs and increased taxes on upper-income Social Security recipients, and for a national sales tax. There is some speculation that Babbitt will come out of this venture with enhanced standing, and could end up in a Democratic Administration, if there should be such a thing.

THE most critical question about Michael Dukakis, since he is a serious contender for the Democratic nomination and considered by many the front-runner at this point, is how he would stand up over time—whether he could lead the people over a sustained period. Without question, Dukakis is a smart, well-motivated, and largely decent man, but he has some traits that present doubts about how successful he would be as President. His personality is not the most engaging one: he is very serious and nearly humorless. There is a certain grimness about him, as if he doesn't quite approve of enjoying himself too much. His campaign, aware of this, has put Dukakis in certain humanizing situations, such as playing the trumpet at a Boston fund-raiser; and it is for the purpose of warming up his image that Dukakis has pointed out in several stump speeches that in September *Playgirl* listed him as one of the ten sexiest men in the country. (A campaign aide told me earlier this fall that this was done to answer complaints from field workers that "Mike doesn't boogie.") It was also for this purpose that in 1983, when he returned to the gubernatorial office, after being defeated for renomination in 1978, he began to have himself called Mike. His Presidential-campaign literature bears the name Mike, while those close to him call him Michael. Similarly, Dukakis's frequent refer-

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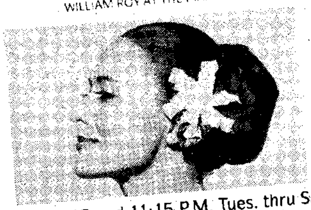

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ences to his Greek-immigrant parents are new. Dukakis is a notorious tightwad: articles about him point out that he buys his suits in Filene's basement, that he shops for house-brand groceries at Stop & Shop, and that he chides his wife, Kitty, for buying what he considers too many clothes. There is an obsessiveness to his frugality. So it came as something of a surprise when it was learned in September that Dukakis's late father had set up a million-dollar trust, which benefitted Dukakis and his family. (The elder Dukakis left a second million-dollar trust, some of which will also eventually benefit his son.) The disclosure of the trusts arose in a different context: the story broke in Boston papers that until 1986 some of the stocks in the trust held by Dukakis had been invested in companies that did business in South Africa. The problem with this politically was that Dukakis had been boasting about a Massachusetts law that divested the state's holdings in such companies—and that he presents himself as a hands-on administrator. The way Dukakis handled this particular flap led to a Boston *Globe* editorial saying that though Dukakis has admirable qualities, they are "not balanced by humility and concession to error."

I have heard the word "arrogant" as a description of Dukakis in several contexts, and it seems to apply not only to his personal dealings with many people but also to his approach to politics, and even issues—and it is the latter that is the most worrisome. It must be pointed out that many people think highly of Dukakis and are quite loyal to him. Also, he attracts and surrounds himself with able people. His campaign inevitably also draws a number of people who see him more as an opportunity than as their beau ideal. A number of people who know him and are for him are noticeably lukewarm about him. And some people joined the campaign not out of any great attraction to Dukakis but because of their respect and affection for John Sasso, Dukakis's campaign manager, who had to resign at the end of September for having masterminded the distribution to certain media of a tape showing Biden giving the Kinnock speech and Kinnock giving the speech. (A footnote to history: the tape was not, as many supposed, spliced to show Biden's sentence-by-sentence parroting of Kinnock; it showed one speech following the other.)

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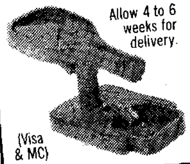

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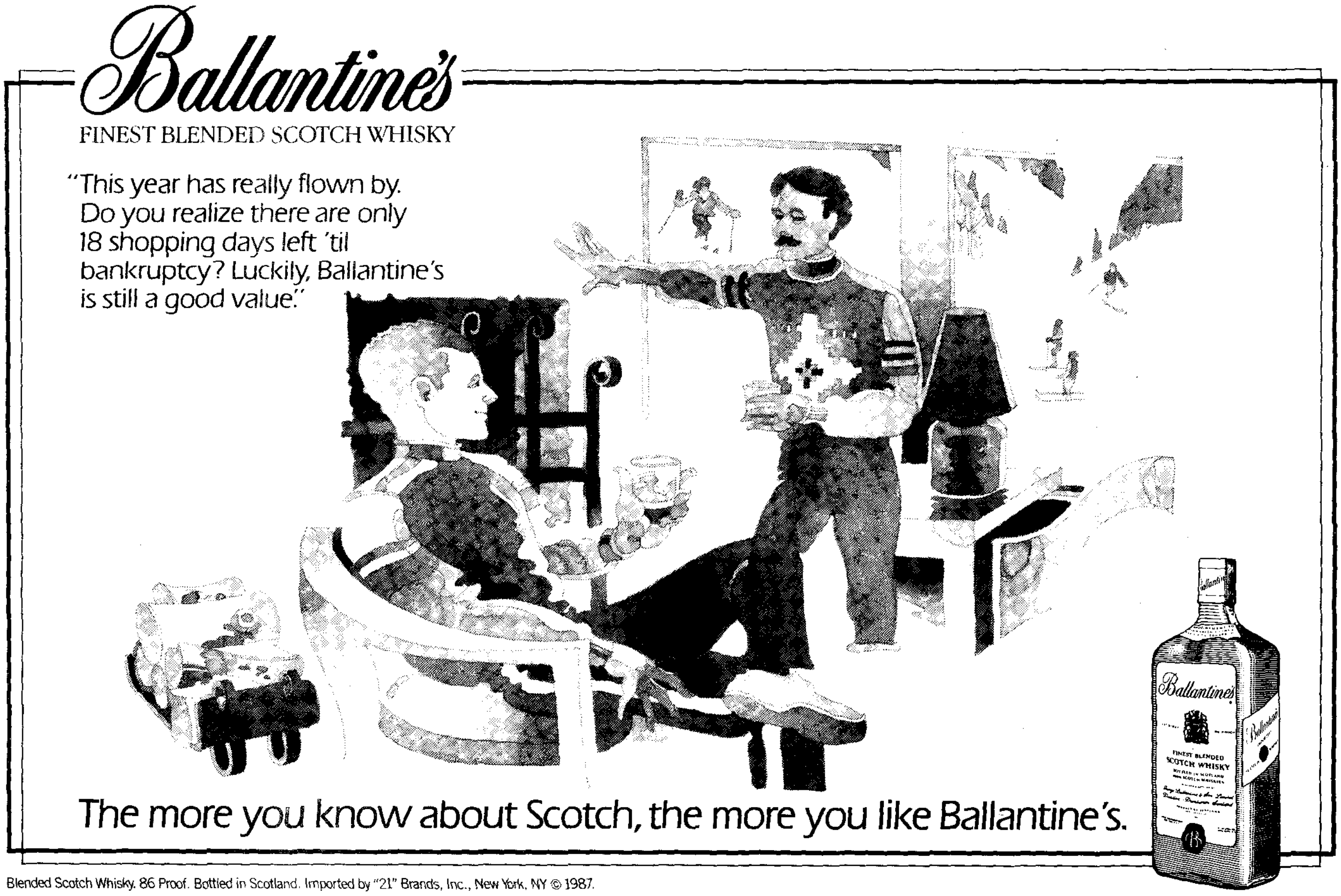
It was Sasso who was responsible for Dukakis's political resurrection—his return to the governor's office after his renomination defeat. There's something a little troubling about the emphasis Dukakis and some people around him put on that defeat; it's described as having devastated him, and the trauma that he suffered is pointed to as a major fact about him. But politics is a rough business, and entails losing at times, and most people don't go to pieces when they lose. (Though some, particularly those who lose the Presidency, do.) So this raises among other things a question about Dukakis's resilience, his ability to cope when things get tough—as they are sure to do in this campaign and in the next Presidency. Also, the story of his loss is used by Dukakis and people around him to state (even when one hasn't brought the subject up) that it taught him to be less arrogant, to deal with people better. One wonders why they feel they have to say this so much.

Sasso made the Dukakis Presidential campaign into something to be taken seriously by the press by raising a great deal of money and attracting some good people and building an organization—and doing a great deal of talking. Sasso is very persuasive. It was Dukakis's money and organization that won him the early respect of the press. Dukakis has raised more money than any other Democratic candidate—from within the state, from the Greek community, and from, among others, the Hollywood community, which favors his liberalism, especially on arms control and foreign policy. The money, it is hoped, will give Dukakis staying power. When the candidates receive their federal funds in January—matching funds based on how much they have raised—Dukakis stands to be far ahead of any of his rivals; his campaign hopes to use this advantage to wear his competitors down. Despite the public financing of Presidential campaigns, money still counts for a great deal in Presidential elections—and so does organization, which money buys. Dukakis's aides say that he is now ahead of Paul Simon, his strongest competitor at the moment, in every state but Iowa (where the two are close) and that he has the only truly national campaign. Dukakis has won the support of one union in Iowa, and he has changed his position on agriculture to one more favorable to Iowa farmers. The Dukakis people, with an eye to the long hand-to-hand combat with which Mondale won the nomination in 1984, put a lot of emphasis on money and organization—one hears more about that than one does about their candidate. The candidate himself also talks frequently about the size of his campaign, but he still doesn't have a national message. Staying power, of course, is not the same thing as ability to govern.

On the face of it, Sasso didn't have to go because of the tape—it was simply a technologically more advanced form of getting out negative information about a rival—but he had to go because Dukakis had cornered himself. Dukakis presents himself as a political reformer, and he had been campaigning with more than a touch of righteousness. In fact, last summer he complained in a letter to the other candidates about Richard Gephardt's suggesting that Dukakis's role in Massachusetts' economic revival wasn't as great as Dukakis was claiming, and about Gephardt's criticism of Dukakis's trade policy. After it broke in the press that his campaign was behind the tape affair, Dukakis said that he would be "astonished" and "very angry" to learn that anyone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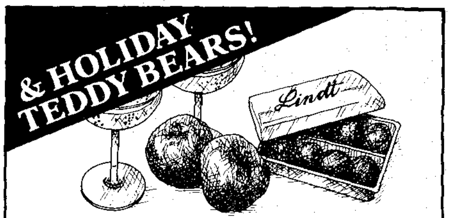
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connected with his campaign was responsible. It remains unclear why Dukakis, with his hands-on style, did not know that Sasso was behind the tape affair, especially since the question of who was behind it was the subject of so much speculation for ten days, and why, if after the story broke Sasso gave him an evasive reply, as various press accounts had it, he did not demand the truth. Massachusetts politics is a rough game, and both Sasso and Dukakis know how to play. (The situation was also complicated by the fact that Paul Tully, another important campaign aide, had publicly denied that the campaign was involved in the tape affair; therefore, it would have been awkward for Tully to have to go while Sasso remained on the job.) Many Democrats were angered by the fact that the tape had been distributed just before Biden was about to begin the hearings on the Bork nomination; also, the Dukakis people had helped spread it about that Gephardt's campaign people had distributed the tape, thus causing a temporary crisis in the Gephardt campaign. All this was taking place, of course, while the candidates were spending a great deal of time and effort in Iowa, and Iowans like their politics pure. (In some other states, such a tactic would have been de rigueur.) And Dukakis was running as a reformer, hands on.

The situation was further bollixed by the fact that Dukakis was indecisive: first, he wouldn't accept Sasso's resignation, and then, faced with a continuing clamor from the press and advice from distraught aides that Sasso had to go, Dukakis let him go. This raised a question about Dukakis's competence. It's hard for most people outside a campaign to imagine the panic and paralysis that envelop a campaign when it is faced with a particularly difficult matter: for days, the press will ask about nothing else, and will hear nothing else, and campaign aides are unable to function. So it's decided action must be taken. (This happened to the Hart campaign.) Shortly after Sasso was let go, Dukakis went to Iowa—campaigning in Biden territory, as it happened—and dug himself in further. Sasso, he said, will "play no role, formal or informal, within the campaign." But he and Sasso were an unusually close pair, and Dukakis for some weeks seemed to go through a period of anger and mourning, and didn't function very well. Nevertheless, Dukakis refused to give severance pay to Sasso, who has two small chil-

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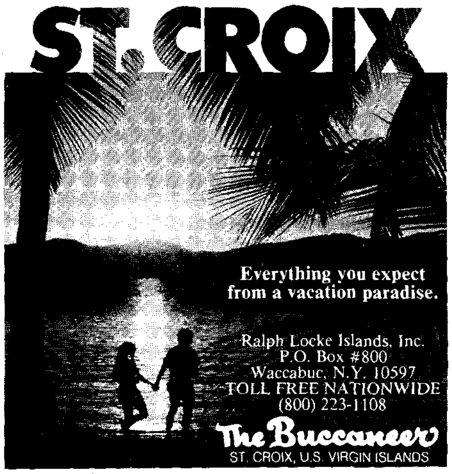
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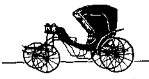
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dren and had been with him for seven years, or to Tully—and had to be persuaded by other advisers to change his mind. With Sasso gone, the campaign suffered a substantial setback. A lot—much of it intangible—was lost in the weeks following the tape affair. The loss of Tully, an experienced campaign organizer, also hurt, and the Dukakis campaign remains thin at the top. Sasso's successor, Susan Estrich, a Harvard law professor, who had been playing a major role in the campaign, is an exceptionally smart and able person, and was the popular choice within the campaign. She is not likely to withhold from Dukakis what she thinks, but Dukakis is hard to get close to, and through to, and no one other than Kitty Dukakis is as close to him as Sasso was. Dukakis has a stubborn streak, and sometimes seems to have trouble making a decision.

The campaign would have been more difficult for Dukakis at this stage anyway—when he had become a serious candidate and was subject to closer scrutiny. But he seems to have been stalled internally: the anecdotes about the good he did in Massachusetts are wearing thin. (The "Massachusetts miracle" was the result of more than Dukakis's efforts; the entire New England area has been enjoying a recovery, and Massachusetts, with its universities and other technological resources, has won a number of defense contracts.) Unfortunately for Dukakis, General Motors announced in November that it would close an assembly plant in Framingham, throwing nearly four thousand employees out of work—just as his campaign was beginning to run an ad in Iowa saying, "What he did for Massachusetts, he can do for America." Dukakis has given some earnest speeches on other subjects, but they don't seem to lift him or his audience. Several of his appearances have been lacklustre. His speech at a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Iowa in early November—the major event there before next year's caucuses—was a bomb; he didn't seem to give a damn, or to have much to say. (I'm reliably told that Dukakis was miffed that he had drawn the fifth slot to speak.) Lately, his appearances have shown some improvement, but they are uneven.

Dukakis has been substantively shaky all along, and this may be related to arrogance. When I saw him in Washington in February, when it was clear that he was considering running, his response to the question of how he would handle foreign policy was an offhanded "I'd handle it like the last three guys." He went on to say, with assurance, "They all broke the law." (With the exception of the Iran-Contra affair, he could not explain what he meant.) Dukakis has a tendency to be flip. Only when I pressed the matter did he say that he probably would have to spend some time learning about foreign policy—while he ran for the nomination (and remained governor). Wiser heads around him in the campaign realized that foreign policy could be his greatest vulnerability, and some smart people were brought in to brief him. But the fact that he is learning on the run shows; as he talks, in speeches and in debates, one can visualize the briefings going in and coming out. But he seems very assured about what he's saying. Dukakis is comfortable in debates and has good eye contact with the camera—his aides feel that the debate format gives him an advantage because of his experience as a moderator on a PBS program, "The Advocates," in the early nineteen-seventies, and his ability to make his point in a minute and a half. In a speech on Latin-American policy this fall, he had an important fact wrong about the Guatemala peace plan that is now the basis of negotiations. (He said that it would require the removal of Soviet and Cuban troops from Nicaragua, and it wouldn't. In an interview I had with him in mid-September, he repeated this assertion.) In September, he suggested in an interview with David Broder, of the Washington *Post*, that he might favor removing our troops from South Korea because of Korea's human-rights record and stationing them in Japan. Many Democrats were astonished, since Jimmy Carter had got in trouble in 1976 for suggesting that we might remove our troops from South Korea. Moreover, South Korea is going through political change; and many people who know about the area say it is the presence of our troops that keeps South Korea safe from a takeover by North Korea—and that Japan would not welcome our troops. When I saw Dukakis in Boston in mid-September and asked him about this, he said, "I didn't spend six months of my life sitting in rice paddies to have a general deny the Korean people the right to elect their own President." (In July, the South Korean government announced that it would

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hold an election in December, and it is to be held shortly.) Of course, we fought the war in Korea to keep the North Koreans from overrunning the entire place; human rights was not a consideration. When Albert Gore, in a debate in Iowa in September, pressed Dukakis on what he had said about Korea, he tried to wriggle out of the fact that he had said it. ("Get your facts straight.")

Dukakis deals with the deficit question by saying that great sums of money can be found through enhanced tax collection—a premise that many people question, and that Gephardt has called "hokum." (Dukakis did have such a program in Massachusetts, but the state story doesn't necessarily apply to the federal government—and Congress has already called for enhanced enforcement of tax collection several times, with what many experts say are bogus estimates of the potential results.) Dukakis says that enhanced tax enforcement can bring in a hundred and five billion dollars over five years and thirty-five billion dollars each year thereafter. Intentionally or not, he sometimes scrambles the numbers and makes them seem higher. Representative Byron Dorgan, Democrat of North Dakota (and a Gephardt supporter), who is the sponsor of a report on which Dukakis's figures are based, says that the revenues that could be gained in the first two or three years will be relatively small (increments of seven billion dollars a year), and that therefore additional taxes will also be needed. "You can't pay today's bills with tomorrow's revenues," Dorgan told me. The nonpartisan technical staff of the Joint Committee on Taxation has concluded that Dorgan's report greatly overestimates the over-all amount of revenue that is still out there to be collected. Dukakis says he will not propose any other taxes until enhanced enforcement has been tried. He prefers to talk about economic growth as a deficit reducer, and he also espouses a number of new or enlarged federal programs. (In Texas, he promised to cut taxes on oil producers, and to pay premium rates for newly discovered oil reserves.) In my interview with him in September, I asked him what he would do if tax enforcement did not raise sufficient revenues, and he replied, "If you do all this, and put together an economic-development program, and cut spending for programs, and you're still falling short, you have to go to Congress and ask for more money." When I asked him what sort of request for taxes he would make, he replied, "I can't say what, but anybody who knows me knows it has to be progressive and based on ability to pay—no sales tax, no value-added tax." An aide who had sat in on the interview told me as soon as we left Dukakis's office that it was "definitely" not part of Dukakis's plan to ask for taxes if revenues fell short, that he didn't have a two-step plan, but was simply stating what kinds of taxes he would rule out, and felt that as a matter of common sense one could not say there would never have to be more taxes.

Though Sasso tried to present Dukakis as a non-ideological, hands-on manager, he is a liberal, in domestic and foreign policy—his instincts are liberal, though he is careful, and exudes no passion. He has gone further in his arms-control proposals than even some liberal arms-controllers here think is wise (and one so advised him)—but in this he does not differ from any of his rivals except Gore and Babbitt. The new litmus test for Democrats, which all but Gore and Babbitt have met, is to oppose flight-testing of missiles, which could prevent space exploration as well as jeopardize our most effective deterrent. Dukakis opposes the Midgetman missile—a single-warhead mobile missile championed by Gore and also supported by a number of liberals, including Edward Kennedy, as perhaps the most effective deterrent weapon. Dukakis recently gave a speech in which he suggested transferring funds from the strategic arsenal to conventional forces—and appeared to exaggerate the benefit that would accrue to conventional forces from cuts in strategic weapons, which take up only seventeen per cent of the defense budget. (Many politicians, Democratic and Republican, call for more funds for conventional forces.) Recently, after some of Dukakis's advisers became concerned about his leftward tilt in foreign policy, he began to tilt to the right; more recently, he has essentially returned to where he began. In his speech on Latin-American policy, Dukakis talked about debt relief for expanded environmental protection in the Amazon rain forest. It's hard to imagine him putting this over in Chicago, but it's illustrative of the way his mind works: he's a technocrat, something of a mechanic, and believes in the power of example. He likes to talk about examples, and sees no reason that they can't be applied nationally, even internationally. He stresses international coöperation in dealing with foreign-policy questions, and insists that other nations can be brought around to coöperating with us on our various goals. He told me he'd like to see the Europeans and the Japanese help us keep the peace in Central America. His idealism is attractive, but leaves one wondering whether if things didn't turn out the way he wants he'd know what to do. The worrisome thing about Dukakis is his not knowing what he doesn't know—and his total assurance that what he says is right. So a big question is whether Dukakis is seasoned enough to govern. Another is whether he'll be able to move people. When I asked him in September how he would try to move people, he replied, "I don't think you can get anything done these days as a political leader without coalitions—strong coalitions of active people, starting from the beginning. That's a lesson I've learned painfully in my political career, but I've learned it."

Richard Gephardt is trying a strategy that might make it difficult for him to win the nomination, in the hope that, if it works, it could win him the Presidency. He is trying to walk a center line, making himself completely pleasing neither to strong liberals nor to strong conservatives, with the idea that his centrism and his Missouri roots could make him acceptable to a wide swath of the electorate in November. His advisers think that though it is not a good idea to talk about one's "electability," because it's not been something that moves people (viz., John Glenn in 1984), Democrats are in fact looking for someone who can take them to victory. Gephardt's campaign strategy could also do him in—by making him not exciting enough to enough people.

Gephardt's strategy does underscore a question that many people have about him—who is he? Gephardt is a pleasant man with a good mind, but it is hard to know what is at his core. A question some of his colleagues raise about him is whether he has a rud-

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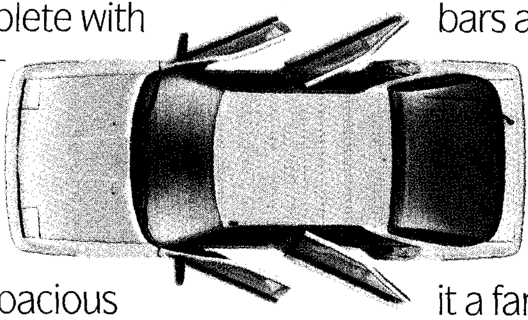

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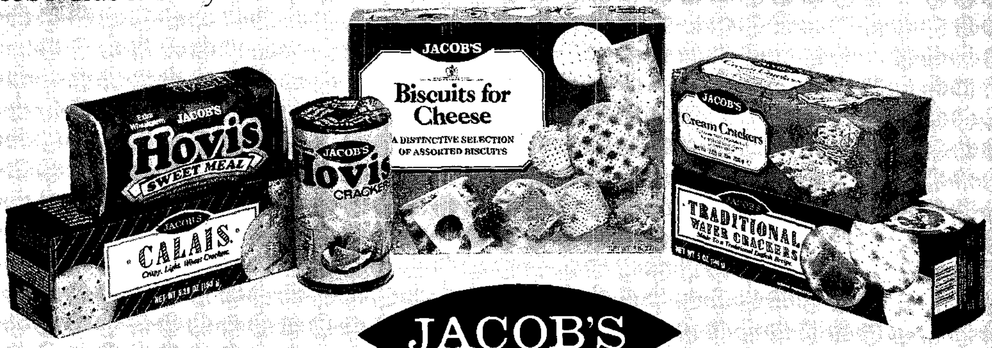
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der. This doesn't mean that Gephardt would act outside the bounds of decency; it means that people question whether he has any deep beliefs. Most politicians are opportunists in some form, but Gephardt's opportunism is more noticeable than many others'. His colleagues point out that he seems to seize upon issues that he thinks will help his career, rather than out of any deep belief—and his interest in these issues can be short-lived. Though Gephardt is far from alone in this respect, a lot of people notice it about him—probably because he has been able to ride those issues to prominence. He tends to follow fashion, and was one of the first Atari Democrats—members of Congress who, for a while, saw "high tech" as the answer to our problems, and who consider passion in politics old hat.

Gephardt has had to create himself as a serious Presidential contender. His being a member of the House of Representatives is a handicap, his aides say, because people attribute more importance to senators and governors, and assume that House members don't know much about foreign policy, among other things. Gephardt has tried to deal with this through recent speeches. And even his aides say that Gephardt's looks work against him, since they make him seem even younger than he is—forty-six. "I don't know what to do about it," one aide says. The Gephardt campaign is making much of the fact that he is supported by seventy House members (nearly half of them from the South). This speaks well of the regard many of his colleagues hold him in—he is the fourth-ranking Democratic House leader—and also plays to what the campaign hopes will be an advantage: that Gephardt is a serious and hard-working legislator, and an accomplished one, and therefore can be put forward as someone who could work with Congress and get things done. But it's not clear that a great many people cast their votes with this sort of thing in mind.

Gephardt's style as a House member has been transferred to his campaign for the Presidency, and it is causing him problems. Some of the issues Gephardt has chosen to run on are turning out to be mixed blessings: his championing of trade legislation that many call protectionist but that has won him some labor support in Iowa; his co-sponsorship—with Iowa Democratic Senator Tom Harkin—of a farm bill that calls for large government interference and would raise food prices but that has won him some farmer support in Iowa; his supporting an oil-import fee, which would lower the deficit but which many see as inflationary and a boon to the domestic oil industry. Whether Gephardt's trade proposal is really protectionist can be argued over till the end of time, but he was clearly seeking to exploit workers' anger over the trade imbalance—and enhance his political prospects. (Dukakis, who has attacked Gephardt's trade policy and the oil-import fee, which would particularly hurt New England, since the area is dependent on imported oil, also calls the fee a "regressive tax." Dukakis's own trade policy is vague—intentionally so, to keep both sides in the trade debate mollified.) Gephardt's advocating these issues has colored him as at least a semi-panderer—more of one than his rivals—and put him on the defensive. His response has been to go on the offense. He aggressively champions his trade proposal—some of his advisers have misgivings about it, but it has been proposed, so it might as well be turned into a virtue.

Gephardt has changed some of his views, seemingly with an eye toward running for the Democratic nomination rather than in his largely blue-collar, Catholic congressional district, in south St. Louis. He used to support a constitutional amendment banning abortions, but he dropped it as he got ready to run for the Presidency, and now simply says that he opposes federal funding of abortions, with certain exceptions, and also says that he would not veto a bill to provide such funds. Gephardt has also changed his views on tuition tax credits for private schooling, something important for his largely Catholic congressional constituency but anathema to the teachers' unions; and though he had opposed the establishment of a Department of Education (he was in his more conservative phase), he now says he supports it—the department was a demand on the part of the National Education Association. (That's why the Carter Administration established it.) In a debate before the Iowa State Education Association, Gephardt, when pressed by Gore about these changes, gave a rather lame response.

Gephardt's basic program in his Presidential campaign is to increase economic opportunity. He used to define this as increasing our "competitiveness," but the word was so widely used that it became a cliché (though the concept makes sense), and some Democrats have concluded that the word itself is "downbeat." Gephardt, who has of late become an intense podium pounder, calls for more federal funding for education, training, and research—and a change in the "status quo." Virtually all the candidates, in both parties, are calling for more government help for education (though to varying degrees), because there is a real need, and the subject is uncontroversial. In fact, it scores well in the polls. By placing education under the rubric of "competitiveness," or economic development, or whatever, one might avoid being labelled a spender. Gephardt has thought this through. His campaign is trying to present him as non-ideological (as Dukakis's is doing for him); like Dukakis, Gephardt is cool (despite the podium pounding and the populist rhetoric) and pragmatic—which his campaign is also making a political virtue. On arms control, he champions the ban on missile test flights, but he surrounds this with sentences warning that the Democratic Party must not appear to be against every weapons system. He is more conservative than most of his rivals on military questions, but slightly less so than Gore. The differences are less important in terms of substance than of style. Gephardt is well informed on domestic issues, and through his experience in the House has been more exposed to defense and foreign-policy issues than Dukakis. But his lack of surefootedness showed in the course of one debate when he suggested that the United States might arm blacks to fight the white regime in South Africa. (Dukakis said of this, "I wouldn't rule it out.")

Gephardt has become a polished campaigner, by dint of very hard work over a long period of time. He is exceptionally disciplined, both in his persona and in his work. Actually and figuratively, he never has a hair out of place. He is not humorless, but he is in all respects tidy, and he's not a lot of laughs. He and his family even camped around Iowa in the summer of 1985, and Gephardt has probably worked harder—or longer, at least—at getting the nomination than any other Democrat. But one has the inescapable feeling that Gephardt is doing it by the numbers—that his is a campaign that is designed to get the mechanics

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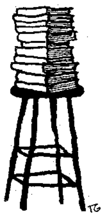
just right, and position him just right, but leaves us looking for the person. Gephardt's having staked so much on Iowa puts him in a high-risk situation, but it may have been the only strategy for such a long-shot candidate. And now that he is in some trouble he's reaching a bit in the debates—saying too obviously prepared cutting lines. Still, Gephardt has the wherewithal to be an attractive and effective candidate.

Since he spent all that time in Iowa, the standard set for him by the press is that he must win or come close to the top. If he runs anything less than a very close second, and doesn't do particularly well in New Hampshire—*first place there is ceded to the neighboring* Dukakis, and the only argument is over how well Dukakis "must" do there—the press could well write him off. The political wisdom about Gephardt has gone in stages: for a while, he was seen as winning in Iowa; then, as of about a month ago, it was that his campaign had stalled. For what it's worth, he has slipped from first to third in the Des Moines *Register* poll—an indication watched closely by "the political community"—and a recent NBC poll had him a distant third there to Simon and Dukakis. His campaign is strained by internal tension—something worth watching for in the case of people who want to be President. Gephardt has in fact chronically had a problem with personnel—he tends to agree with everyone in the room, but doesn't like to hear negative opinions or news, and has gone through a lot of people. And his campaign is running out of funds and borrowing heavily against the federal funds it will receive in January. There is an unforgiving factor in Presidential campaigns: if a candidate doesn't do well, after a certain point the money dries up. (Only a candidate with a passionate following, such as Jesse Jackson's, escapes.) The support Gephardt has in Iowa from union and farm groups is supposed to give him help in organization, but it may cost him in other ways. Gephardt's "national" *strategy* will be either his triumph or his undoing.

THE biggest question about Albert Gore is whether he is ready for the Presidency, even if he could win it. The question does not have to do simply with his age (thirty-nine); it arises about his maturity—something we will learn more about as the campaign progresses. Gore is an almost preternatural figure, in some ways old for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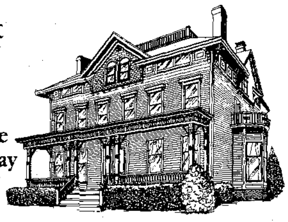
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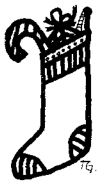
his years—perhaps because he expects so much of himself, and his parents expect so much of him. (His father, Albert Gore, Sr., was in the House and then the Senate for many years and once made an unsuccessful effort to be a Vice-Presidential candidate, and spoke to people here last year about his son's possible candidacy.) The younger Gore has always been a super-achiever, and at this point has to be taken seriously as a Presidential candidate. He was considering the race, but, he says, he thought he didn't have a "realistic chance" if Cuomo or Nunn or Dale Bumpers ran. When all three said they wouldn't run (Nunn put off a final decision until late last summer) and when some Democratic money men came to him earlier this year, disappointed that Nunn had said he probably wouldn't run, he decided in April to have a go at it. Southern Democratic leaders, he says, were looking for someone who could take advantage of March 8th, and run as a moderate. As it turns out, the money men haven't raised very much money for him. Gore has shown a lot of development since he entered the race: his delivery in debates is less wooden (but still sometimes wooden), and he shows more confidence. He can come across as cerebral, yet as a Tennessee country politician he can deliver a real stem-winder. His big voice comes booming out of his big body. Appearances notwithstanding, Gore, in private, does not take himself exceptionally seriously, is not pompous, and in fact has a good sense of humor—an ability to poke fun at himself.



Gore is well informed on several matters—and has a tendency to show us how well informed he is, giving long-winded expositions. This may be a question of maturity, of a young man trying too hard. Some of Gore's colleagues inevitably consider him brash—too fond of the spotlight and in too much of a hurry. When he was in the House (he was elected to the Senate in 1984), he had something of a reputation for grabbing press-release issues—issues with more publicity value than real importance. But he has a good, serious mind, and some years ago put it to work on two of the most difficult subjects—arms control and international economics. He has given a lot of thought to the questions of arms control and how to deal with the Soviet Union, and feels strongly that, because of changes in the Soviet leadership, the time has come—and the opportunity may not be available again for a long time—to try to build a different relationship, even if Reagan concludes a long-range-ballistic-missile-reduction treaty, as well as the intermediate-range one. In a speech at Dartmouth this fall, Gore spoke about arms control seamlessly—without notes and with command. He also often shows command in debates, and recently he gave a smart speech about the economy. Some of the people Gore surrounds himself with are neo-conservatives, and some are members of the permanent Washington establishment, with their own agenda, so it will be important to see how intellectually independent Gore really is. In the House, he put himself at the center of the fight over whether to build the MX missile, and was the object of criticism by more liberal House members for, as they saw it, giving the Reagan Administration a victory in return for hollow promises. Gore, of course, doesn't see it this way, and some of his opponents at that time have become more forgiving. One of them, Representative Thomas Downey, Democrat of New York, who is an arms-control liberal, and supports Gore in his Presidential campaign, says that while some of his policy differences with Gore are "difficult things to forget and overlook," he doesn't "spend a lot of time thinking about them, because the differences between Al and the other candidates are really very small." Downey points out that Gore voted for the nuclear freeze when that was all the rage, supports deep reductions in arms, and, Downey says, "understands the question of nuclear stability more than the other candidates." Downey says that Gore "has a more hawkish way of reaching his goals than I do, but the result is the same."

When Gore seemed to be going nowhere in his campaign for the nomination, he struck out against his colleagues in debates, criticizing them for being weak on defense. The problem was not so much that he attempted to set himself apart as that he did it clumsily. Though some Democrats will not forgive him for doing it at all, what he did was not outside the bounds of Presidential politics—which is not for the faint of heart. Yet there was a schoolboyish quality to the way he did it—as if he were trying to show that he was the biggest, toughest boy in the schoolyard. His rivals, inevitably, and especially Gephardt, resent

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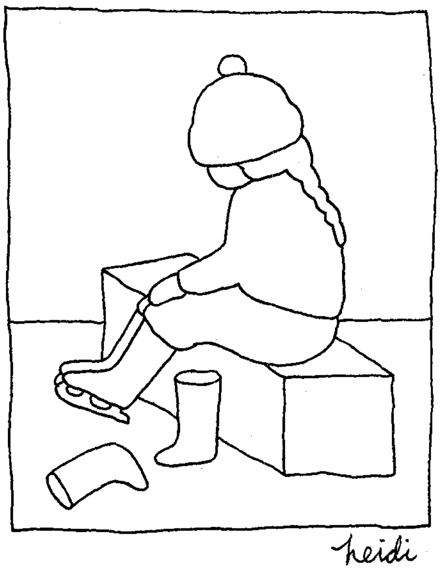
him for—as they see it—talking about bigger differences than exist. He makes a big thing of his support for the invasion of Grenada, which other Democrats would just as soon not point up as a Reagan triumph, and he is more supportive of Reagan's Persian Gulf policy than his rivals are. A number of Democrats didn't think it helped the Party for him to, for example, suggest in a speech to the National Press Club that the other Democratic candidates were offering policies of "retreat, complacency, and doubt" on foreign policy and national security, and in his economic speech he made gibes at his rivals. They don't see why he should be giving material to the Republicans—even though many of them acknowledge that the Party could be vulnerable on the defense issue and the economy.

Yet Gore's tactic worked, at least in the near term: he got people's attention, and he began to be taken more seriously as a candidate. His strategy is to do well in the South and then fight in the industrial states. But first he has to survive until and through March 8th, and the question about how important Iowa and New Hampshire will be comes in here. In the current political parlance, the question is whether Gore can "jump-start" his campaign in the South. He is the second-best-financed Democratic candidate, and his campaign is husbanding resources to run television ads in the South, but it's not clear that that will be enough. Gore's having to disclose that he had smoked marijuana in college and when he was in the Army (in the wake of the disclosure that Douglas Ginsburg, the brief Supreme Court nominee, had smoked pot) was, he says, "painful," and his campaign is praying that as time passes this won't hurt him in the conservative constituency he is going after. (The revelation may have also emphasized Gore's youth.) At the Iowa Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner, Gore gave a stem-winder in which he attacked the Iowa caucus system and the pressure it puts on candidates to play to the liberal Iowa constituency—while the Democrats haven't carried Iowa in November since 1964. Though Gore made it a matter of great principle ("I will not barter my beliefs to win votes here or elsewhere"), he was acting out of necessity. He campaigned in Iowa last summer, but didn't take hold. If Sam Nunn had run, he would have, he told me, done a similar thing—skipped Iowa and New Hampshire and attacked the nominating system. It would be most interesting to see what kind of Presidential candidate Gore would make in eight years—but at the moment that's not an option.

ONCE again, Jesse Jackson is running for reasons other than to be elected, and once again—only more so—he has other Democrats worried about his potential effect on the Party's chances. In part because of a change in the Party's rules, and in part because there is no white candidate with a claim on the black voters, such as Walter Mondale had in 1984, it is assumed that Jackson will go to the Democratic Convention with more delegates than he had the last time. Also, Jackson did sufficiently well in the 1984 primaries to make it more difficult for black elected officials to not be for him this time, though some are holding out. The big question on other Democrats' minds is what Jackson will do with the power he will have at the Convention. How much power he will actually have obviously depends also on how the other candidates have fared—how badly his delegates, and his blessing, are needed. He could well have more delegates than he did the last time—an estimate by another camp puts the possibility at five hundred and forty delegates (out of a total of 4,160, as opposed to his roughly four hundred and sixty-five of 3,933 in 1984), which may be low. It may also depend on how Jackson is dealt with: if Jackson senses weakness (as he did in the case of the Mondale campaign), he will push hard; if he senses that he is up against strength, someone who won't be pushed around (as he did after Paul Kirk took over as Party chairman), he'll be more reasonable. Trying to predict now what Jackson will want then is pointless. As Ann Lewis, the former national director of Americans for Democratic Action and an adviser to Jackson, puts it, "Jesse doesn't have a blueprint in his pocket. This is a guy who's been on the outside most of his life; he's capable of drawing up a strategy very quickly, based on the people around him." Jackson says that what he wants is "respect," a term that he alone will define; but it is clear that he will also seek some entries in the Party's platform. This could cause problems, since, in an election where most of the Democratic leaders are trying to present the Party as pragmatic and non-ideological, Jackson is over on the left. (Paul Kirk is hoping to avoid a detailed platform.)



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It is often said that in this campaign Jackson's approach is less race-based and more populist. But that's what his attempt—essentially futile—to build a "rainbow coalition" in 1984 was all about. But Jackson has toned down his style, speaks less (but still some) in rhymes, and displays less anger. Yet he has not completely got away from indications of anti-Semitism, and there is still something intimidating, and hinting of anger, in his style.

Jackson is certainly an enlivening presence in this campaign—a witty man among a sombre crew, and the only one capable of real spontaneity. In Iowa, toward the end of a soporific debate on education, Jackson said, "Whoever can keep your attention tonight during this debate on education deserves to be your next President." When, in another debate, Gore gave a lengthy explanation of chlorofluorocarbons, Jackson remarked, "Senator Gore just showed you why he should be our national chemist. I want to be our next President." Jackson is adept at colorful and funny explications of an issue, and, more than the others, speaks his mind.

The philosophical problem that Jackson's campaign presents, as it did in 1984, is that, despite his effort to broaden his base, his is a cause campaign, a campaign of a faction, while the function of political parties, and candidates, is to mediate among the factions. Most black elected officials deal in coalition politics. Moreover, Jackson's example could lead to candidacies by people representing other factions. (Representative Patricia Schroeder, of Colorado, almost ran this time, as a women's candidate.) A black or a woman or a farmer or a whatever running as a protest repre-

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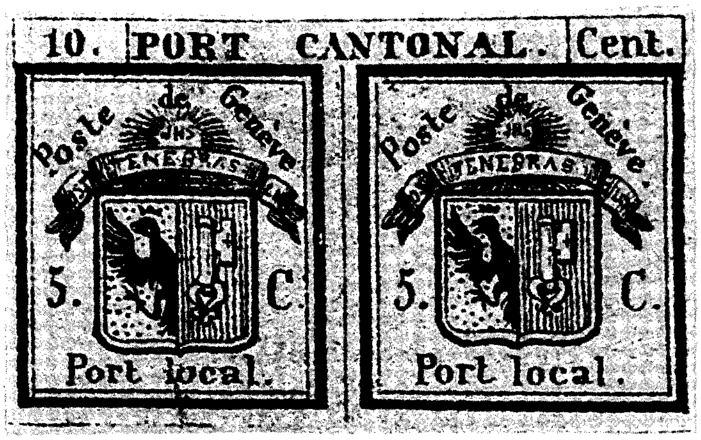
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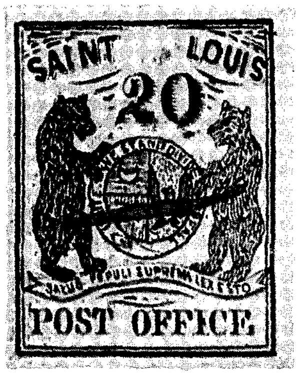
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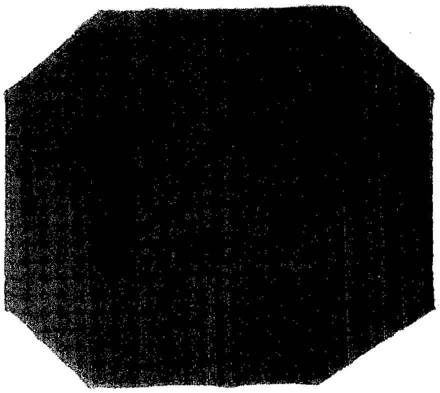

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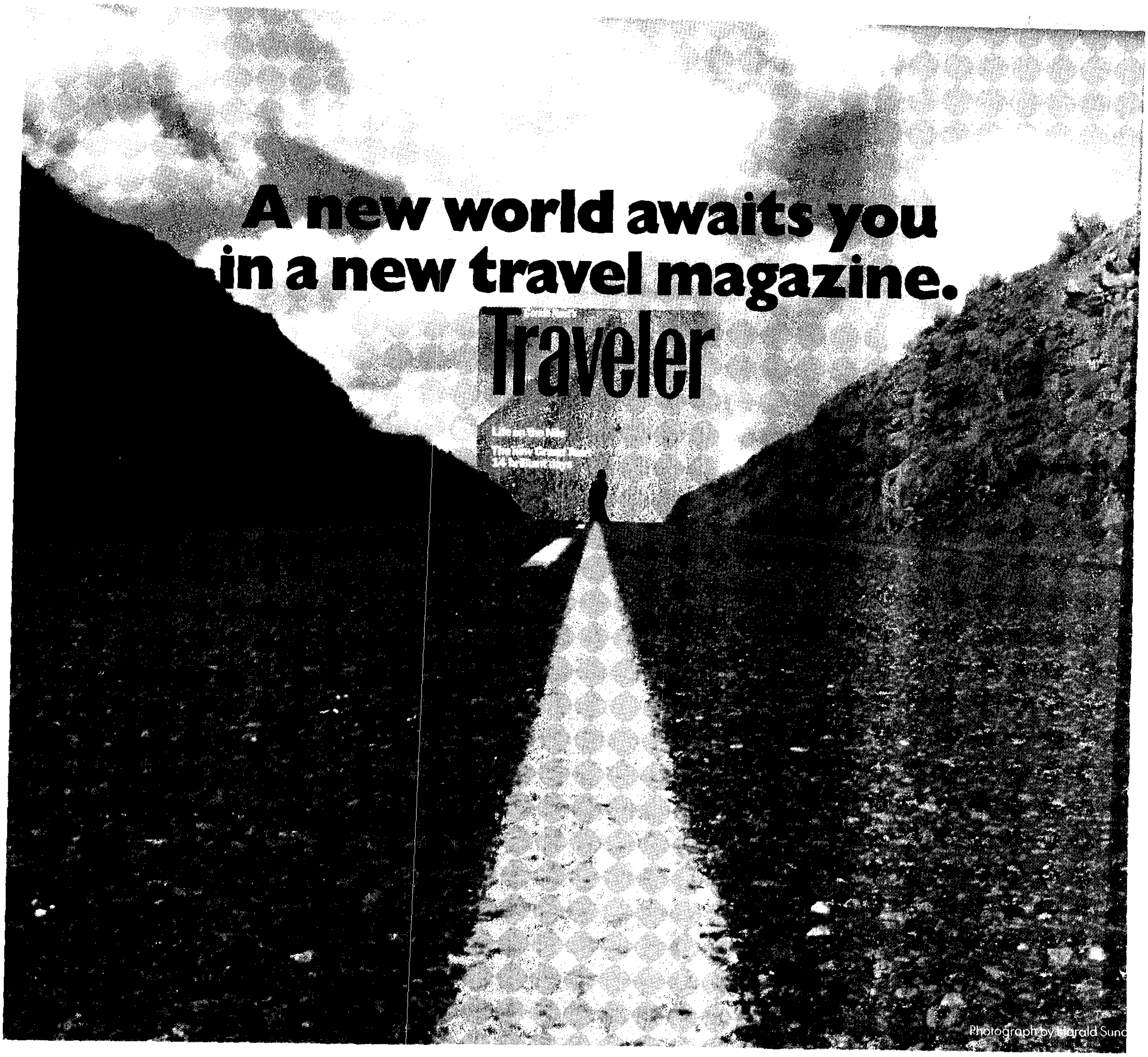
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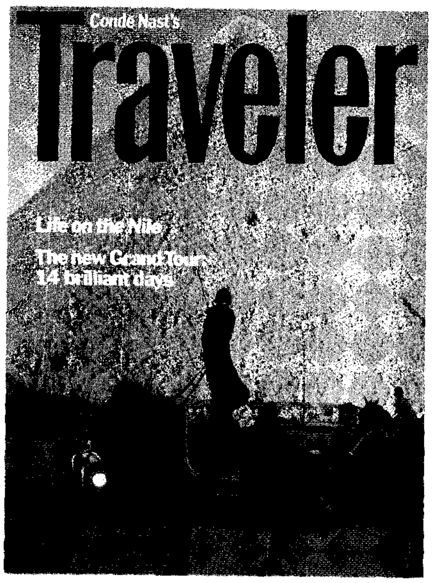
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sentative of a faction, rather than as a politician seeking to govern among many factions, invites further splintering of our politics. The politicians are our mediators. Because Jackson is not expected to win, he is not put to the same tests as other candidates. And because he has a strong following, and is presumed to be able to turn out the black vote in November (his precise effect cannot be known), he is treated gently by the other candidates. One cannot escape the feeling that Jackson is exploiting the nomination process—a thesis to which, to be sure, many people would take strong exception. And they argue, with good reason, that Jackson's presence in the primaries gets some things on the agenda that might not otherwise be there. It's clear that Jackson enjoys the exercise. Ann Lewis says, "Jesse was born to do this. Other candidates complain about being constantly on the road, and consider it hard work. Jesse gets larger crowds and more respect from this than from anything else he's done."

Paul Simon's greatest strength from the outset has been that he comes across as a real person—less posed, less self-conscious, and more comfortable than his rivals. Simon conveys calm and a sort of kindness—and he's widely considered a man of unusual (for politics) integrity. He has a populist program and tells down-to-earth, folksy stories. He enjoys a kind of reverse charisma—the plain features and the long ears setting him apart from his chiselled, almost too perfect competitors. But he is a tough man, often underestimated as a politician. His political career has been one of winning unlikely victories—as a Democrat from downstate Illinois in the state legislature; and in 1984, when he was elected to the Senate after a rough fight with incumbent Senator Charles Percy, in the midst of a Reagan landslide. He's shrewder than he seems. But one also senses a certain naïveté to him, perhaps a certain innocence—an impressionableness. Simon is a very nice man and very thoughtful, and very prolific. He has written eleven books, but even though he has been in combative politics there seems to be a certain academic, ungrounded quality to some of his thought. There is a question of how tough-minded he is.

In one debate, Simon suggested that covert activities be turned over to the military—a truly bad idea. His domestic agenda is vulnerable, because it calls for more spending without spelling out how he would raise the revenues to pay for it. He is programmatic—prone to suggest a federal program for every problem he sees—and this, too, makes him a target. The centerpiece, of course, is Simon's program of providing public-sector jobs for at least three million unemployed people, at a cost of eight billion dollars. (Some experts say it would cost more.) He has also called for increased spending on several existing programs (such as health care, college loans, and programs for needy children). When I spoke with him in late October, Simon had a vague program for paying for this: by cutting defense spending; by lowering unemployment; by persuading the financial markets to lower interest rates through giving them confidence that he would get the deficit under control—and, as a last resort, taxes. He says that he would insist on "old-fashioned, Harry Truman, pay-as-you-go government." And his deficit-reduction program is still vague. Simon says that though he opposed last year's tax-reform bill (he argued that it wasn't progressive enough), he's "a political realist" and wouldn't reopen that law. Simon's political "realism" prevents him from suggesting domestic spending cuts—though he tosses in the Postal Rate Commission (which cost just over five million dollars in this year's budget). Simon has long backed a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget—thus maintaining a conservative credential—and he supported passage of the Gramm-Rudman law (as did some other liberal Democrats, including Edward Kennedy). Simon's jobs program may be not so wrongheaded as it is unfashionable, and he says that it would cost only two and a half billion dollars in the first year. Now that he is doing better politically, he is being pressed to explain how he would pay for what he wants to do, and still balance the budget. In the most recent debate, Simon, though alert to the likelihood that he'd be questioned about this, booted his response. His aides say that he has a better one, and that he will offer it soon—they know he has to.

Simon is making a virtue of his stylistic and ideological differences—it's hard to tell which are more important—from his opponents. He told me that one reason he entered the race was that "what I missed among the candidates was a real gut commitment to use the tools of government to get things done—some real compassion." He says that he entered the race when Dale Bumpers, whom he had announced his support for, said, in March, that he would not run, but in fact Simon was considering in the summer of 1986 whether to enter the race. He is a careful politician. His campaign literature and his speeches refer to Roosevelt, Truman, Hubert Humphrey, and John Kennedy, and the Democratic Party's tradition. Simon presents himself as being out of the same homespun tradition as Truman, bow tie and glasses to boot, and pointedly repeats (perhaps too often) that he refused to let political managers slick him up. He deliberately sets himself apart rhetorically from his cooler competitors. He says, "Isn't it time to believe again?" He says, "I want a government that cares." He was considered a long shot when he entered, and is currently enjoying a surge of popularity in Iowa—his being first in the most recent Des Moines *Register* poll made a lot of people take notice. A more recent poll, by NBC, showed him running neck and neck with Dukakis in Iowa, and anything could happen two months from now, when the Iowans finally vote.

We can't know whether this is simply Simon's brief turn in the spotlight or whether he can make it into something more enduring. (His coming from nearby downstate Illinois, his unpretentiousness, and his liberalism and dovish foreign policy make him a good fit with much of the Iowa Democratic electorate.) Simon insists, of course, that he can parlay a victory in Iowa into a successful drive for the nomination, and in September a few observers began to suggest that he was a sleeper. Simon told me matter-of-factly that he planned to win Iowa, come in second in New Hampshire (which he is now doing in the polls), and then do well in Minnesota, which is liberal in its politics and holds caucuses the week after the New Hampshire primary. (Minnesota is also on Dukakis's map.) Simon figures, he says, that he will have enough "media and momentum" to do "reasonably well" on March 8th, and then go on to Illinois and the other industrial states, and do well in California and the Northwest. A lot of liberal Democrats would like to think that this is the case, and wonder whether, despite the warnings of

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many that Simon is "unelectable"—an argument made emphatically by other campaigns—they dare go with their emotions again.

A BIG question is whether the Democrats might end up nominating someone who is not now in the field. The question arises because the current candidates are not yet seen by many people as major figures (but that can change, as it has before, when someone starts winning); because, though we tend to forget, this question almost always arises at some point in a campaign, in part because of press boredom; and because certain figures have been keeping the subject open. The leading one, of course, has been Mario Cuomo, who has said that while he would not run for the nomination (saying that this would be impossible while he served as governor of New York), he would accept a draft. Instead of lying low, as Bill Bradley is doing (though several people think Bradley would also accept a draft), Cuomo was all over the place and doing a lot of talking—the effect of which has been to keep alive speculation that he might at some point be available. Bradley, like Cuomo, does not flatly rule out a draft; like Cuomo, he says, "That's not what happens." He also told me recently that he "can't conceive of" any circumstances that would get him into the race for the nomination. Cuomo's trip to the Soviet Union this fall was followed by a speech to the Council on Foreign Relations in Washington. He drops the names of foreign-policy experts he talked to before he went. The trip to the Soviet Union included a couple of blunders, and the speech was intelligent but did not, because it could not, convey deep knowledge; yet he drew a big crowd here, of the curious and the ambitious, and he had most of it in his hand. (Bradley, too, has been burnishing his foreign-policy credentials, and has had more time for this—against the day—and is probably better prepared to be President.) What Cuomo actually has in mind is known by almost no one, because he confides in almost no one (except some members of his family). In phone conversations with me and others, he has protested that the current candidates should not be called "dwarfs" by the press, and praised them, the effect of which—perhaps unintended—was to reinforce doubts about them. When, inevitably, his omnipresence drew criticism from the press and from declared candidates,

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he drew back—at least for a while.

Cuomo is such a large presence on the political scene—magnetic, smart, and even seductive—that he is hard to ignore, and many Democrats pine for him. A large percentage of them remain uncommitted to any candidate. Cuomo, like many strong personalities, is also controversial (he is introverted, and he can be vindictive and hard to deal with). There are questions about how good a Presidential candidate he would be—whether he has enough grasp of defense and foreign policy, whether his thin skin and volatile temperament would get in his way—not to mention what kind of President. While the current nominating process is insane, it does give us a chance to learn important things about candidates. Though it is technically not impossible for a candidate to enter later, Cuomo is running out of time to be a conventional candidate—filing dates are approaching, and he has no organization. He probably should be taken at his word—at least in terms of ruling out a conventional candidacy.

The Democrats could head to their Convention with wounded candidates and no enthusiasm—a situation made for a brushfire, of whatever duration. Democrats could decide by the time of the Convention that they would prefer the spellbinding Cuomo, whatever the questions about him, or someone else, to the candidates they know all too well by then. Technically, the delegates are not bound to the candidate in whose name they were chosen, and there will be more Party officials as delegates at this Convention than there have been since the Party began to change its rules, to make the process more "open," twenty years ago. By far most observers now think that the nominee will come from the current field—that someone will start winning, that the field will be very much narrowed after mid-March, as candidates without victories or money fall by the wayside, and that the Party leaders will start making commitments. But there is a strong likelihood—almost a certainty—that before the Democratic nominee is selected there will be rumors that So-and-So might be available after all, that a move to draft somebody is under way. The prospect of a rumor-swept Convention already gives some Democratic leaders nightmares. Whatever happens, the Democrats' road to the nomination is not likely to be smooth.

—ELIZABETH DREW

(*Next week: The Republicans.*)

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Irish Voices

THE announcement that John Huston was making a movie of James Joyce's "The Dead" raised the question "Why?" What could images do that Joyce's words hadn't? And wasn't Huston pitting himself against a master who, though he was only twenty-five when he wrote the story, had given it full form? (Or nearly full—Joyce's language gains from being read aloud.) It turns out that those who love the story needn't have worried. Huston directed the movie, at eighty, from a wheelchair, jumping up to look through the camera, with oxygen tubes trailing from his nose to a portable generator; most of the time, he had to watch the actors on a video monitor outside the set and use a microphone to speak to the crew. Yet he went into dramatic areas that he'd never gone into before—funny, warm family scenes that might be thought completely out of his range. He seems to have brought the understanding of Joyce's ribald humor which he gained from his knowledge of "Ulysses" into this earlier work; the minor characters who are shadowy on the page now have a Joycean vividness. Huston has knocked the academicism out of them and developed the undeveloped parts of the story. He's given it a marvellous filigree that enriches the social life. And he's done it all in a mood of tranquil exuberance, as if moviemaking had become natural to him, easier than breathing.

The movie is set on the sixth of January, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany. The Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece—three spinster musicians and music teachers—are giving their annual dance and supper, in their Dublin town house, and as their relatives and friends arrive the foibles and obsessions of the hostesses and the guests mesh and turn festive. The actors—Irish or of Irish heritage—become the members of a family and a social set who know who's going to get too loud, who's going to get upset about what. They know who's going to make a fool of himself: Freddy Malins (Donal Donnelly)—he drinks. Even before Freddy shows up, the two Misses Morkan—ancient, gray Julia (Cathleen Delany), whose fragile face seems to get skinnier as the night wears on, and hearty Kate (Helena Carroll)—are worried. They're relieved when their favorite nephew, Gabriel Conroy (Donal McCann), arrives, with his wife, Gretta (Anjelica Huston); they can count on Gabriel to keep an eye on Freddy for them. It's the reliable, slightly pompous Gabriel—a college professor and book reviewer—who has an epiphany this night, and we, too, experience it.

During the party, Gabriel tries to entertain Freddy's excruciating old bore of a mother (Marie Kean), a self-satisfied biddy who smiles a sweet social smile at Gabriel but treats her son with contempt. Mrs. Malins wears an evening hat perched on her white ringlets and sits with one hand on her fancy walking stick; she's so old she seems to have the bones of a little bird, yet Freddy looks to her for approval, like a child. When he sees her expression, he's left openmouthed, chagrined, and with a faint—almost imperceptible—stutter. He shrinks. She thinks she would like him to be like Gabriel, but she and Freddy match up beyond one's saddest dreams. She sneers at him for not being the manly son she can be proud of, and turns him into a silly ass. Ever hopeful, he's crushed over and over again, his mustachioed upper lip sinking toward his chin.

Gabriel looks more authoritative than he feels. A stabilizing presence, and the man whose task it is to represent all the guests in a speech thanking the hostesses, he's like an observer at the party, but he's also observing himself, and he's not too pleased with how he handles things—especially his response to a young woman who chides him for spending his summer vacations abroad and for not devoting himself to the study of the Irish language. He would like to be suave with her, but he's so full of doubts about himself that he gets hot under the collar. And Gabriel feels his middle-aged mediocrity when he's speechifying. He plays the man of literary eminence, toasting Aunt Julia and Aunt Kate and their niece, Mary Jane (Ingrid Craigie), after calling them the Three Graces of the Dublin musical world. But when the assembled guests drink to them he sees the ladies' gaiety go beyond gaiety. They can't contain their pleasure at being complimented; Julia's hectic, staring eyes fill with tears, and a high flush appears on her ancient girlish dimples. And he gets a whiff of mortality.

The movie itself is a toast to Irish hospitality and to the spinster sisterhood of music teachers, which has probably never before been saluted with such affection. Starting with the sound of an Irish harp under the opening titles, and with frequent reminders of the importance of the pianists who play for the dancing at the party, the picture is about the music that men and women make, and especially about the music of Irish voices. At supper, the characters go at their pet subjects: opera past and present, and famous tenors, dead and alive. They know each other's positions so well that they taunt each other.

One of the guests—a tenor, Mr. D'Arcy (Frank Patterson)—has declined to sing, but after most of the others have left he succumbs to the pleading of a young lady he has been flirting with, and sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Gretta Conroy, who has been making her farewells and is coming down the stairs to join Gabriel, stands hushed, leaning on the bannister listening. Mr. D'Arcy's voice, resonating in the stairwell, has the special trained purity of great Irish tenors; the whole world seems still while he sings, and for a few seconds after. And Gabriel, seeing his wife deeply affected, is fired with sexual longing for her. He hopes to awaken her passion. But in the carriage she's sad and silent, while he makes clumsy conversation. When they reach the hotel where they are to spend the night, she falls asleep in tears after telling him about her youth in Galway and about a consumptive young boy, Michael Furey, her first love, who sang that song, "The Lass of Aughrim." Michael Furey had left his sickbed to come see her on a rainy night in winter, and died a week later, when he was only seventeen.

In the course of the evening, Gabriel has been evaluating how he's doing, and feeling more and more like a solemn stuffed shirt. Now everything he thought he knew about Gretta and himself has been sent whirling. He feels that his own love for her is a dismal thing compared with the dead

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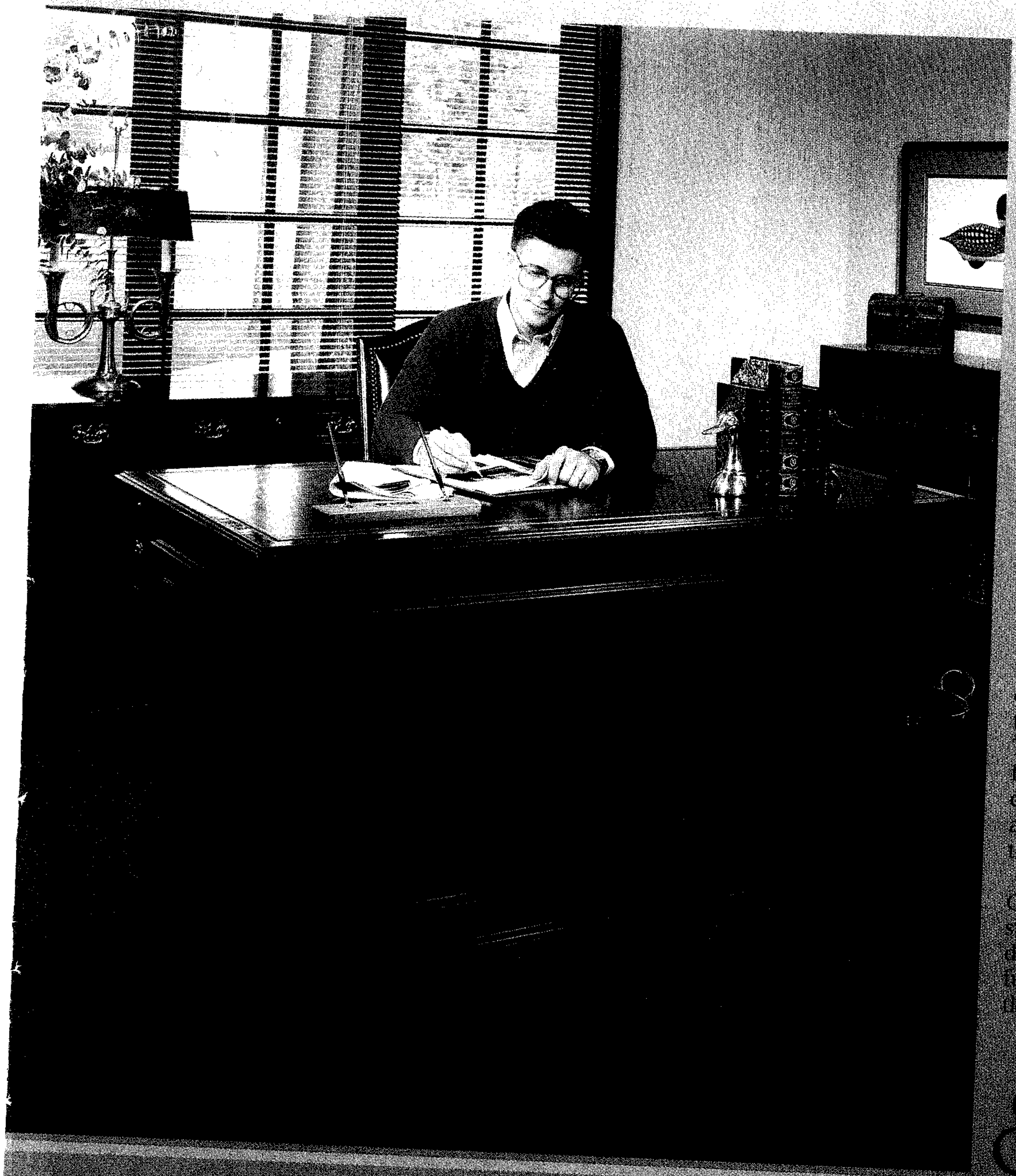

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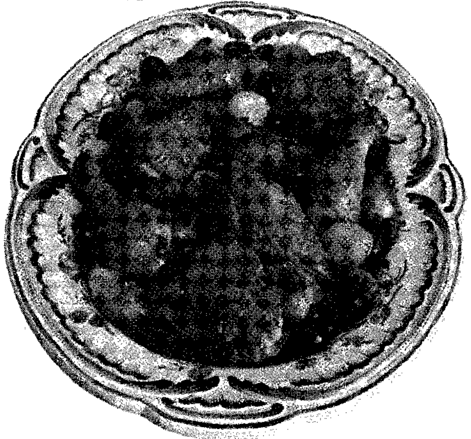

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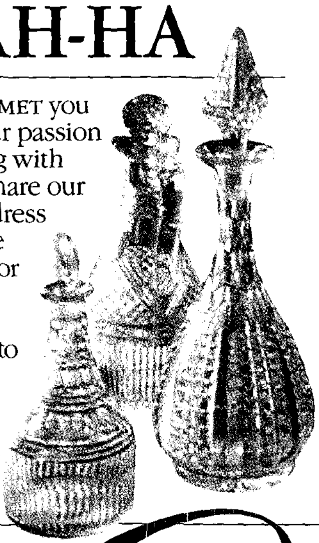

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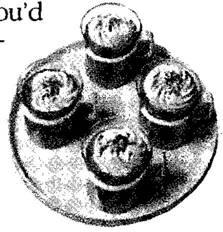

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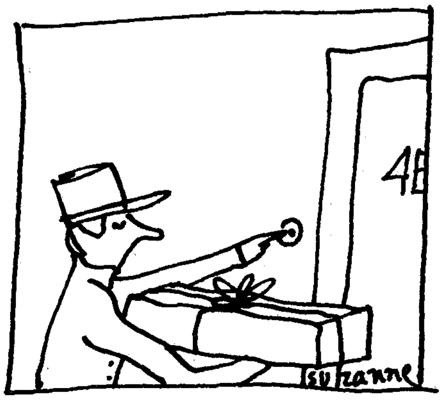
boy's, and he gets beyond his own ego—he's moved by the boy's action. He thinks about carnal desire and about "the vast hosts of the dead." He sees Aunt Julia as she had looked a few hours earlier when she danced with him, and imagines that she will be the next to go. And Huston, having intensified our vision of the family life that the final passages of the story come out of, implicitly acknowledges that he can't improve on their music. In the story, these passages are Gabriel's thoughts. Here Huston simply gives over to them, and we hear them spoken by Gabriel, as the snow outside blends the living and the dead. Joyce's language seems to melt into pure emotion, and something in Gabriel melts.

Huston moved to Galway in the early fifties, and it was his home base for roughly twenty years—it's where Anjelica Huston and his son Tony Huston, who wrote the script, grew up. But when he made this movie he shot the Dublin interiors in a warehouse in Valencia, California, and the snow was plastic. Huston wasn't strong enough to travel; he completed the film early in the summer, and died in August, after his eighty-first birthday. The picture he left us is a tribute to Joyce, whose words complete and transcend what we've been watching. But the humor is from the two of them, and from the actors.

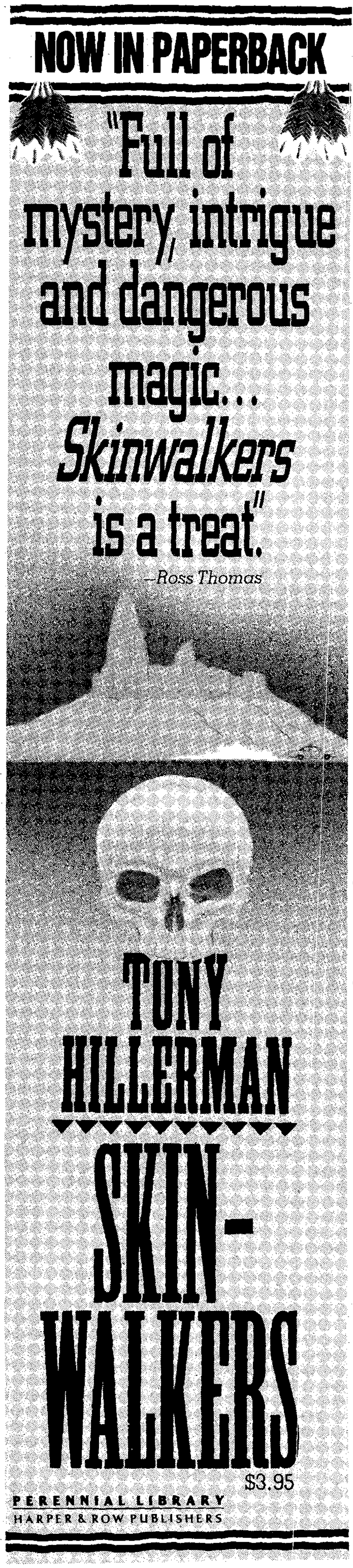
The movie is a demonstration of what, in Huston's terms, movies can give you that print can't: primarily, the glory of performers—performers with faces that have been written on by time and skill, performers with voices. It's as if Huston were saying, "Making a movie of a classic isn't anything as simple as just depriving you of the work of your imagination. Your imagination couldn't create these people for you. Only these specific actors could do it." And, of course, they could do it only with Huston guiding their movements and Tony Huston providing their words. And, yes, your imagination is now tied to these actors, but they bring a spontaneity and joy into the movie which you don't experience from reading the story.

It isn't simply that they physically embody the characters; they embody what the movie is saying. When Aunt Julia, once a respected local soprano, is prevailed on to sing, and comes out with "Arrayed for the Bridal," the quaver in her thin voice is theme music. So is her vaguely rattled look. Poor, effusive Freddy tells her that he has never heard her sing so well, then goes even further and tells her he has never heard her sing half so well. That's right out of the story, but it's different when we can see and hear the woman he's praising so idiotically. Cathleen Delany is superb as Julia, whose memory is fading, and who sometimes forgets where she is. There's a moment at the beginning when she's in the receiving line and looks at someone blankly; asked if she doesn't remember the person from last year, she rallies with "Of course, of course." She's leaving this world, but she's still a firm social liar. Donal Donnelly isn't just a great drunk; he knows how to play a drunk sobering up. By the end of the party, Freddy is almost a man of the world. Marie Kean's Mrs. Malins is such a smiley little dragon she makes you laugh; the performance is high clowning. And Helena Carroll's Aunt Kate is wonderfully obstreperous when she berates the pope for turning women (like her sister) out of the choirs and putting in little boys. Ingrid Craigie's Mary Jane, the peacemaker, soothes Aunt Kate's sense of injury (you know it's an oft-indulged sense of injury) and steers people to safe ground; Mary Jane has a softness about her, a loving docility. Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne, a florid old gent who is delighted to hear Kate lashing out at the pope; he fancies himself a gallant and jovially drinks himself to sleep. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically.

The change in his work is in our closeness to the people on the screen. Freddy is such a hopeful fellow, always trying to please, that we can see ourselves in his worst foolishness. We can see ourselves in Julia and Kate and in the stiff, self-tormenting Gabriel. And when Anjelica Huston's Gretta speaks of Michael Furey and says "O, the day I heard that, that he was dead," we hear the echoes of the pain that she felt all those years ago. We hear them very clearly, because of the fine, unimpassioned way that the actress plays Gretta, leaving the tragic notes to Gabriel. Gretta's is only one of the stories of the dead, but Joyce wrote the work right after his Nora told him of her early great love, and it's the most romanticized, the most piercing. The stillness in the air during Frank Patterson's singing of the melancholy "Lass" is part of the emotional perfection of the moment. But the film finds its full meaning in the stillness of Donal McCann's meticulous tones at the end—in Gabriel's helpless self-awareness. He mourns because he is revealed to himself as less than he thought he was. He mourns because he sees that the whole world is in mourning. And he accepts our common end: the snow falls on everyone.



WHEN I began to read Marilynne Robinson's novel "Housekeeping," I was elated by the plangent simplicity of the language. It's about two young girls—Ruth, the narrator, and her younger sister, Lucille—who live in Fingerbone, a fictional town on a lake in the Rockies, in a crooked, weather-beaten house hand-built by their long-dead grandfather, a railway worker who made paintings of snowcapped mountains. Their mother left them there the day she calmly drove off a cliff into the lake; they were tended to for five years by their grandmother and, after her death, briefly by two great-aunts, and then, in the fifties, when they're on the verge of adolescence, Sylvie, their mother's younger sister—an itinerant —arrives to keep house for them. Through the years, the orphans have been close companions, but their differing attitudes toward Sylvie cause a permanent rift between them. Sylvie, a nature-loving hobo who has been riding the rails, working here or there, is also fixated on mountains. Agreeable but abstracted, she's the elusive, poetic center of the novel. She doesn't care whether the girls go to school or not; she's serenely happy taking long walks, staring at the railroad bridge over the lake, and filling the house with collections of newspapers, tin cans, and cats. Lucille is shamed by Sylvie's habits, and finds a normal life by moving into the house of her home-economics teacher, while Ruth, devastated by her sister's leaving her, gives up on school and becomes more and more like Sylvie, taking an overnight trip on the lake with her, hopping a freight train. Then the author invokes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an antique device: the townspeople begin to worry about Ruth and to question whether Sylvie is a fit guardian, and the two of them find their idyllic existence threatened.

I read eagerly at first, because Robinson's mandarin feminist writing was rapturous, but after a while my enthusiasm shut down, and by the last thirty or forty pages I didn't think the novel was about anything except its own literary sensibility. (When I was finished, the book just about decomposed in my hand; the whole thing is a willed epiphany—a false one.) It does have a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. There's something creepily feminine and familiar about this—it's like depression without depression, a dreamless state of not being bothered by anything. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy, as if it were a painless way for women to see the world. The novel has just about everything imaginable for sensitive women—it's all a rhapsodic dream of women's lives, and men play only a peripheral role in it. (They're the creatures who desert you, whom you can't count on.)

The advertising campaign for the movie version is trying to sell it as a prankish comedy, with the eccentric aunt who appears from nowhere as a demented Mary Poppins. But Bill Forsyth, who wrote the script and directed—it's his first film made entirely outside Scotland—follows the novel in mood and detail. It's a beautiful, accomplished piece of moviemaking, except that he can't seem to get a rhythm going. The paperback edition carries a quote from Doris Lessing: "I found myself reading slowly, then more slowly—This is not a novel to be hurried through for every sentence is a delight." I'm afraid that Forsyth, caught up in his admiration of those sentences, never felt free enough to make the material his own and find his own rhythms. The early scenes have some oddity and promise—they seem to be about growing up, albeit in strange circumstances. But by the time the sisters have begun to quarrel, and the principal lectures to them at school, the movie begins to be about not growing up—about going into a state of enchantment—and things slow down. And since watching a movie isn't like reading a book—where you slow down to savor the writing—a slowness that's imposed on you can make you feel sluggish. (This is one movie that might have been helped by stronger music than its string-quartet score—something to pace it.)

Forsyth, who has always worked on material that he conceived ("That Sinking Feeling," "Gregory's Girl," "Local Hero," "Comfort and Joy"), was probably drawn to adapt Robinson's novel because its sensory impact is rather like that of his movies—you feel you're breathing mountain air. And as he himself is given to muted effects and to characters who are part cipher, he may have been entranced by the internalized and estranged nature of Robinson's vision. (It's all subtext.) The fictional Fingerbone, which is based on Robinson's birthplace, Sandpoint, Idaho, was shot in Nelson, British Columbia (the mountain town used in "Roxanne"), which is only ninety miles from Sandpoint. This luminous area is photographed unaffectedly; there's nothing the matter with how the film looks. It's the whole conception that seems to be inside a glass bell. When tall, straight-backed Sylvie (Christine Lahti) and shy Ruth (fifteen-year-old Sara Walker) are in a little rowboat on the lake at night, you may feel you're watching feminized Mark Twain. The book suggests the vision of a sixties flower child who took a doctorate in literature in the seventies but still retained the idea that if you gave up conventional values and material things you could wander the earth and lead a magical life. And so the movie is subtly prejudicial in its attitude toward the townspeople—they are made narrow and uncomprehending—and toward Lucille (twelve-year-old Andrea Burchill): she doesn't move out because she wants to learn something or needs some rootedness and order in her life; she moves out because she wants to be just like the other kids in town. Even though the vagabond Sylvie and her kindred spirit Ruth are kept at an emotional distance, like the figures in a fable, and we're never asked to identify with them, we recognize that they're meant to be in tune with something deep and natural. Sylvie is presented as both a crazy lady and the personification of freedom, with a little earth mother thrown in.

(There's enough slippery, fashionable confusion in Robinson's material for viewers to come away from the movie with the idea that Sylvie and Ruth have a gift—a unique spiritual insight. The movie can easily be taken as a haunting account of the freedom of madness versus suffocating conformism. It can be taken as an ode to people who are "different.")

Sylvie is given a minimum of lines, so Christine Lahti's face has to carry the movie. And since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Lahti can't call on her full resourcefulness. Gaunt here, and with her curly hair and huge, curlicue dimples, she suggests a pioneer woman who's been bopped on the head. Lahti manages to create a strong presence out of this woman's aimlessness, and she's quite prodigious in staying in character; there's magnetism in the way she moves, and she's airily weird on lines like "I don't know why I stopped reading." But it's not a great role. It's a synthesis of themes from American literature: the nomadic urge that has been passed down from her railroad-man father, the violent doominess in her family (her father's death in a derailment over the lake, her sister's suicide), and so on. The two young-girl actresses are at their best when we see their physical interplay; they aren't particularly expressive, though there's some eloquence in the sight of the older sister hanging her head as she grows tall, like Sylvie. But we don't get close enough to the bond she forms with Sylvie. I guess the real problem is that Ruth may understand her aunt but we don't. When Forsyth places Robinson's ecstatic vision of women and nature and wanderlust in a realistic setting, the result is a kind of clammy, awkward lyricism. Robinson put together a bunch of themes and moods, and, polishing her sentences, she made it all shine. In some awful way, this jewelled, fairy-tale femininity outclasses the movie medium. And you may find yourself fighting back with yawns because it's lifeless.

—PAULINE KAEL

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Lafayette* (*Calif.*) *Contra Costa Sun*]

A thief broke into a gray, 1984 BMW parked at Village Square, stole 45 cents, and moved the owner's manual from the glove box to the passenger floorboard.

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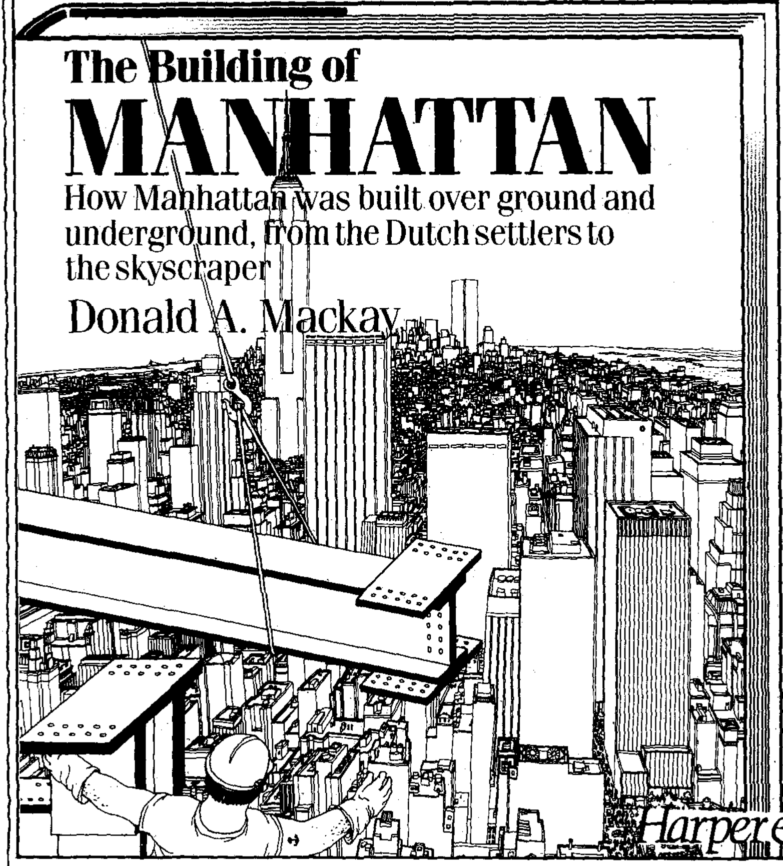

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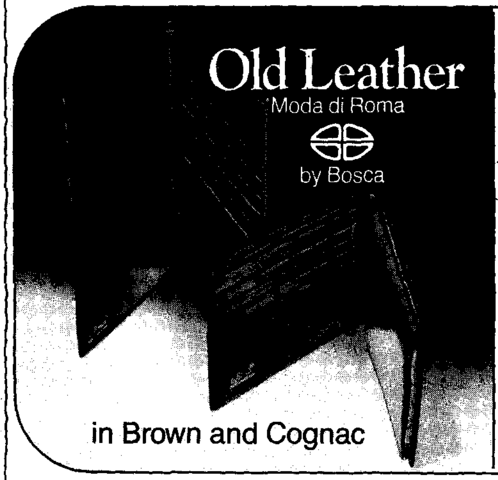

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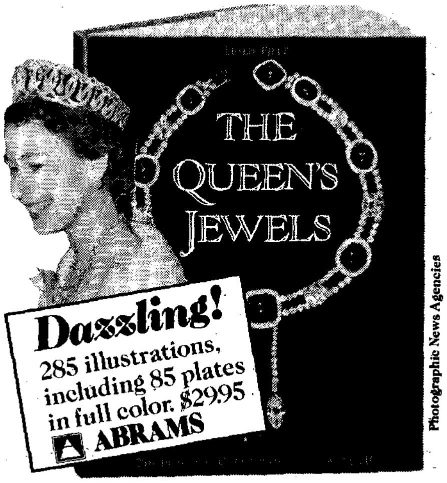

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BOOKS

Apologia pro Vita Sua

IN 1956, the playwright Arthur Miller, already famous for characters reflecting some disheartening failure in American life, was on the front page of every tabloid. About to marry the screen star Marilyn Monroe, whose face and body on camera had become as familiar as the American flag, Miller had been summoned to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee, which, in its super-patriotic drive to save America from Communism, seemed to be aiming mostly at headline names in the entertainment industry. Two years before, Miller had been refused a passport by Mrs. Ruth B. Shipley, the chief of the Passport Office of the State Department. In Mrs. Shipley's opinion, Miller's wish to attend a Brussels production of "The Crucible"—his play about the anti-witchcraft hysteria in Puritan New England, which was clearly aimed at McCarthyism—was "not in the national interest." The passport was eventually restored. Miller planned after his wedding to fly with Marilyn Monroe to England, where she was to star with Laurence Olivier in "The Prince and the Showgirl." Suddenly, it appeared that he might not have to testify at all. Representative Francis E. Walter, the chairman of HUAC, offered to cancel the hearing if Marilyn Monroe would agree to be photographed shaking hands with him.

It is such inimitable detail that makes Miller's "Timebends: A Life" (Grove; $24.95) fascinating, and that should provide instruction in the ups and downs of twentieth-century American history, and in the hermetic and proscribed world to which an honorable American radicalism has long been confined. The poet Robert Lowell wrote of "the tranquillized fifties." This was not Miller's experience. He has enjoyed and suffered a clamorously full American life. "Timebends" provides some rare and raw personal documentation of life in low and in high places—not least, of the show-biz spirit increasingly favored by politicians. Lucky Luciano is here, and so are W. C. Fields, Harry Cohn (of Columbia Pictures), Tony Anastasio, Clark Gable, John Huston, Norman Mailer, Lillian Hellman, and the Brooklyn waterfront and Navy Yard, along with the Waldorf Towers, Kennedy and Gorbachev and Reagan, and many a Chinese actor or intellectual recovering from the Cultural Revolution. And, of course, Miller's second wife, Marilyn Monroe, who dominates her part of the book with almost cruel vividness and infinite pathos.

Miller's title is meant to indicate the flow in and out of time which he considers a particular achievement of "Death of a Salesman" and of this book. He ponderously describes it as "a mode that would open a man's head for a play to take place inside it, evolving through concurrent rather than consecutive actions." The book jauntily moves back and forth through the years since Miller's birth, in 1915. But "Timebends" is not a literary achievement in technique and style so much as a flowing—sometimes overflowing—*apologia pro vita sua*. There is an attempt at grand confession here—he has an intense desire to make things right with himself—that comes out of the spectacular avidity of Jewish experience in and of America and out of Miller's anger at the American theatre today, and his astonishment and perplexity over what he feels to be our "unreality" just now. By this he means the real sorrow of his life—the strange death of liberal America. It is the actual disorderliness, the irrepressible vehemence, of his book that I like most—the honest sense of disaffection, and even of failure, in a life so full of "success." What people still daintily refer to as "the underside of American life" is here in full measure. As an

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attempt at a work of art and as a book about Miller's own art, "Timebends" is something else.

Marilyn Monroe did not shake hands with Representative Walter. Miller, never a Communist Party member, had once attended a meeting of Communist writers. He refused to take the Fifth Amendment, relied on the First to see him through. For some reason, he doesn't reproduce the fine words with which he replied when he was asked, about the meeting of Communist writers, "Can you tell us who was there when you walked into the room?" He said, "Mr. Chairman, I understand the philosophy behind this question and I want you to understand mine. . . . I could not use the name of another person and bring trouble on him." He was cited for contempt and sentenced to a fine and a month in jail, but a federal appeals court reversed the conviction.

Born during the first Administration of Woodrow Wilson, in a Harlem that was still a middle-class Jewish enclave, Miller enjoyed a comfortable, assimilated boyhood just beyond the north end of Central Park. One family problem—guessable from the intense closeness to and rivalry with an elder brother which runs through "Death of a Salesman" and "The Price"—seems to have been his better-looking and more equable brother, Kermit, who was to do well in Hitler's war. Miller was kept out of the war by an old injury, and, characteristically, went to work in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He has often been drawn to hard physical labor; even when he was earning two thousand a week from his first big hit, "All My Sons," he felt compelled to seek out factory work. Though he tends to view this blue-collar association as symbolic resistance to his highly parvenu childhood, his real pull was toward work with his hands, toward craftsmanship and practical skills. Along with his intense curiosity about business and his alertness to success and failure, it is his sense of hard fact that marks his professionalism and has won him a large audience.

A dramatist was made for life by growing up amid such a cast of characters as a nouveau-riche immigrant family used to provide. Miller's father, one of the leading cloak manufacturers in the country, was, of course, basic to the dominant and disillusioning figure of the father in "All My Sons" and "Death of a Salesman." Isidore Miller, who was shipped out alone from Poland before the age of

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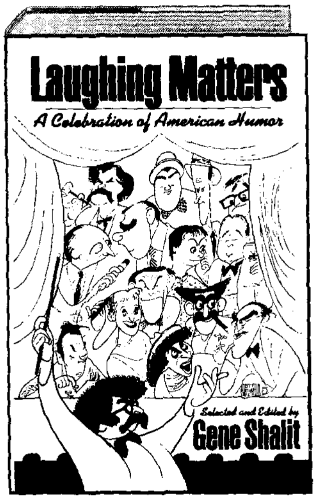

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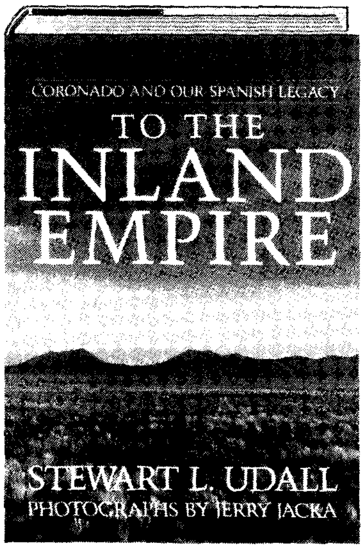

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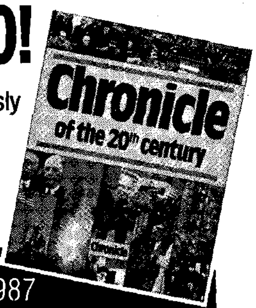

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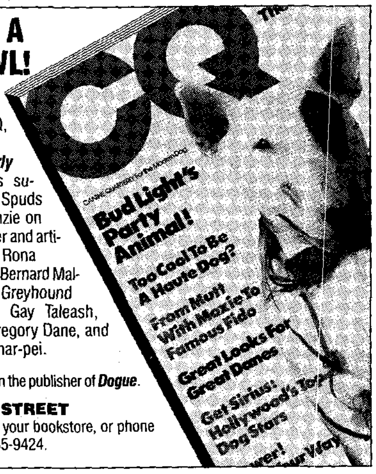
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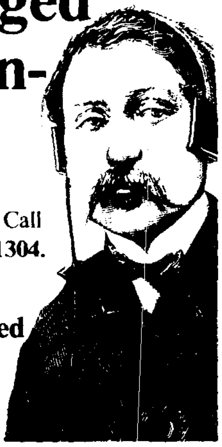

seven, never learned to read. He certainly knew how to count. With increasing prosperity—Miller's memory of the chauffeured car runs through these reminiscences like a cry after a lost love—he became so choosy that he wouldn't eat in a restaurant with thick water glasses. His son complains that the Millers were not "people of the Book." I think he forgets his own intense pragmatism when he laments, "I simply did not belong to this family." Mama had cultural ambitions, played the piano. Both sides of the family were so thoroughly practical and money-minded that only after the two fathers had privately compared account books was she told she was "getting married."

Then Paradise Lost, the destined end of Act I in every truly Jewish play about the fall of the middle class in the Depression. This was the beginning of Arthur Miller's thoroughly typical nineteen-thirties radicalism. The Millers descended to Brooklyn: first living in part of a large house, then in a small "private" one. Young Arthur was a truck driver, a warehouse hand; he put himself through the University of Michigan, where, thanks to the Hopwood Awards, he discovered he was a playwright of the times and could count on an audience that shared his experiences. As early as 1949, that audience was there for "Death of a Salesman," and recognized itself in Lee Cobb's ferocious sense of betrayal from on high, in the remembered shock of failure that would always dog Miller's generation. In "The Price" (1968), a Broadway vehicle made vital by the "lunatic" gift of the actor David Burns, a good part of the audience shuddered in unison when Bryant Park was remembered as

> covered with men. Like a battlefield; a big open-air flophouse. And not bums—some of them still had shined shoes and good hats, busted businessmen, lawyers, skilled mechanics. Which I'd seen a hundred times. But suddenly—you know?—I *saw* it. *Slight pause.* There was no mercy. Anywhere.

There was such widespread radicalization among established people in every walk of life that it has taken fully half a century for the radicalism to unravel. (And this has all come to a climax under a right-wing President who voted four times for F.D.R., was a union leader, and describes himself as a onetime "hemophiliac liberal.")

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**Chicago Tribune*

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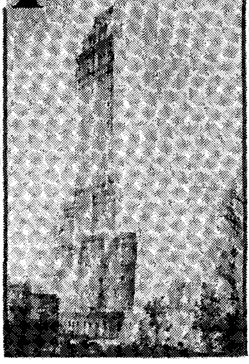

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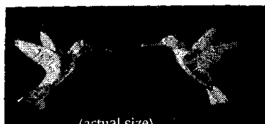

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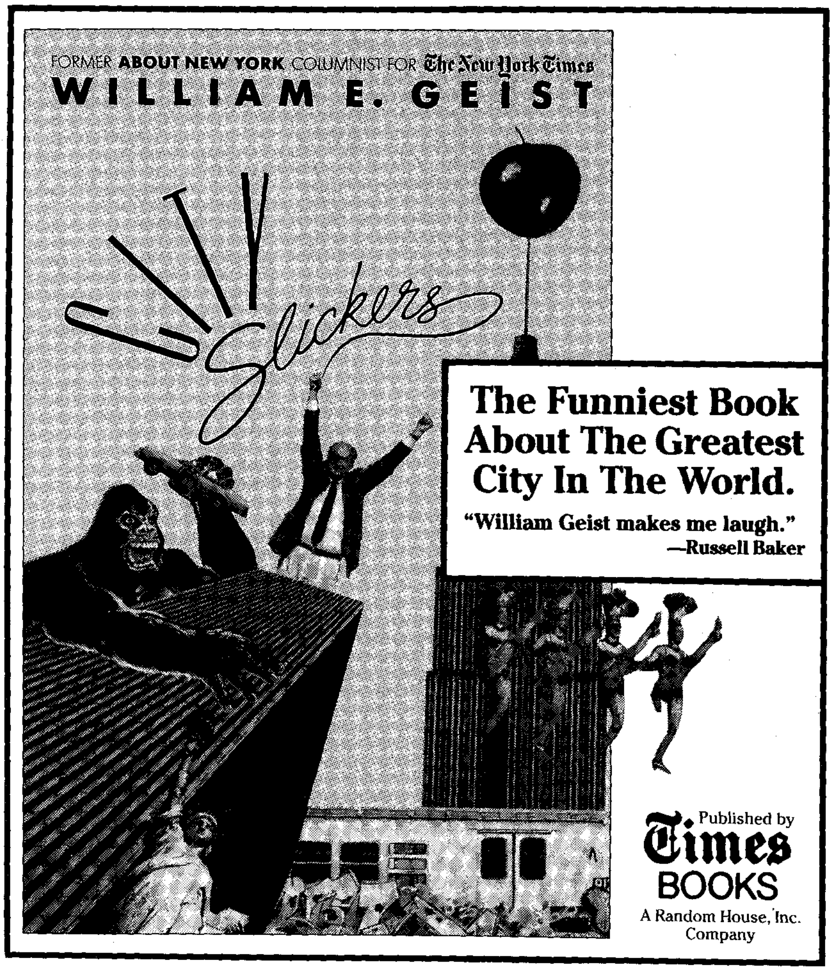
that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very Heaven!'" This gives the book an unfamiliar air just now. And, whatever the ups and downs of Miller's attachment to the left, what is really striking is his trenchant descriptions of hard labor, his memory of the first major sitdown strike in Detroit's automobile factories, his account of the struggle on the Brooklyn waterfront against the Anastasio brothers, who were dominating the longshoremen's union. None of Miller's complaints against the current "unreality" are as valuable as his hard, amused, commonsensical description of the Brooklyn Navy Yard during the war. It was full of anti-Jewish talk. British seamen could be ambushed in the middle of the night on Adams Street by Italian-American fitters, enraged that Britain had "betrayed" Italy by declaring war on her.

Becoming a dramatist of a social crisis that has never lost its reverberation, Miller felt that he had "a mysterious power" absent in others. There must indeed be an extraordinary elation in seeing and hearing one's pages come to life on the stage. The possible financial rewards are certainly not the least of it. Yet the more successful Miller became, the more he felt that his "identification with life's failures was being menaced by my fame." A habitual sense of uneasiness mounting to pain, an unlosable sense of guilt in one's very distrust of the "system," so worked on the audiences for Miller's best play, "Death of a Salesman," that they were unnerved. Miller unnerved them, worked on their anxiety in full knowledge of what they shared with him. America is rich, but Americans are easily threatened. The American always lives his life as a game of chance.

None of this confident skill has kept Miller from scrapping with the competition in that deadly market called the American theatre, from jabbing at unfriendly critics like Norman Mailer, at the unyielding Stalinism of Lillian Hellman, at the exploitation of Marilyn Monroe by Lee and Paula Strasberg. Just as he is grandiose in describing the time shifts in this autobiography, so he is lofty in tone, muddy in style in defending and advocating his plays. Although he feels neglected and disdained by a Broadway that now fully deserves his contempt, he is not the mighty isolate—an Ibsen proud to be the enemy of *such* people—that he makes himself out to be near the end of the book. He is not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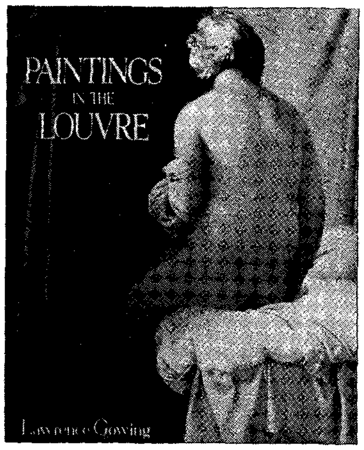

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Ibsen but Arthur Miller—an immensely shrewd, aggressive, resourceful dramatist in a native tradition that has always relied more on pleasing the customers than on offering them unfamiliar ideas.

Miller is much occupied here with defending the relation of his plays to "society." In discussing his collaboration with the director Elia Kazan, who fired up the first production of "Salesman" prodigiously with the mountainously suffering, howling Lee Cobb, Miller nicely names the "lines of force" that Kazan and he worked out to compel the play to its shattering climax. But in associating his work generally with "lines of force" in society, Miller attributes unfavorable views of his later work entirely to escapist, reactionary, frivolous critics, who were not sufficiently mindful of those forces. In this he seems to me as self-absorbed as the yuppies who shock him today. I find outrageous his swipe at "Waiting for Godot," which he pairs with social demoralization. As T. S. Eliot said of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," it is the "doubt" that makes "Godot" religiously important. This is not the intellectual atmosphere in which American dramatists feel at home.

With all his ambition, drive, canniness, Miller never expected that his radicalism would go sour. Or that at the peak of his career he would be infatuated with, marry, and for almost five years live as if on a roller coaster with someone who, as Marilyn Monroe said in her unfinished autobiography, "knew I belonged to the public and to the world, not because I was talented or even beautiful but because I had never belonged to anything or anyone else."

Not the least of Miller's primitive, passionate loyalties was his feeling for Woman, for female beauty—for the "perfect beauty," the "powerful body" of his famous and impossible wife. Everything about her sexual fascination (and cheerful, kindly provocation) came with a perilous uncertainty. Her father, a man without any further interest in her mother, who was about to divorce her second husband when Marilyn was conceived, always refused to meet her. Her grandmother died in a mental hospital; her mother, a schizophrenic, was committed to a state hospital and gave up the child to a succession of foster mothers, one of whom placed her in an orphanage. She was not an orphan, but she was so much on everyone's hands that at sixteen she was married off. Miserably uncertain in private, usually unable to sleep without pills—Gloria Steinem's biography flatly claims that there had been at least three suicide attempts by the time Marilyn was twenty-four, and more than half a dozen by the end of her marriage to Miller—she was so haunted by her traumas that most of the books she opened she found "unnecessary" or untrue to her experience. But she had a genius for assuming a public image. She became the darling of the camera by mastering instantly and perfectly any image required of her.

Miller's obsession with Marilyn became another of the failures he was obsessed by. Failure, even in so intimate a sphere, symbolized the deeper alienation from present-day America which haunts his book even as he recounts his triumphs. "I was forever saving her from crowds," he writes. He could hardly save her from herself. The marriage became impossibly strained. To reach her was to accommodate himself entirely to her moods, her withdrawals, her lapses and despairs. Where else in current American writing can one find the summing-up of a marriage like this? Of his ex-wife, he writes:

> The rest of humankind was fundamentally dangerous and had to be confounded, disarmed by a giving sexuality that was transfigured into a state beyond even feeling itself, a purely donative femininity. But... she meant to live at the peak always; only in the permanent rush of a crescendo was there safety, or at least forgetfulness, and when the wave dispersed she would turn cruelly against herself, so worthless, the scum of the earth, and her vileness would not let her sleep, and then the pills began and the little suicides each night.

—ALFRED KAZIN

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[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

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